

DELL

ONE DOLLAR

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THE FLINTSTONES

ON THE ROCKS



by Hanna and Barbera



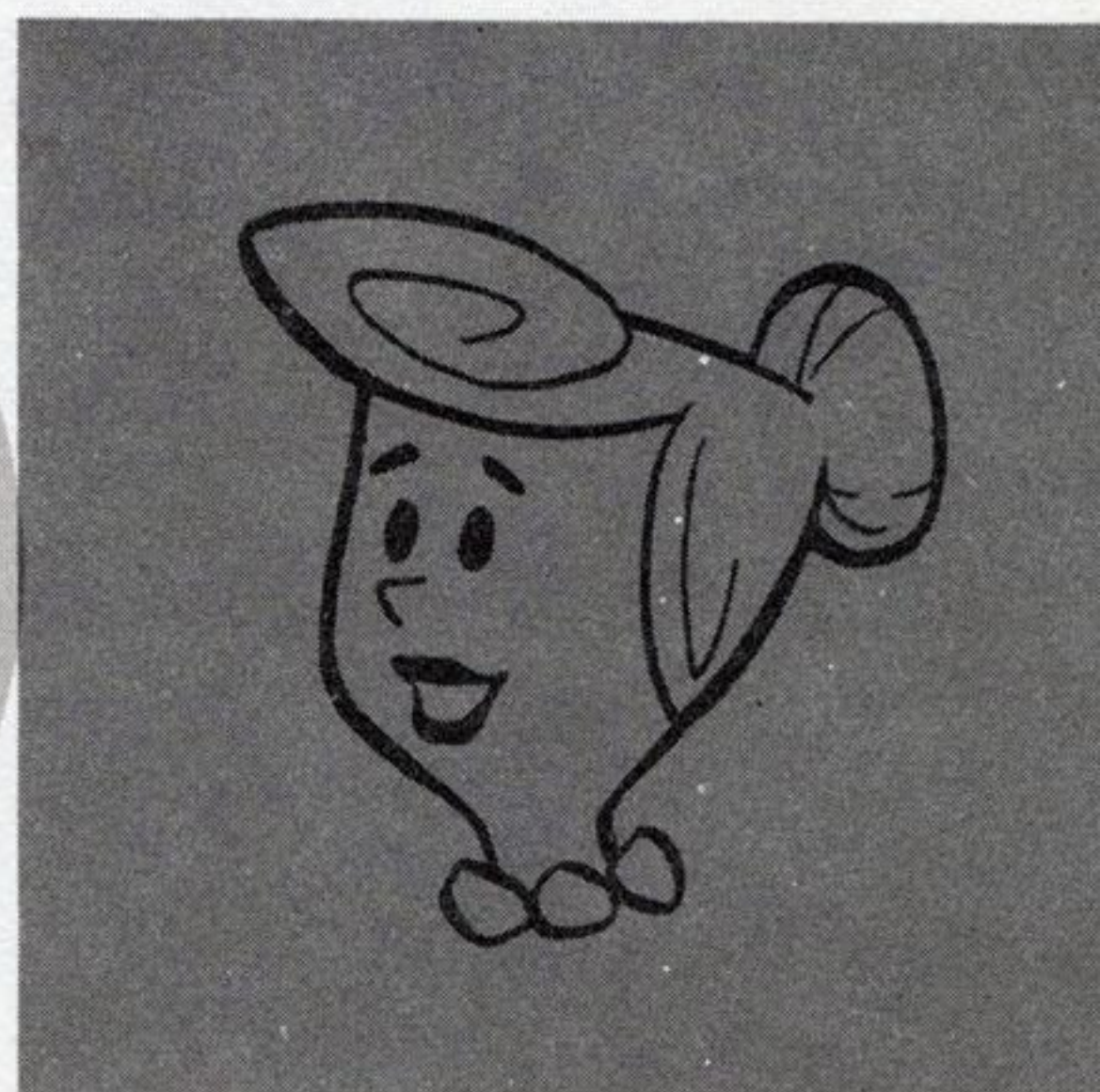
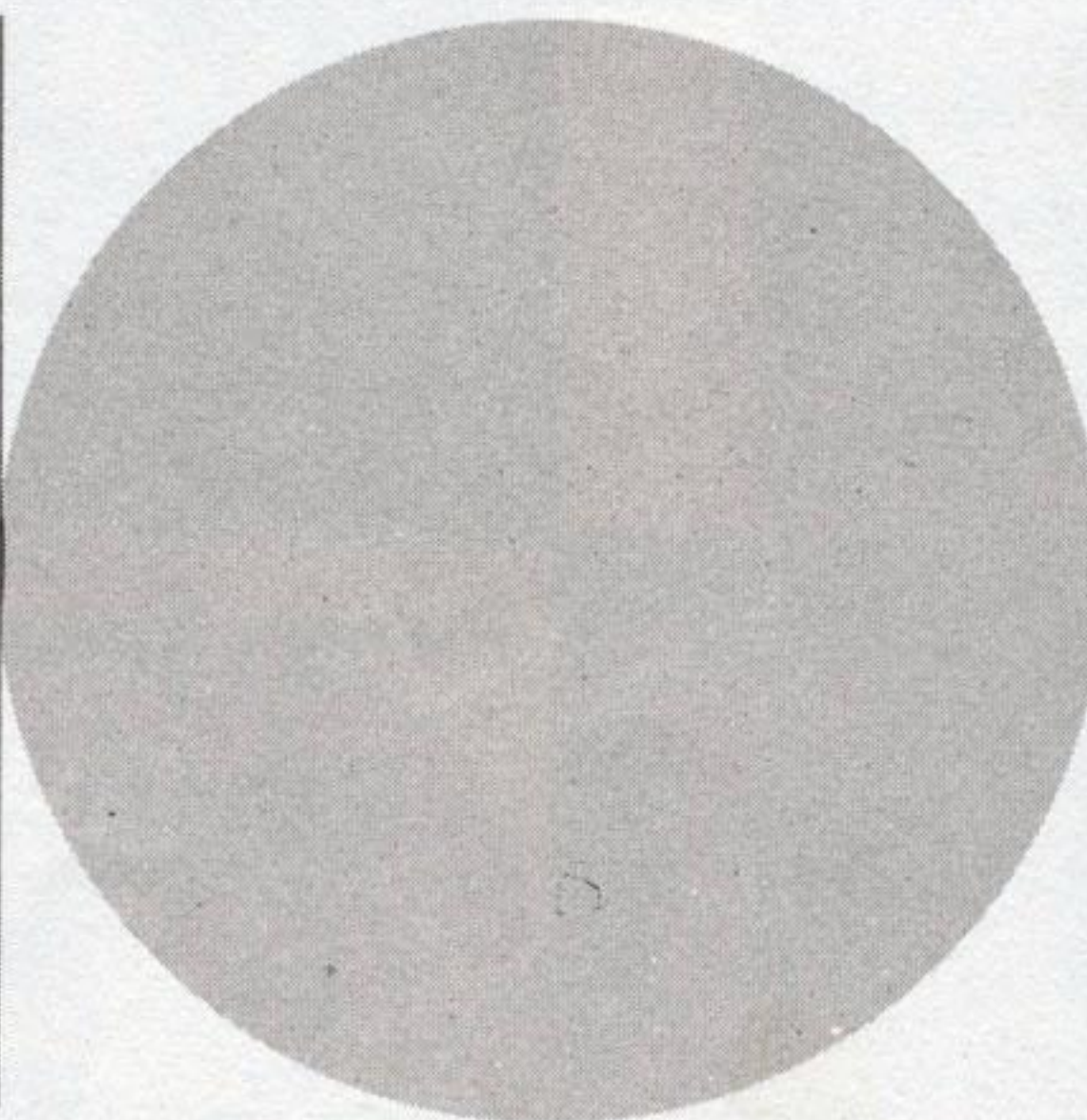
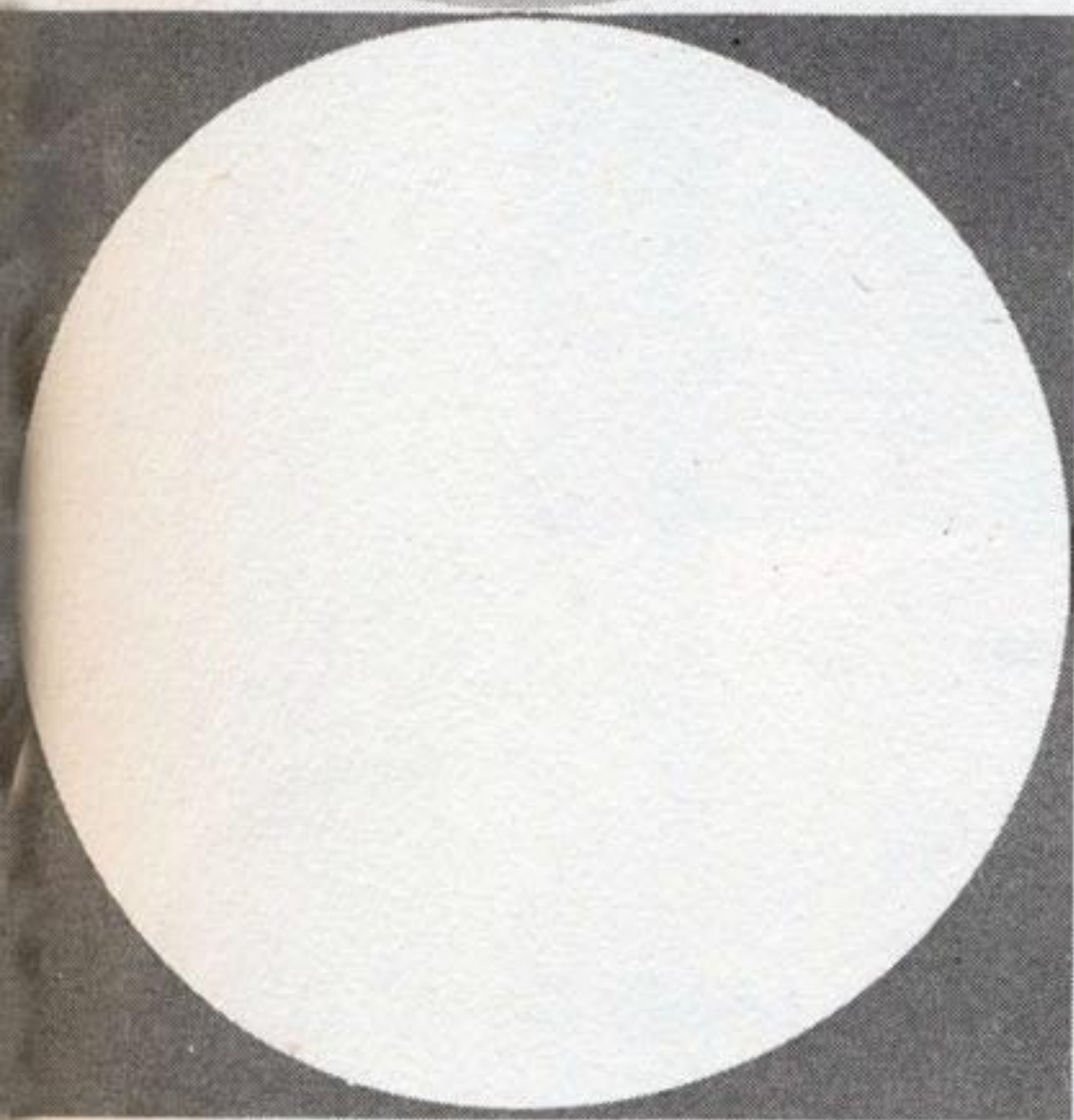






THE FLINTSTONES
ON THE ROCKS
by HANNA and BARBERA

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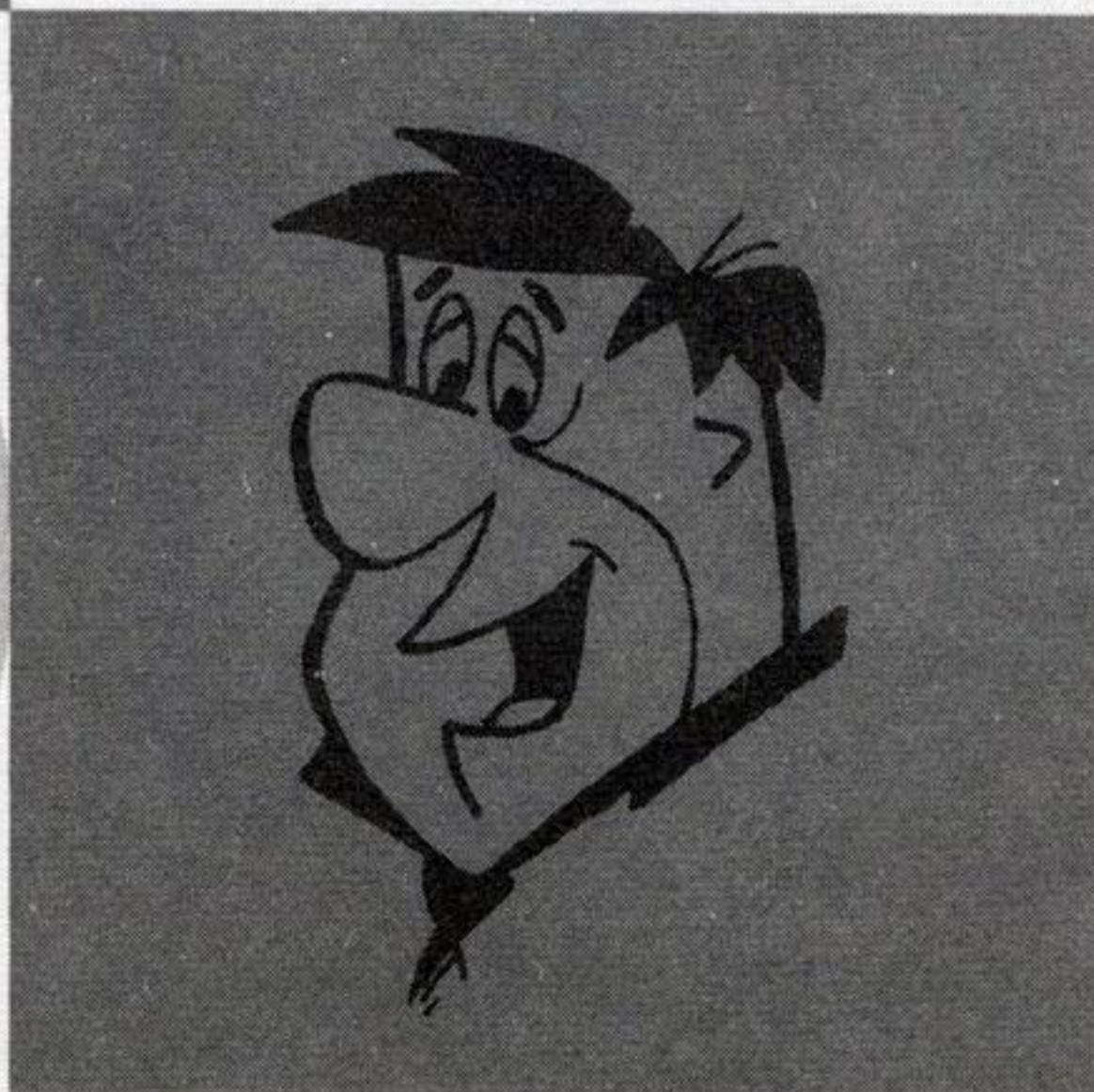


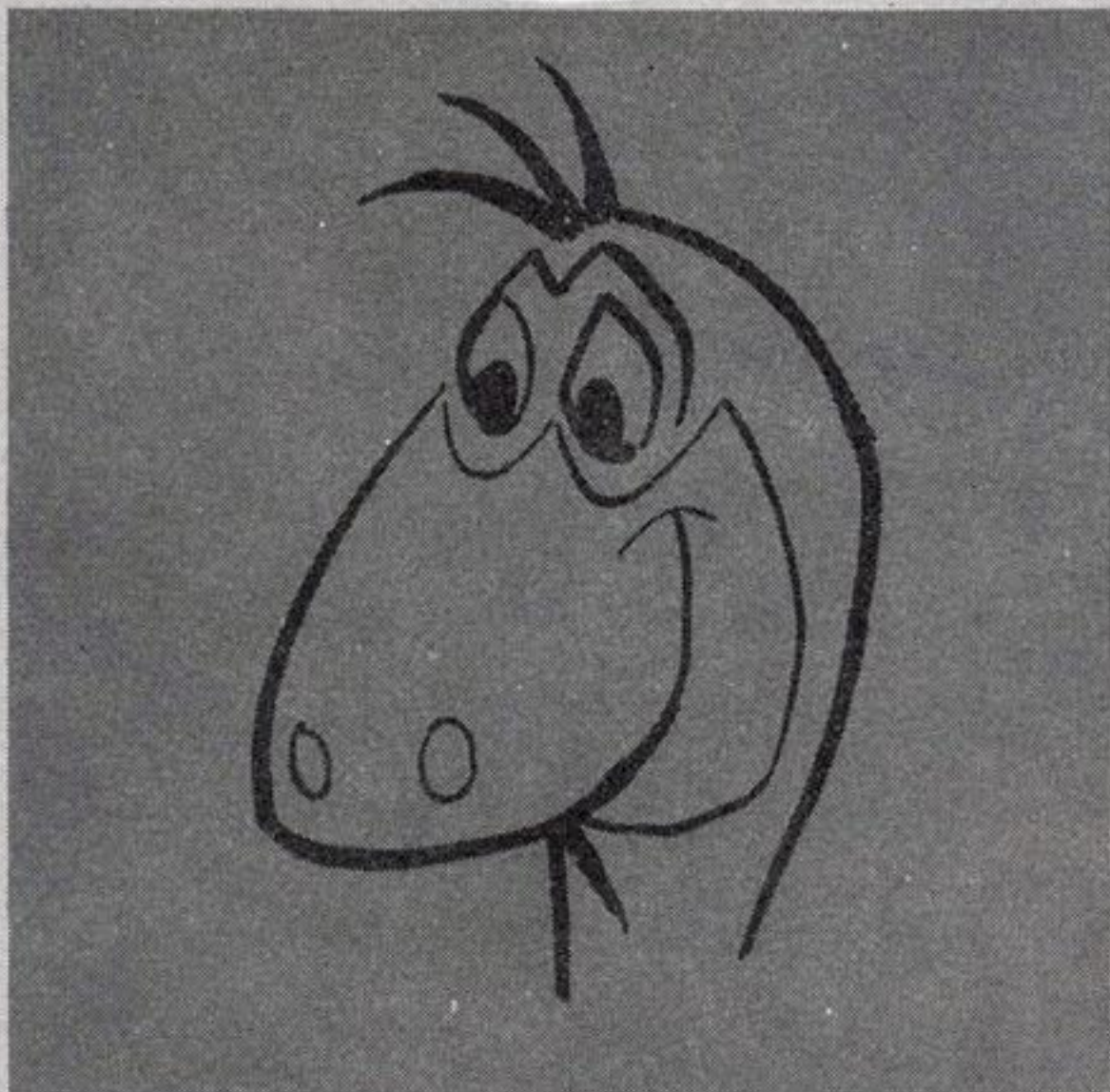
**THE
WELCOME MAT
IS OUT...**

Fred and Wilma Flintstone invite you to turn back time for the time of your life...



With the Flintstones On The Rocks, you're slated to strike the spark of fun of a modern suburban family in the long-ago days of the rocky Stone Age...



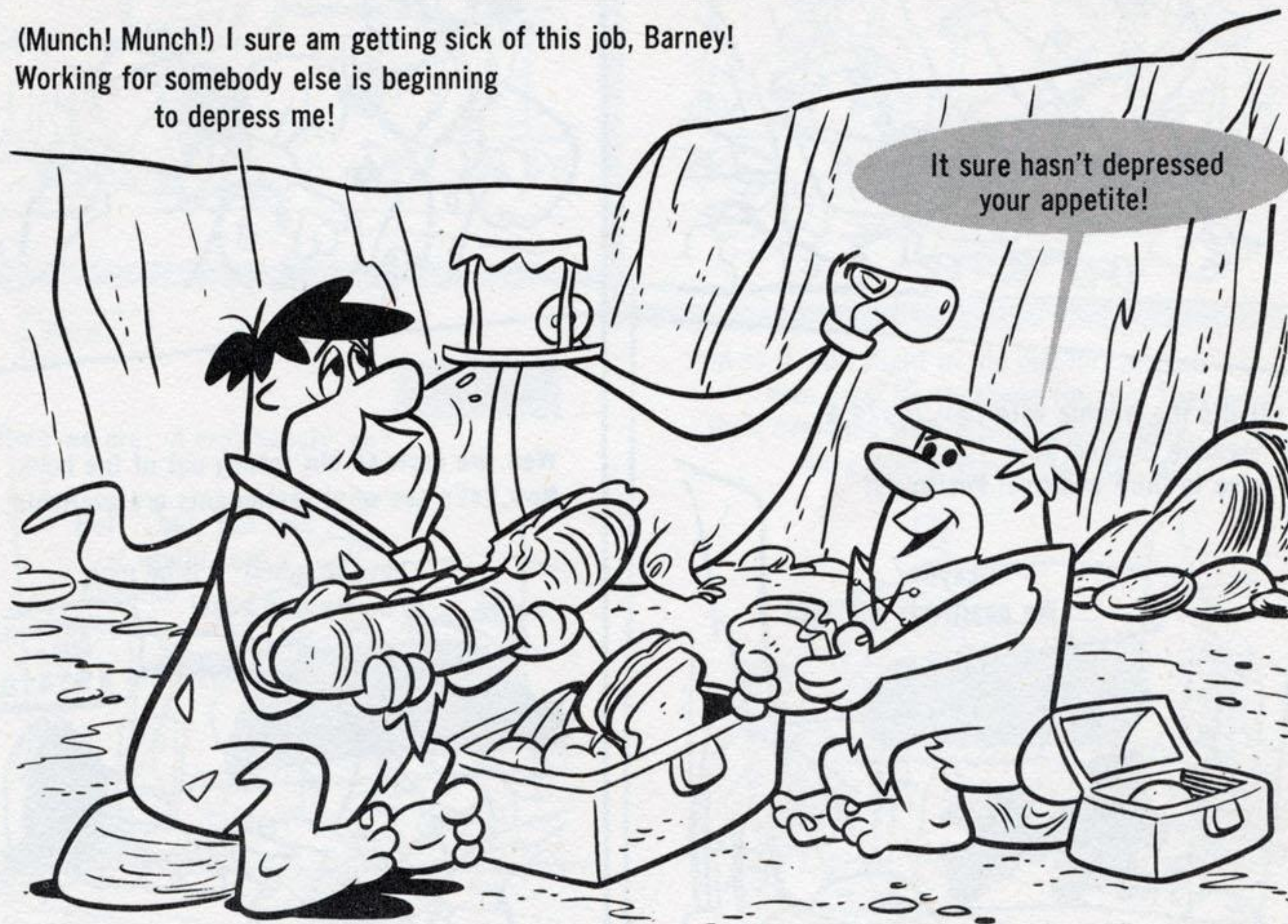


"ON THE ROCKS"...

Gloom will hit rock bottom, and your spirits will go rocketing to the skies, as you bounce blithely along the pebbled path of unpredictable paleolithic adventures with the fabulous Flintstones and Betty and Barney Rubble, their neighbors and all-time best friends. But take care, as you rock with laughter at the everyday fun and foils of these madcap mesozoic merry-makers...you're sure to end up with a splintered funnybone!

Getting the BUSINESS

(Munch! Munch!) I sure am getting sick of this job, Barney!
Working for somebody else is beginning
to depress me!



(Munch! Munch!) If only I were an
expert on something, I could go
into business for myself!

There's **one** thing
you're an expert
on... **eating!**

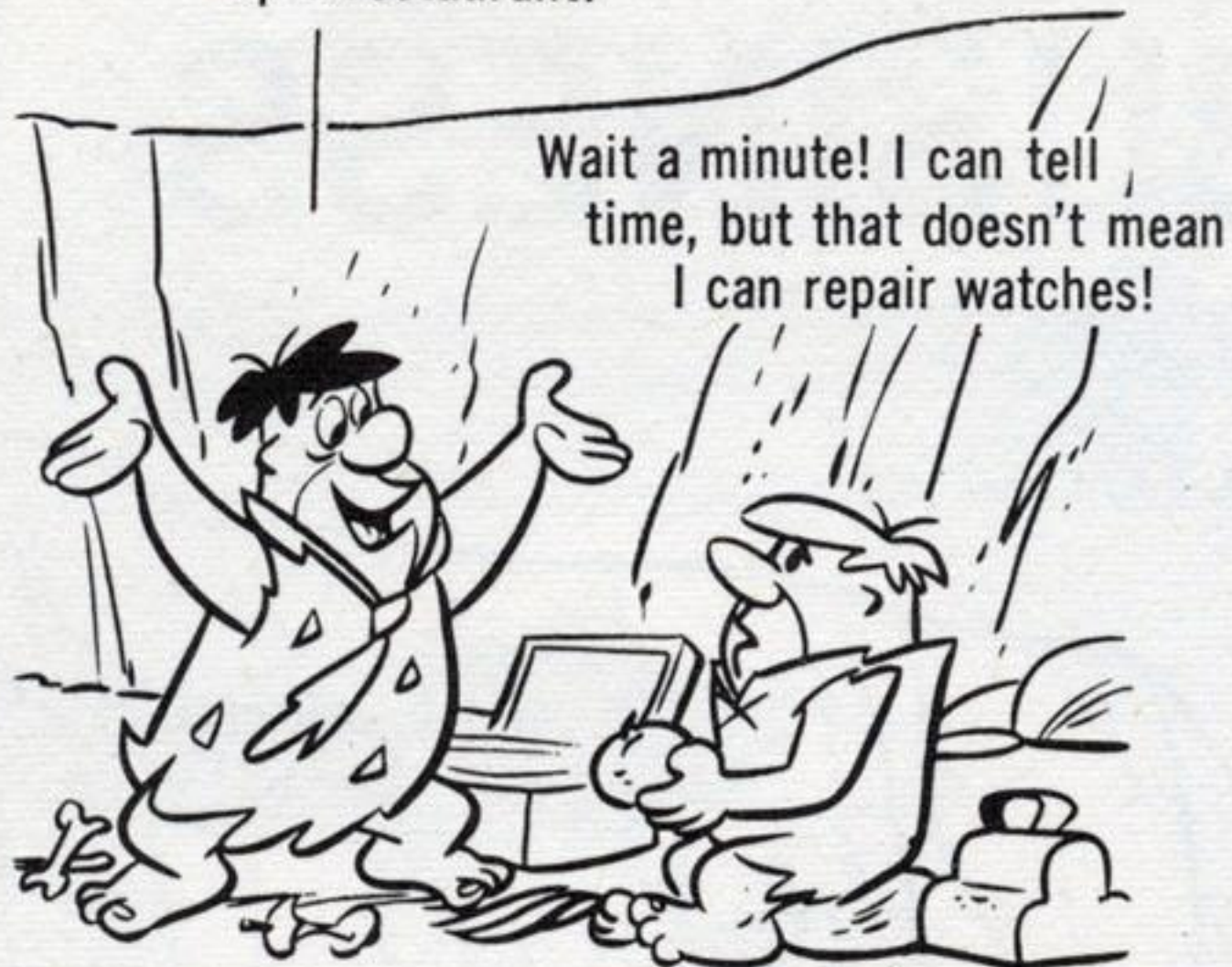


Awww, you
know good and well that's
not what I mean!

Wait a minute! Maybe
it is what I mean!



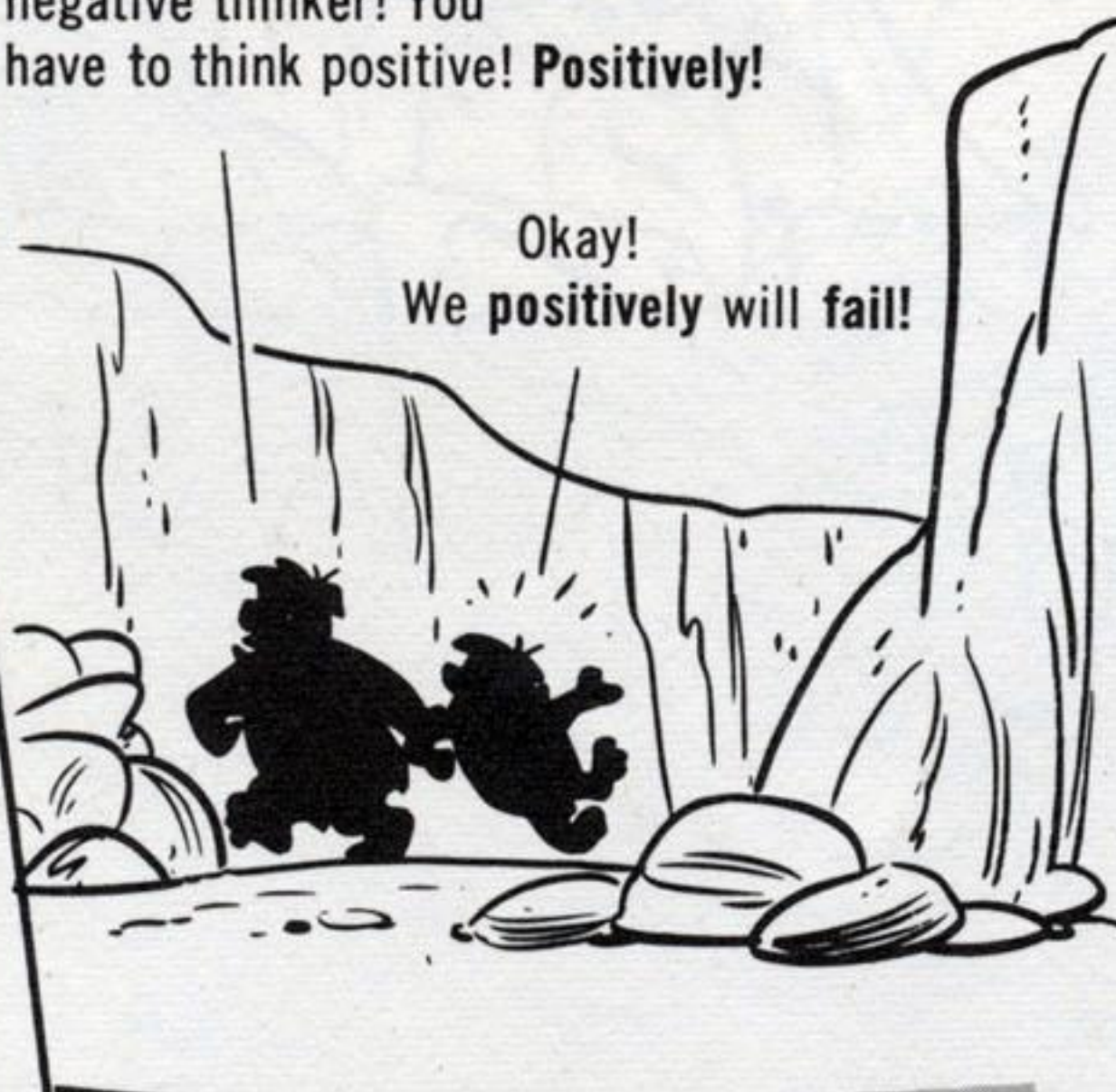
I am an expert on eating! With my brains and your savings, we'll open up a restaurant!



You have to take chances to succeed! Come on! We're quitting our jobs and getting a cafe!

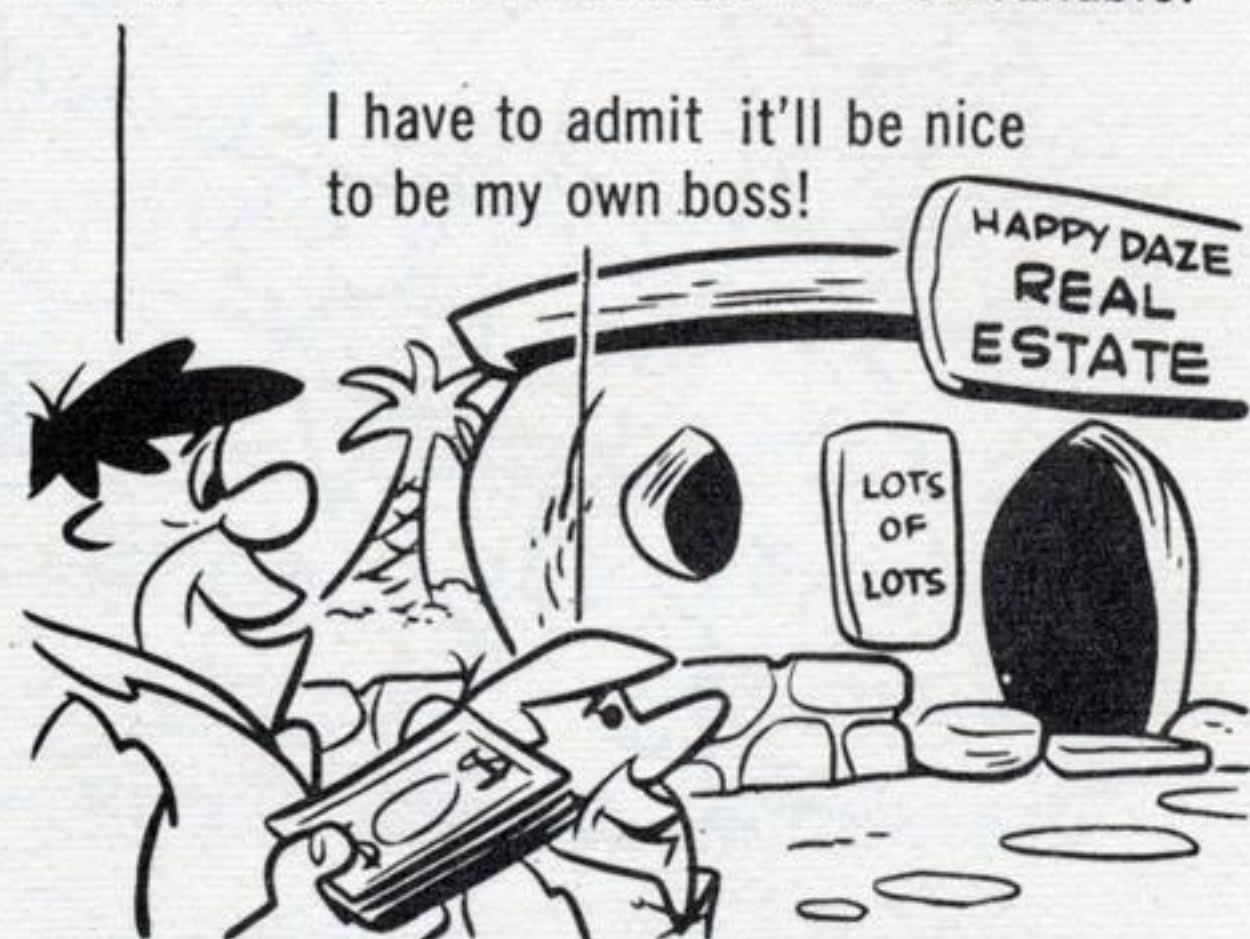


That's the trouble with you! You're a negative thinker! You have to think positive! **Positively!**



Shortly...

Well, we drew all our money out of the bank! Now, let's see what restaurants are available!



Now look, these real estate guys can be pretty sharp! Let me do all the talking!



Hello! We were thinking about... er... looking for a restaurant!

A restaurant? Boys, I have just the thing! Sit down!



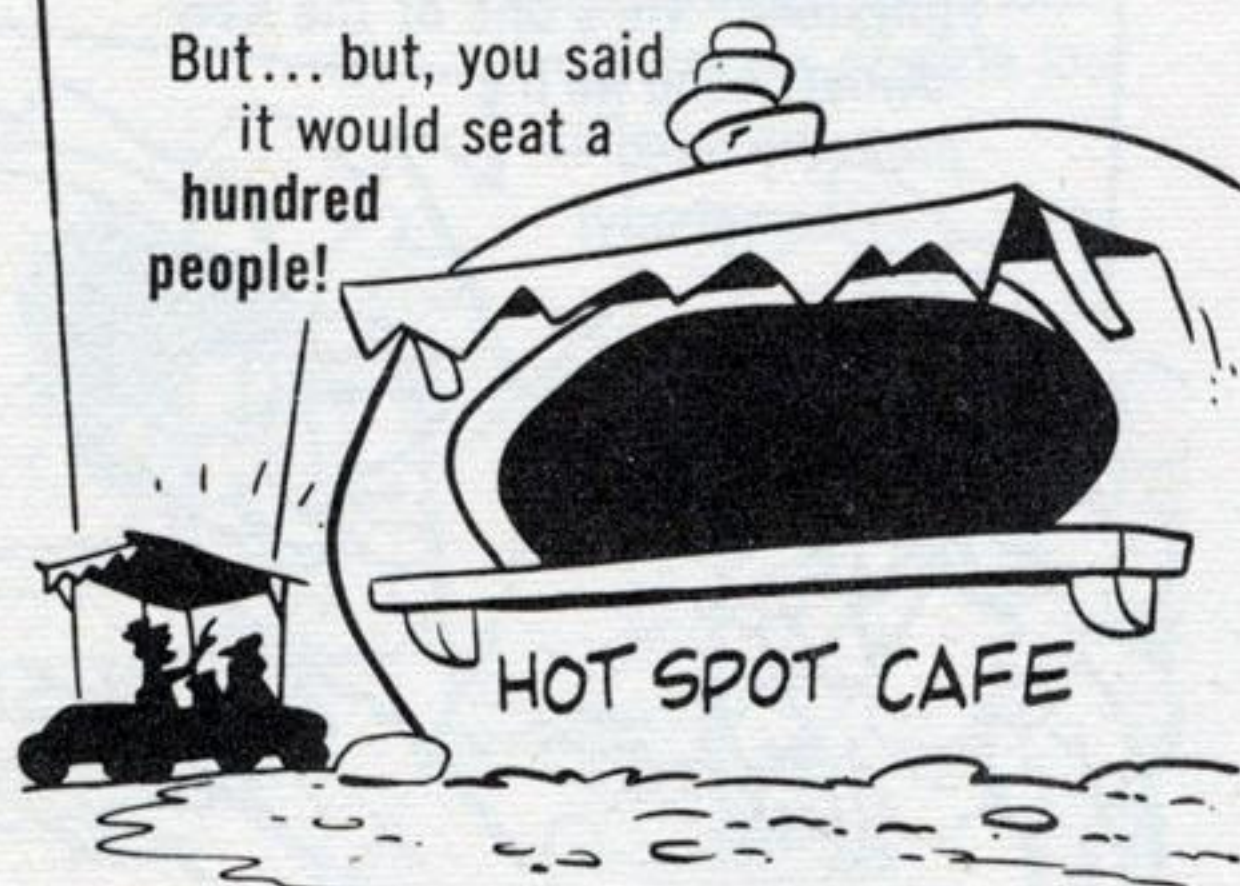
Great location...blah...blah...seats a hundred people...blah...blah...bargain...real bargain...Come on, fellas—I'll take you over to see it!



Soon...

Here we are! A real beauty, eh?

But... but, you said it would seat a hundred people!

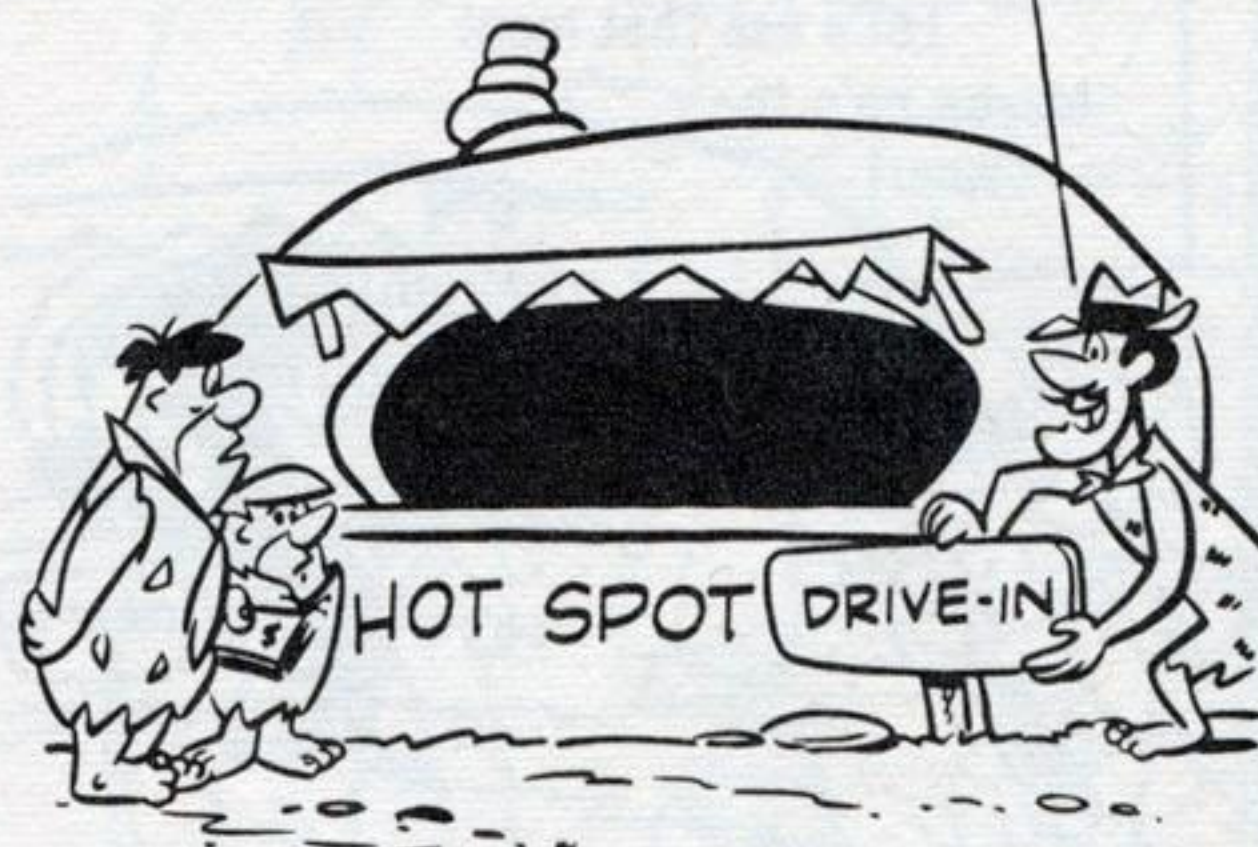


I thought **you** were going to do all the talking!

Don't worry, I'll have the final word!

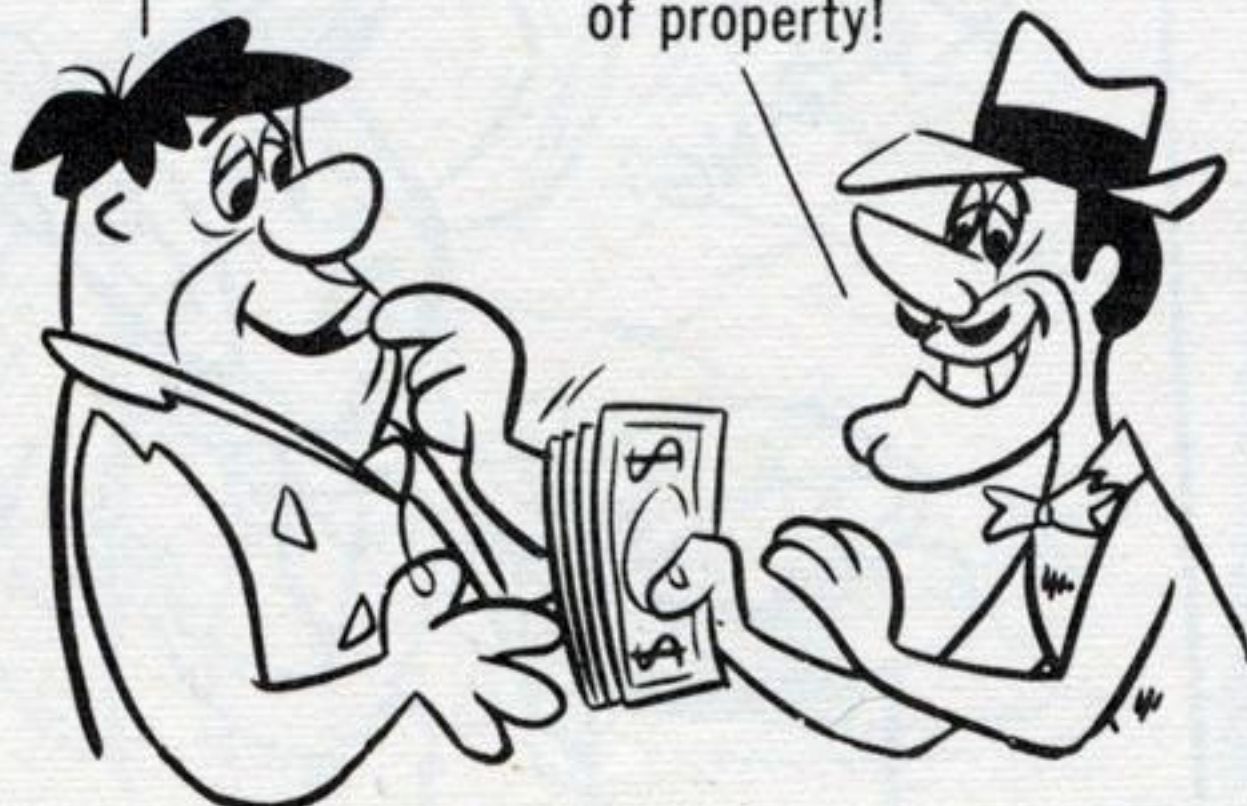


And so it will! Right in the comfort of their own cars! No overhead for you! They bring their overhead with them...unless they have convertibles! Har, har, har!



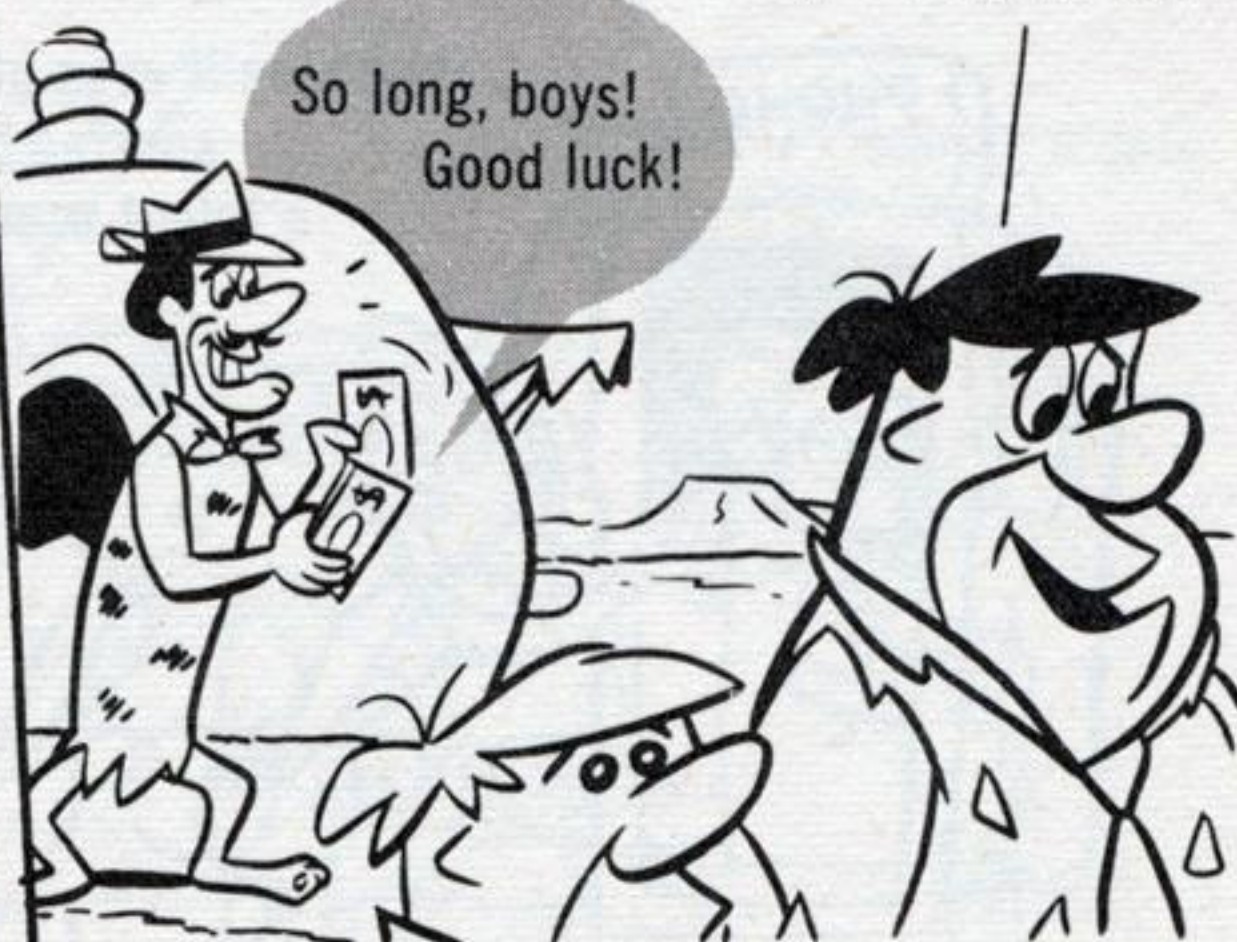
Hmmm! Drive-ins do seem to be the up and coming thing!

Umm! I see you have the exact price here! You're a shrewd judge of property!



Come on, Barney! We've got some planning to do!

So long, boys! Good luck!



Don't you think we kind of rushed into things, Fred?

Naww! You have to act fast in the business world! We'll open as soon as we hire a couple of car hops!



How about Betty and Wilma?

Are you kidding? We can't breathe a word of this to the wives until we make a go of it! They'd just scoff! Remember... not a word!



Meanwhile...

Hey, look! A new drive-in is opening! Maybe we could get car hop jobs!

Let's ask that man! Maybe he's the owner!

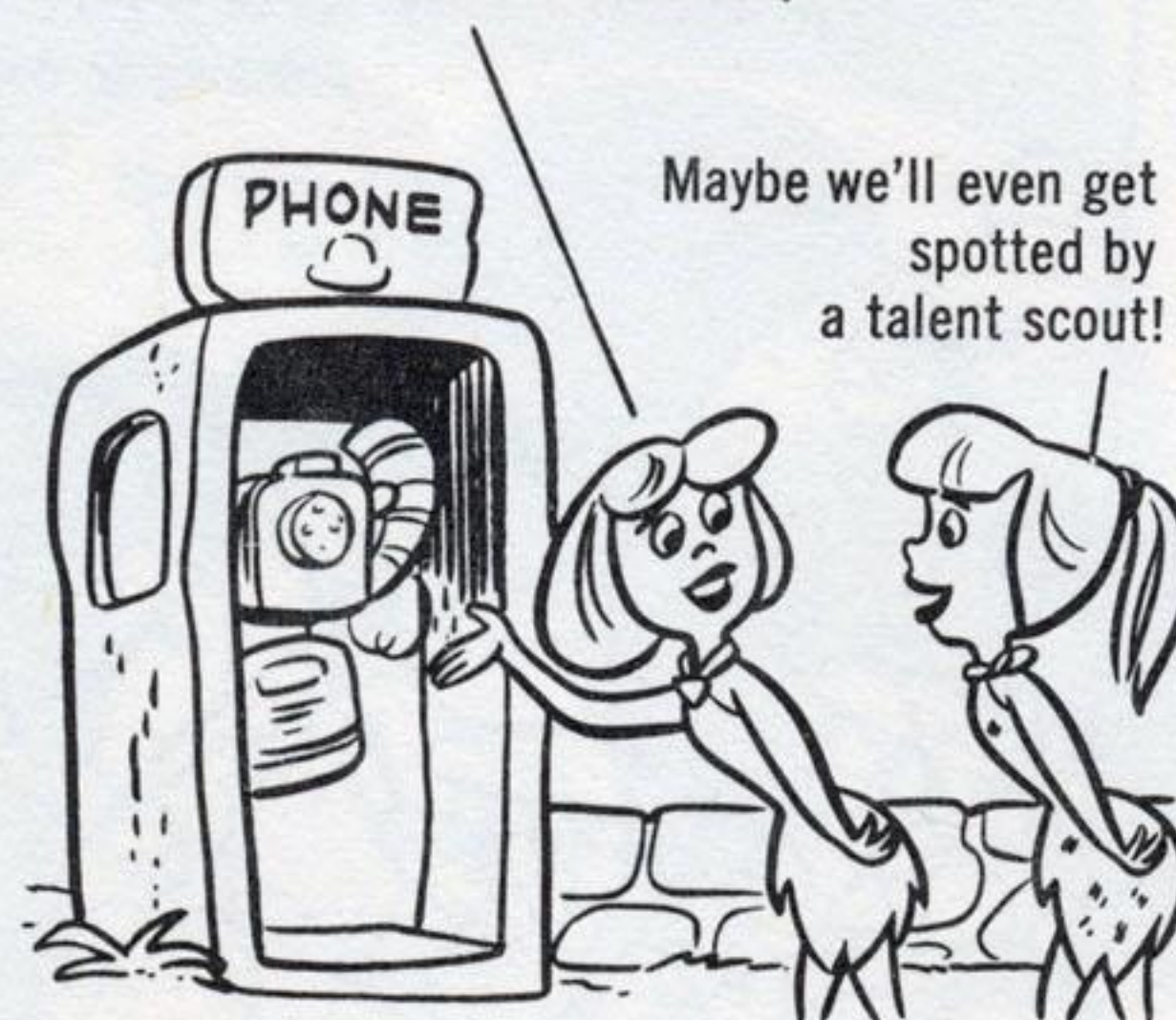


Hi! You need any car hops for this new drive-in?

I don't, but you might call Fred Flintstone! He's one of the new owners, and he'll probably need somebody!



Quick, let's look up his number and phone him! I've always wanted to be a car hop!

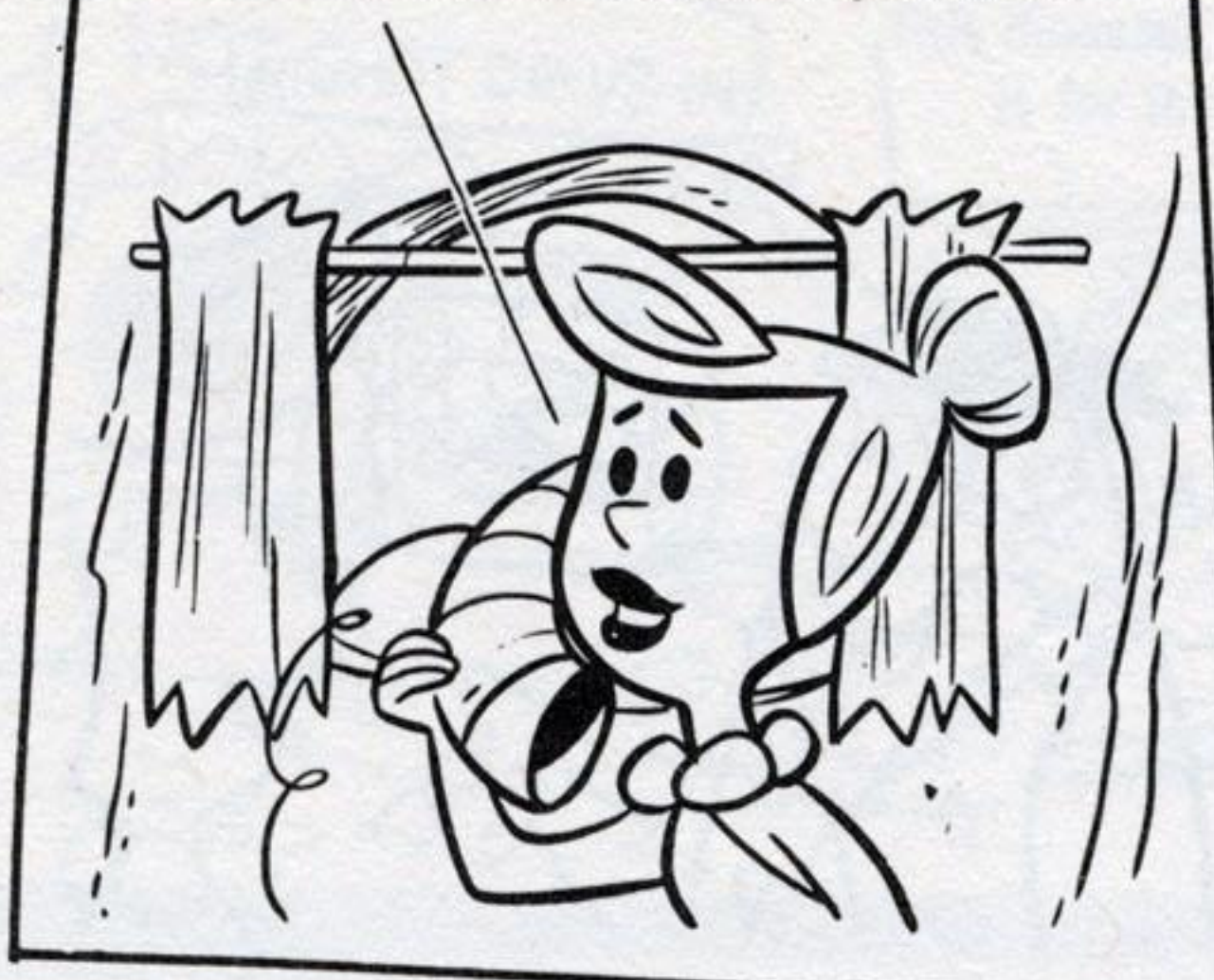


Maybe we'll even get spotted by a talent scout!

Maybe that's Fred calling! He should have been home from work by now!



Hello! Yes, there's a Fred living here, but he isn't home right now!
He should be here any minute!



We understand he's looking for a couple of girls! We'll call back in a few minutes!



Hi, honey!
I'm home!

Don't honey me,
you **two-timing tyrant!**
A couple of girls just called you!



Girls?

You remember...lipstick...
dresses...long hair!
Does it ring a bell?



As a matter of fact, it does! There's a bell...oh, that's just the **phone** bell ringing!

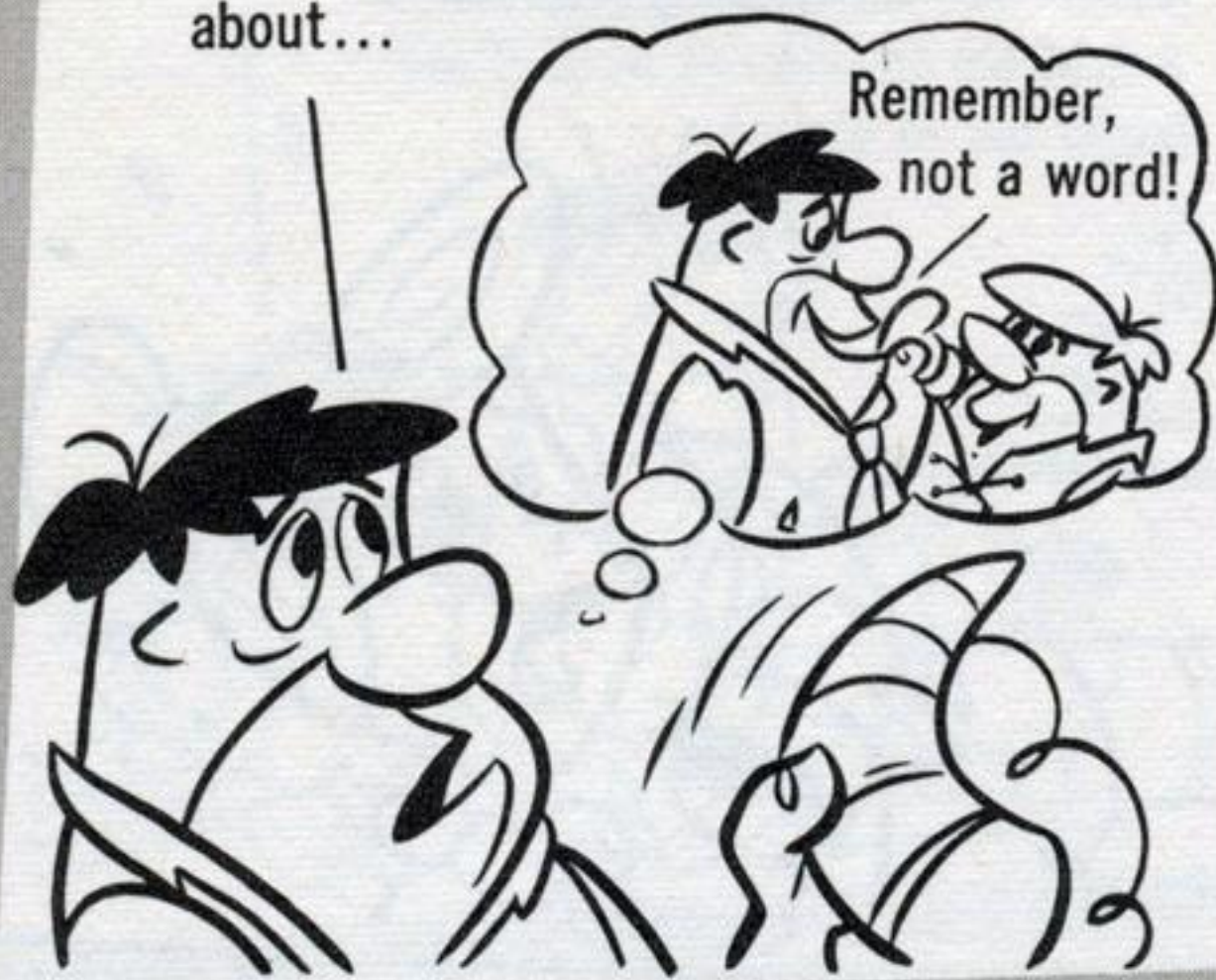


Hello! Oh, yes! Er...we do need a couple of waitresses! Meet me in front of the place tomorrow morning!

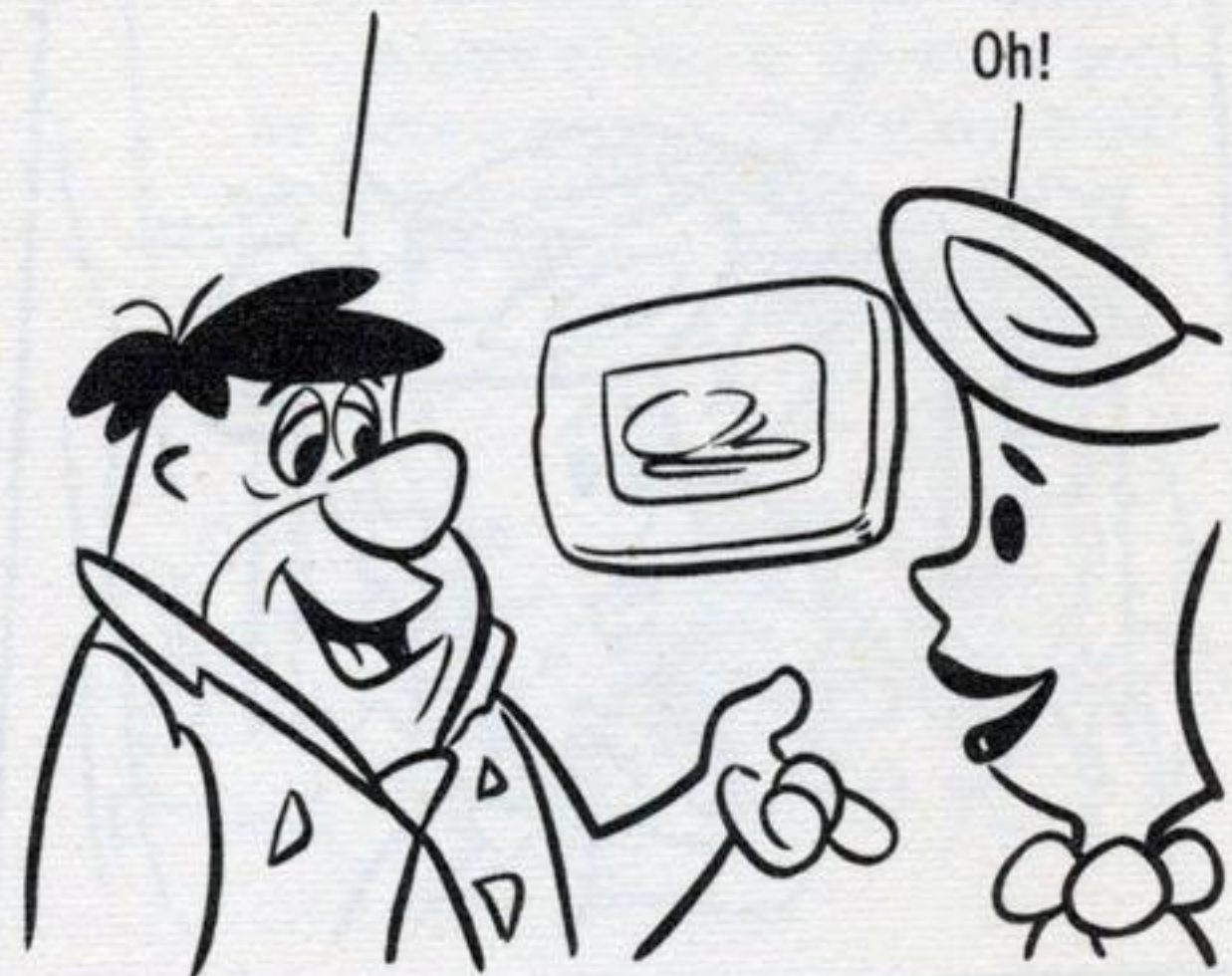
The nerve! Planning a date right in front of me!



Uh...don't be
silly, dear! They
were
just calling
about...



Er...about a dinner the lodge is giving
in a few days! I'm in charge of hiring the
waitresses for the affair!



I'm sorry I doubted you,
Fred!

That's okay, Wilma! With
my magnetic attraction to women,
you have reasons to be jealous!



Next morning...

Well, Barney,
I've stocked up plenty of supplies!
All we have to do is wait for those
girls to show up, and we're ready to go!



Good morning, boss!

Heh, heh! How do you like the
outfits, Barney? People like to
see nice legs at drive-ins!

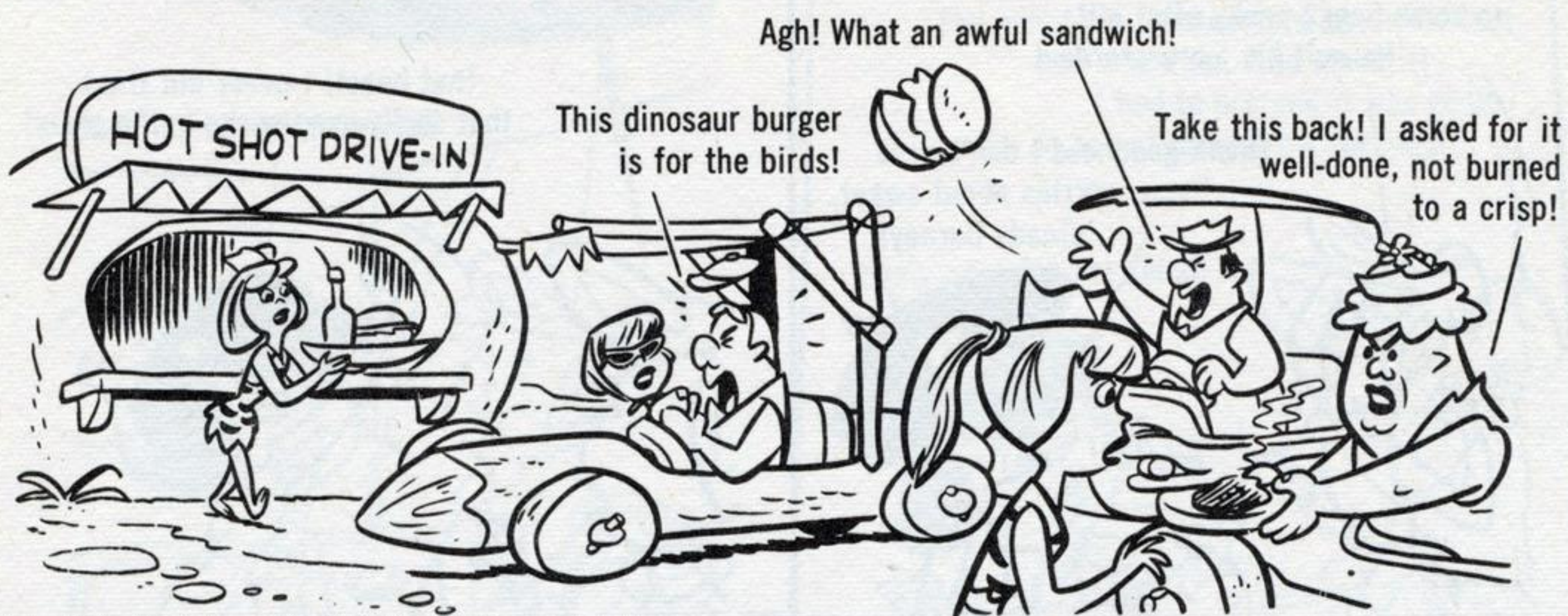


I just hope I can keep my mind
on cooking!

Well, let's get started!



So, the Hot Shot Drive-in is off to a flying start...buns are flying, burgers are flying, and customers are flying off the handle...



Gee, I can't understand it!
Wilma always said I was
a good cook!

Betty said
I was, too!



Speaking of Wilma and Betty...

...So then, Fred explained about
the two girls and I apologized!

You shouldn't have
mistrusted good old Fred!



You're making me feel bad
all over again! I'm going to
call and apologize to Fred
once more!

That will make him
feel good!



Rock quarry? I'd like to speak
to Fred Flintstone, please! What? He did?
When? Him, too? Grrr!



That two-timer in a tiger skin! He's up
to some hanky panky after all!
He quit his job yesterday!

Thank goodness I don't have
these worries about sweet,
steady Barney!

SLAM!

Betty, Barney quit yesterday, too!

That beast! I never did trust
that shifty-eyed snake-in-the-grass!

Later...

We checked the pool hall, bowling alley,
and Joe's bar!

All the seats of cultural
learning where our
astute spouses might
be, and still no
sign of
them!

Come on!
Let's try to
find them!

I'm with you!

I'm hungry, Betty! Let's pull in this new
drive-in for a sandwich!

Okay!

A fried dodo egg
sandwich, please!

Terra tuna
salad for
me, please!

Right!

Gaaa! This sandwich is awful!

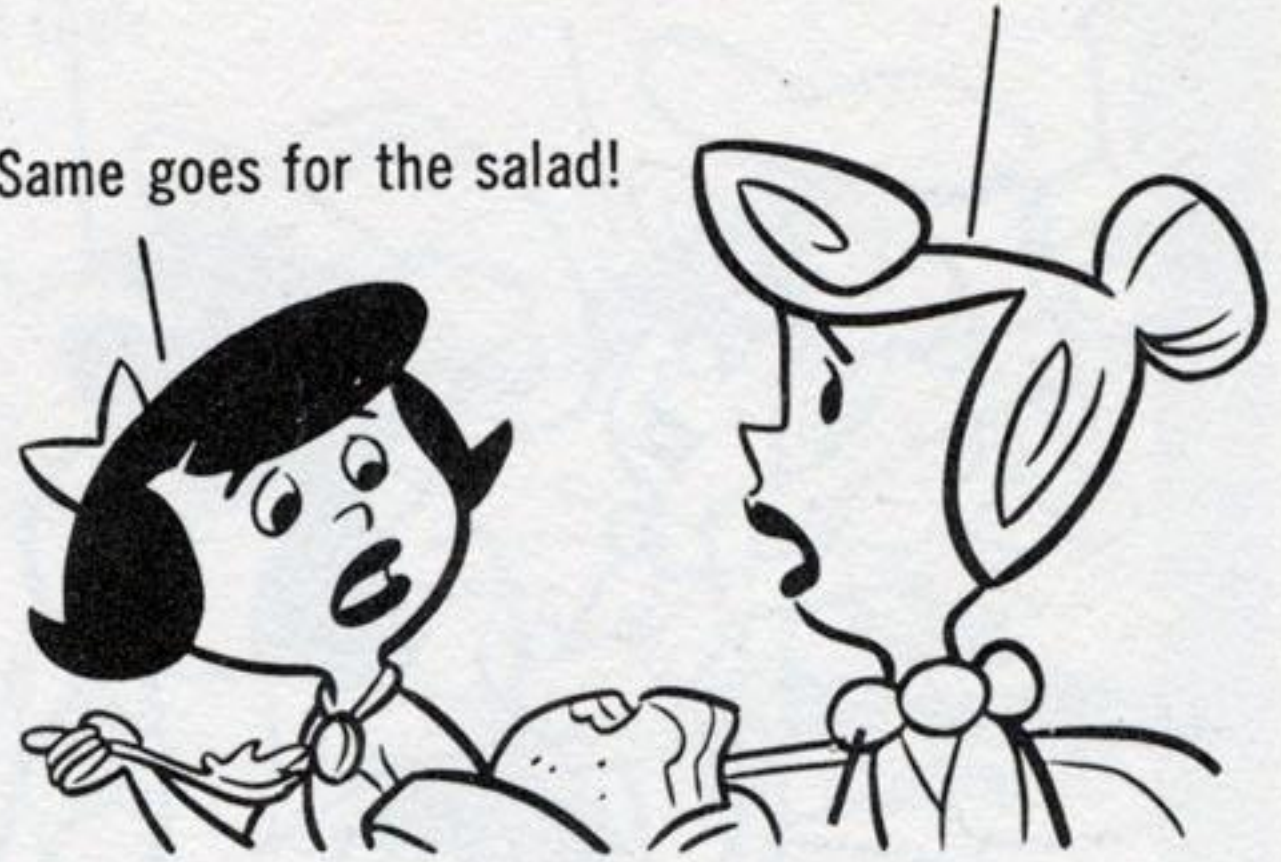
So is my terra tuna salad!



The only time I've tasted a sandwich that bad was when Fred made it!

I had to pretend it was good so as not to hurt his feelings!

Same goes for the salad!



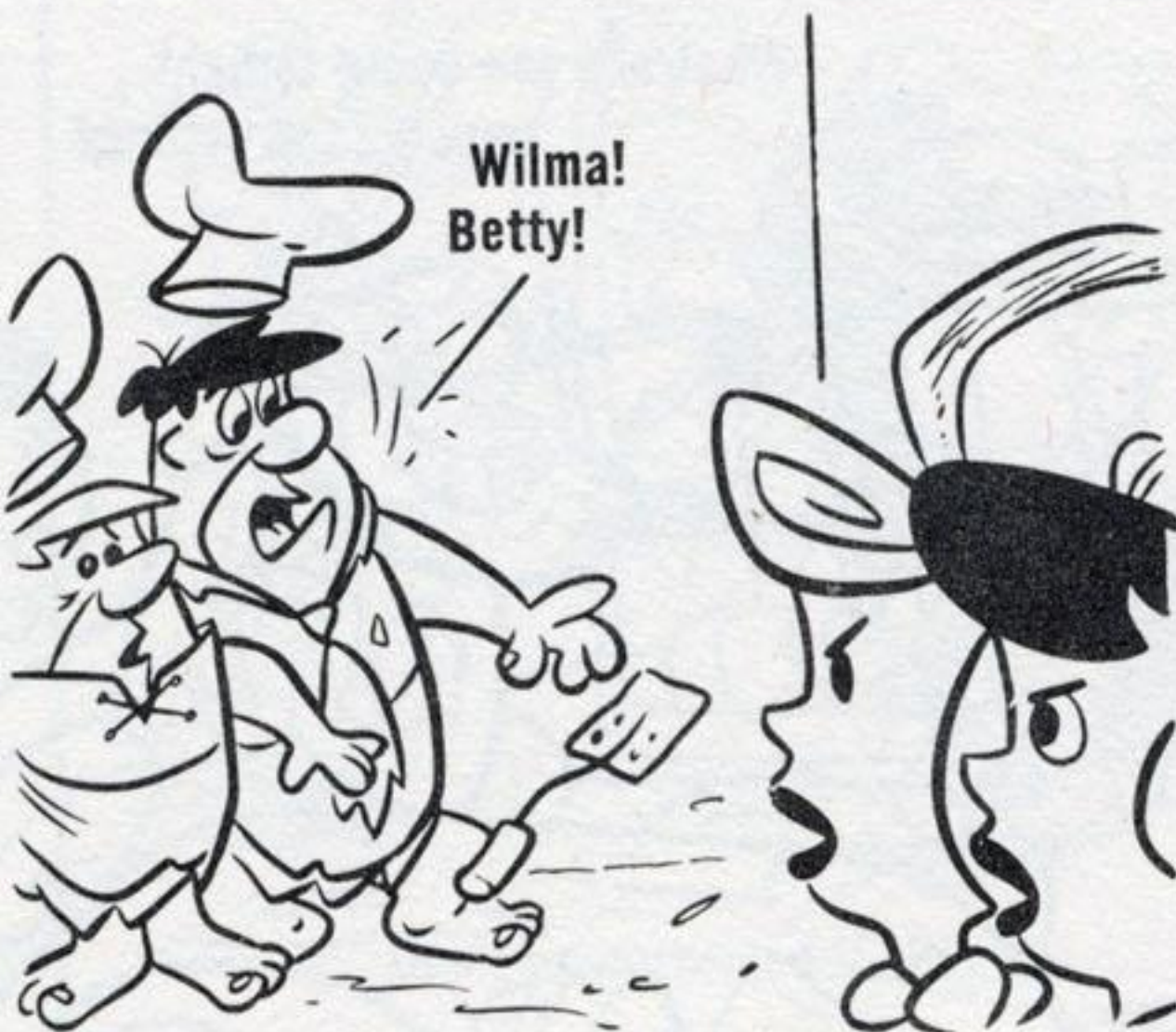
(Sigh!) Our food seems to be going over like a lead balloon!

Maybe we should've told our wives about our opening this restaurant, after all!



Maybe you **should** have!

Wilma!
Betty!



Come on, we'll do the cooking!

This place will be booming once they taste terra turtle soup!

You mean you aren't mad?



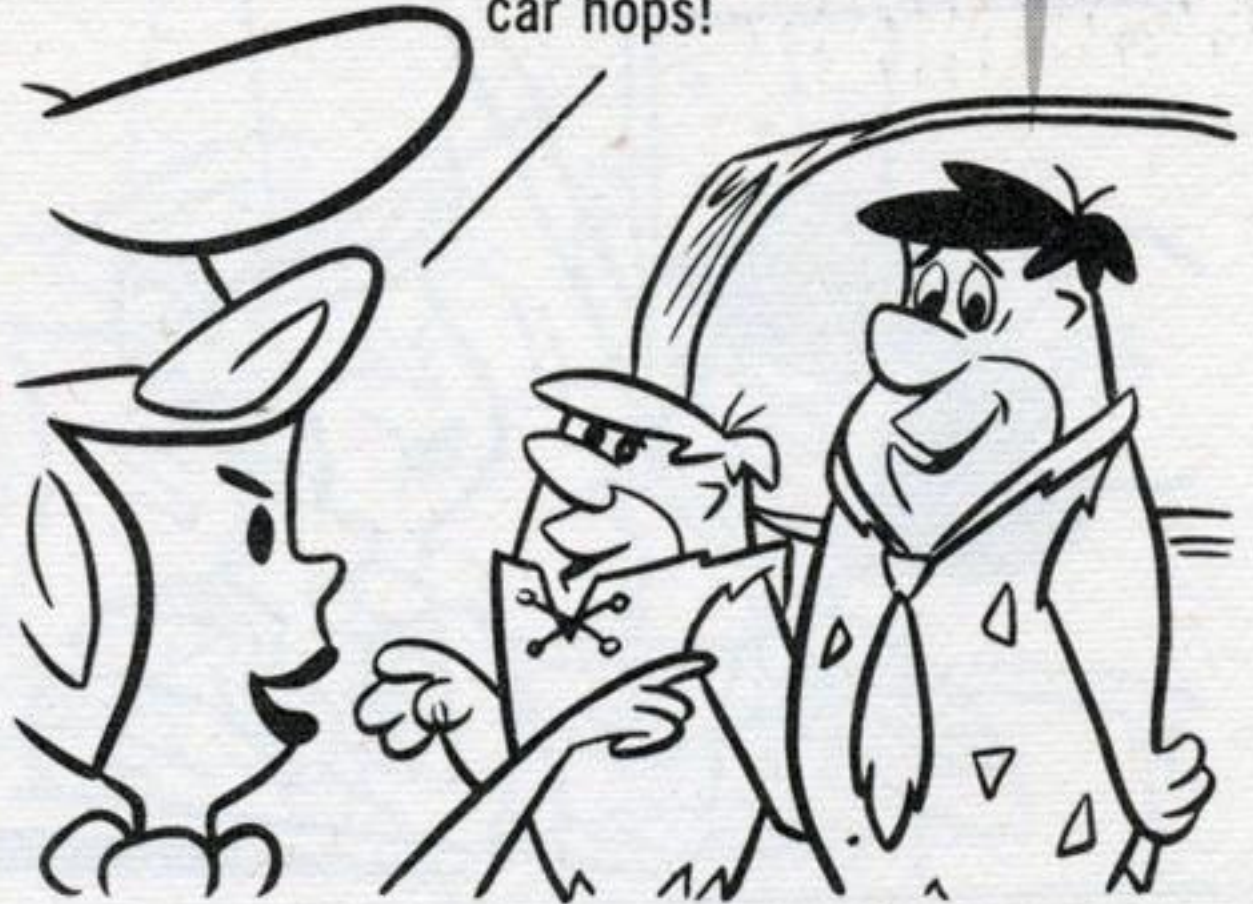
Only for your not telling us about this place!
We thought you were up to some
monkey business!

If you boys wanted to go
in business for yourselves,
you should have told us!



Wives never cease to amaze me!

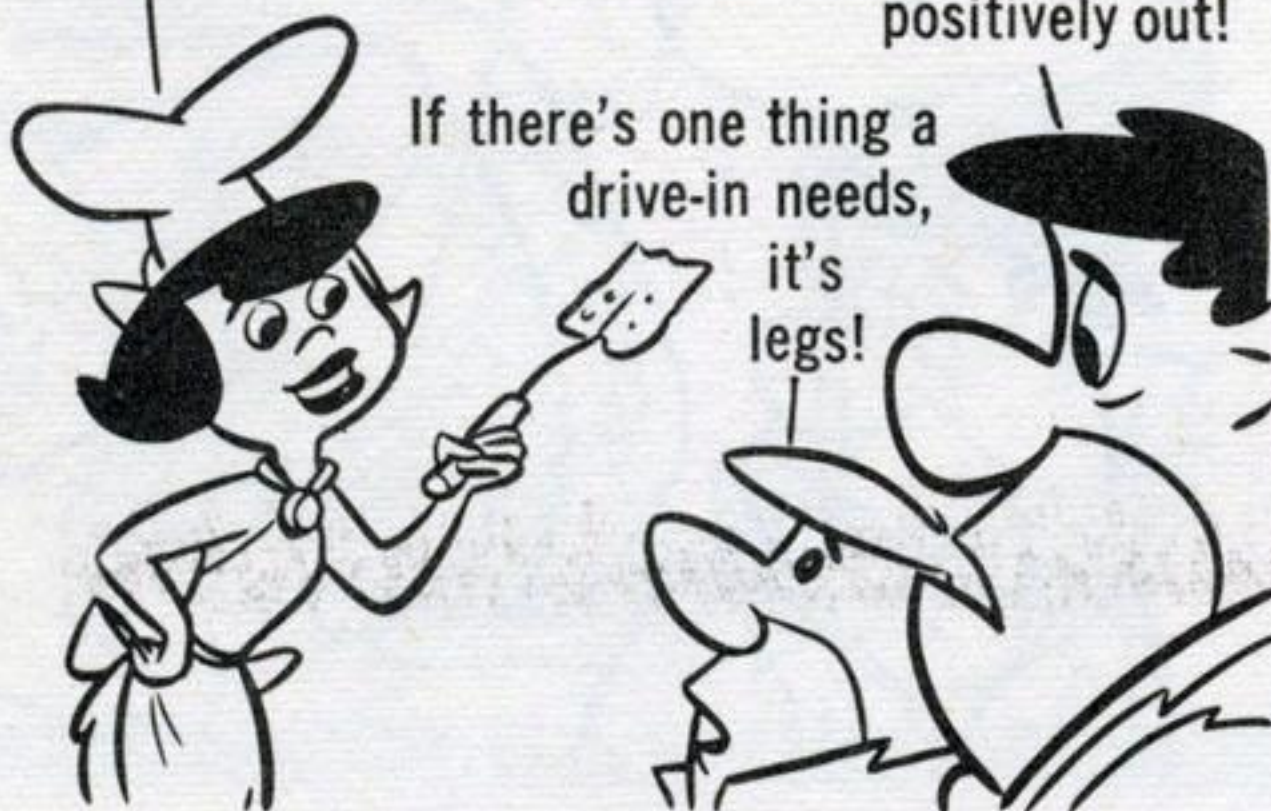
Here's another amazing
way to cut down
on costs! Fire those two
car hops!



Sure! Now that we're cooking,
you two can wait on cars!

Oh, no! That's
positively out!

If there's one thing a
drive-in needs,
it's
legs!



People who come in to eat expect to see legs!

All right, have it
your way!

Fred's right!



So...

T SHOT DRIVE-IN

Grr! Me and my
big mouth!

What are you doing tonight,
sweety...wrestling?



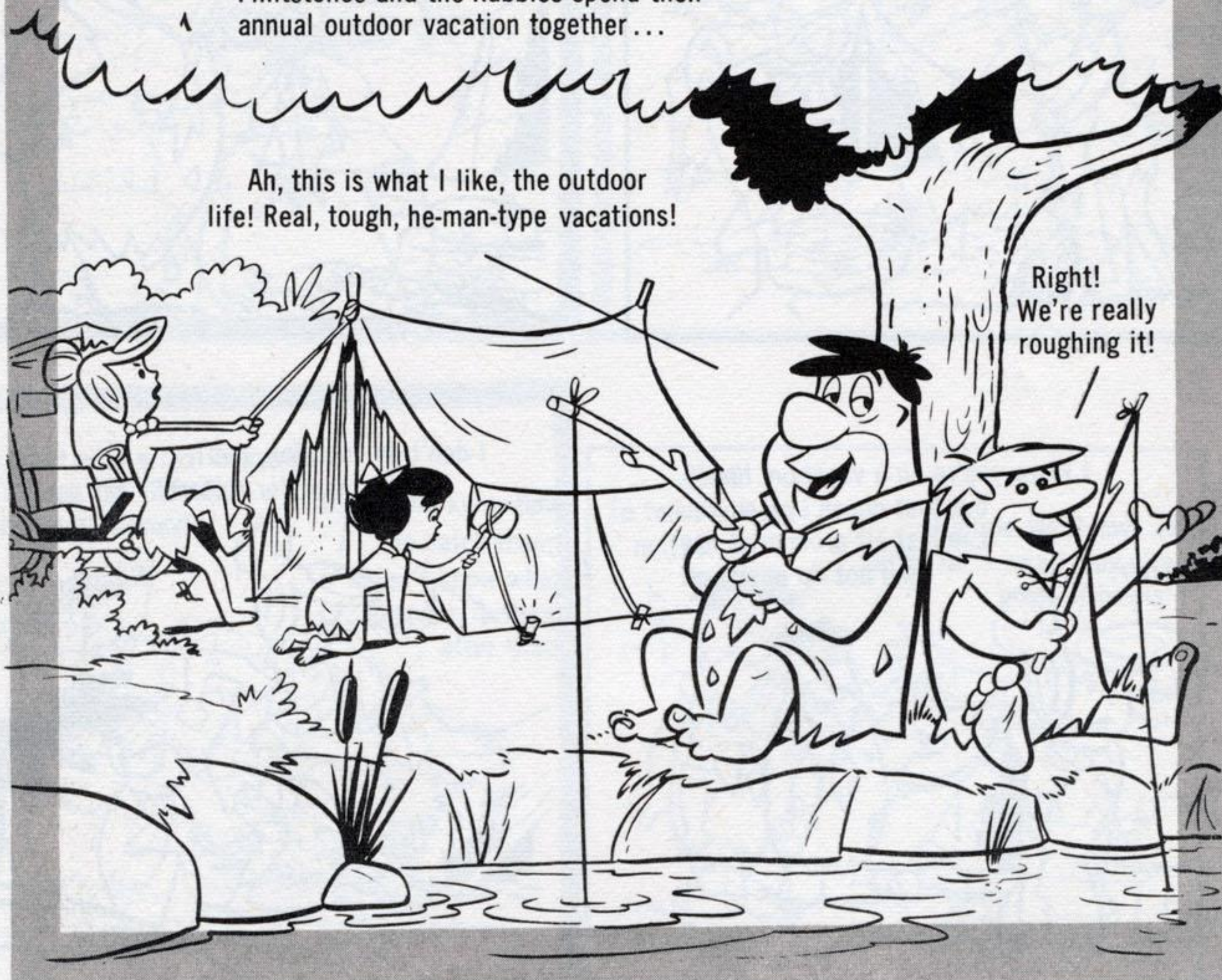
the End

Vacation Aggravation

Summertime, when the livin' is easy ...
but not for Wilma and Betty, as the
Flintstones and the Rubbles spend their
annual outdoor vacation together ...

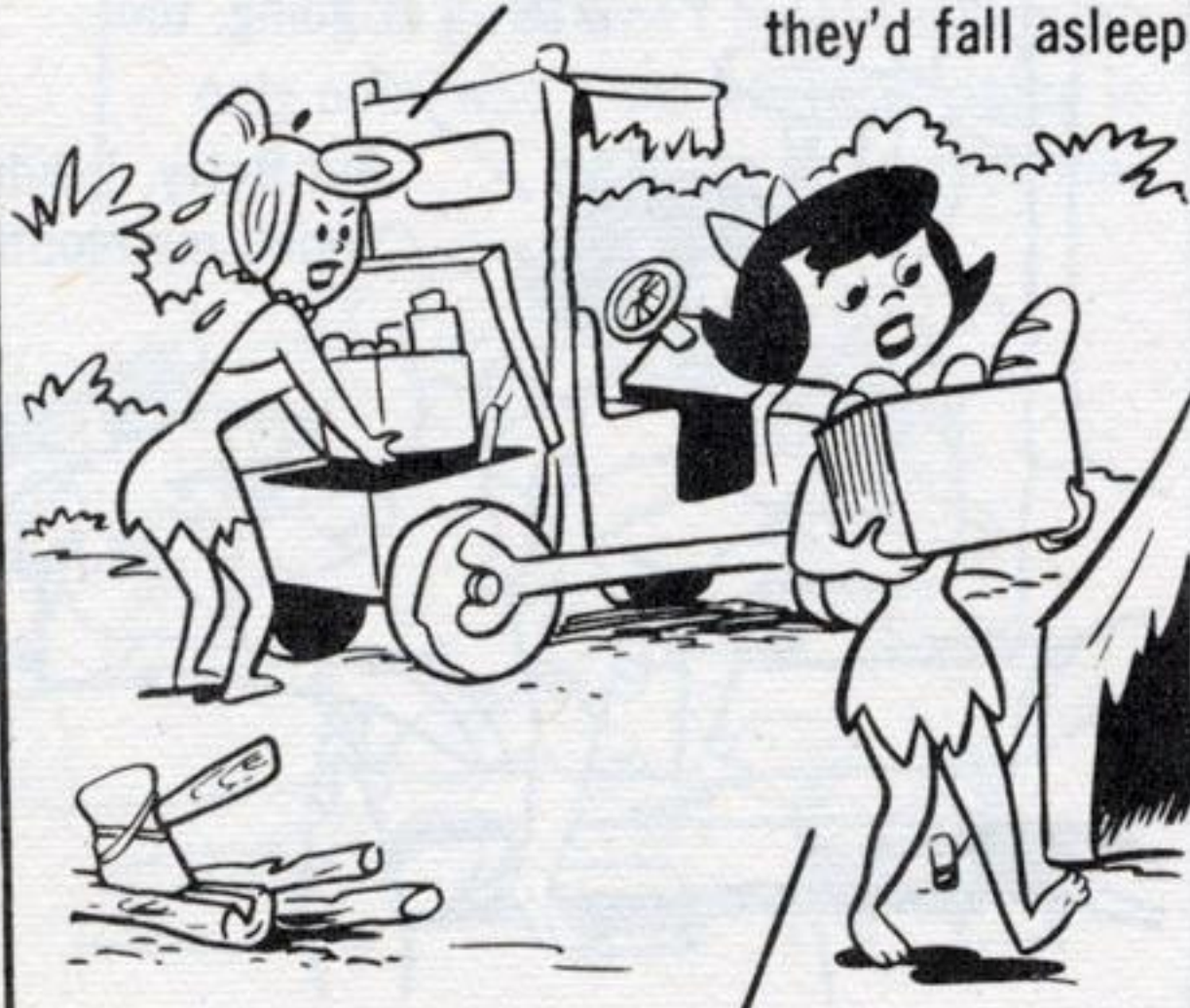
Ah, this is what I like, the outdoor
life! Real, tough, he-man-type vacations!

Right!
We're really
roughing it!



Roughing it!

Did you hear that? If they had it any softer,
they'd fall asleep!



Don't be surprised if they do!

Every year we ask those two tubby tarzans
to take us someplace relaxing for a vacation, like
Sandstone Beach, and every year we
wind up out in the woods!



It's sad!

The only difference between this and housework is there's no rug to sweep anything under!

I hope our husbands appreciate all we do for them!



Wilma, I just caught a couple more fish! ... Hey! The ones I caught before aren't even **cleaned** yet! What's going on?



I know you're on a vacation, honey, but that doesn't mean you can just sit around all day and not do **anything**!

Grrrrrr!



I don't do anything, huh? How's that for a start?

Wilma!



I'm spending my vacation at Sandstone Beach! If I'm going to get dishpan hands, I want to get them in **sea water**!

(Ulp!) What did I say?



I'm going, too!

But Betty, I didn't open my mouth!



No, but you had that **look** in your eye!

Wow! They were really mad, Fred!

You know women! Give them a little free time, and they get restless!



Besides, why complain? We've been wanting a vacation alone for a long time!

Right! Real man stuff!



We'll start with a real man-size meal! Clean the fish and fry them up, Barney!

Me? I just know how to catch them! I don't know what happens to them after that!



(Ulp!) To tell the truth... neither do I!

I guess we'll have to settle for a small man-size meal of beans!



Doggone! Where is the can opener?

Wilma!

Aren't you forgetting? The girls aren't here! They're the only ones who know where anything is... at home or on vacation!



If we can't find the can opener, we'll starve, Fred!

No, we won't! Set the can over on that tree stump!



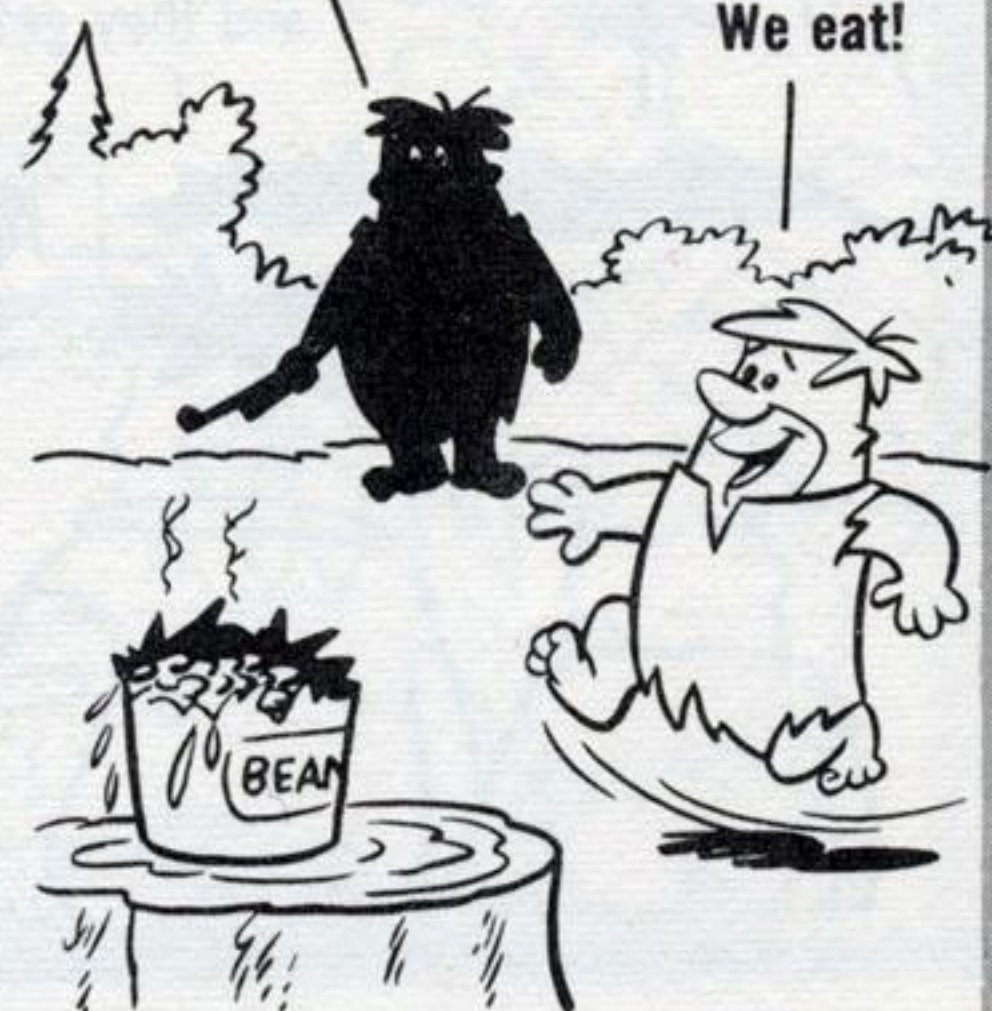
I've hunted everything
from bird to beast with this thing...
but never beans!



**B
L
A
M
!**

Bean's-eye!

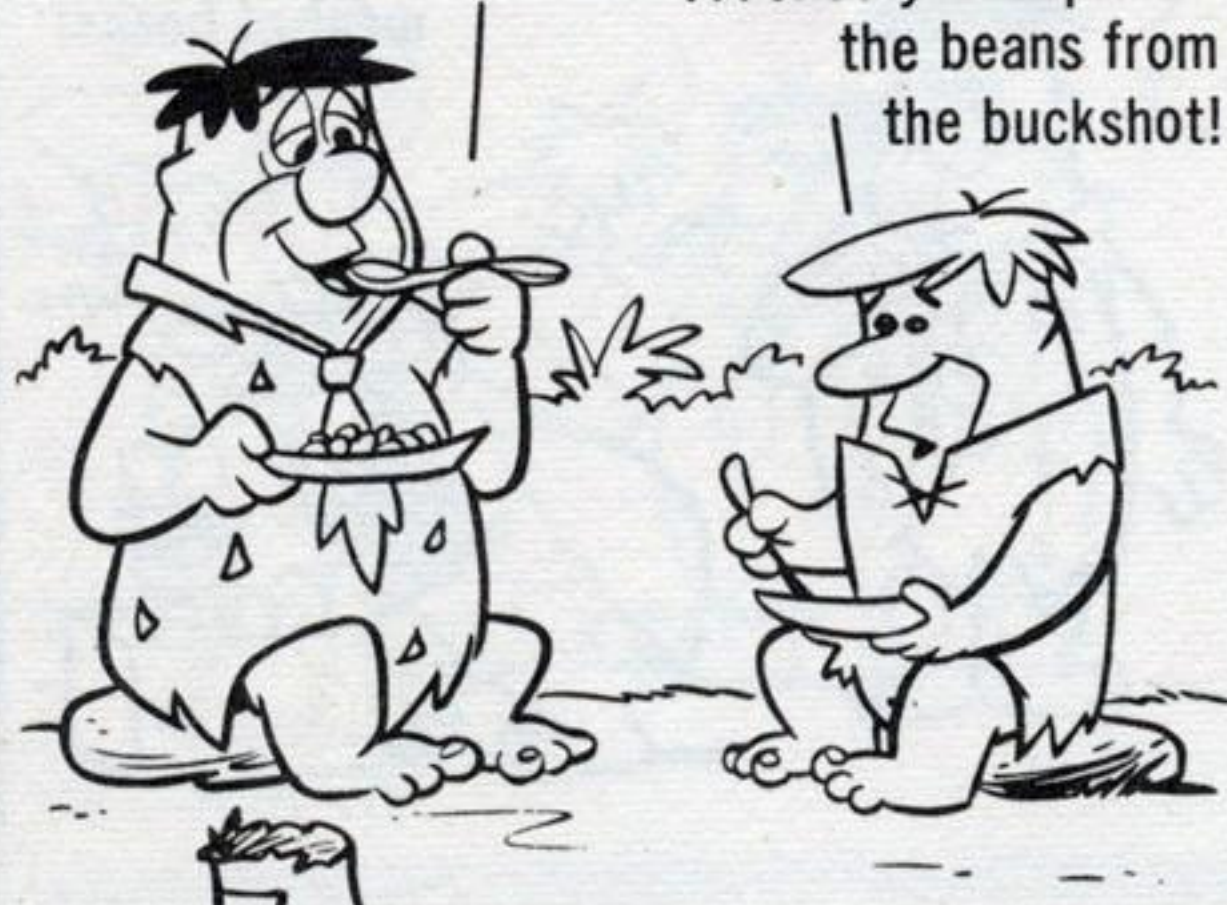
Hooray!
We eat!



Later ...

How are yours, Barney?
(Munch! Munch!)

Not so bad... ouch!
...once you separate
the beans from
the buckshot!



Let's turn in! We want to get up early
to start fishing!
That's when they bite best!

It'll be fun!
Who needs the girls?



11:30 A.M. the next day ...

Yipe! It's practically noon! We missed
out on the
best fishing!

(Sigh!) The girls
usually
wake us up!



Yeah! And if their yells don't wake us,
the smell of breakfast
cooking always does!



Speaking of breakfast, what do you
say we shoot another can of beans?

Beans for breakfast... nobody
to brag to about how many fish we caught
...nobody to tease—
This man-to-man stuff is getting me down!



Let's face it, Barney,
we were all wrong! The girls
are worth their weight in gold!
A vacation is no fun
without them!



Let's hurry up and pack up our
gear and surprise them at
Sandstone Beach!



Shortly... at Sandstone Beach...



We decided a vacation without the
wives is like... er... a hot dog
without mustard!



Come on! You can
buy some swimsuits and
join us on the beach!

You'll see that
this kind of
vacation can be a
lot of fun, too!



And...

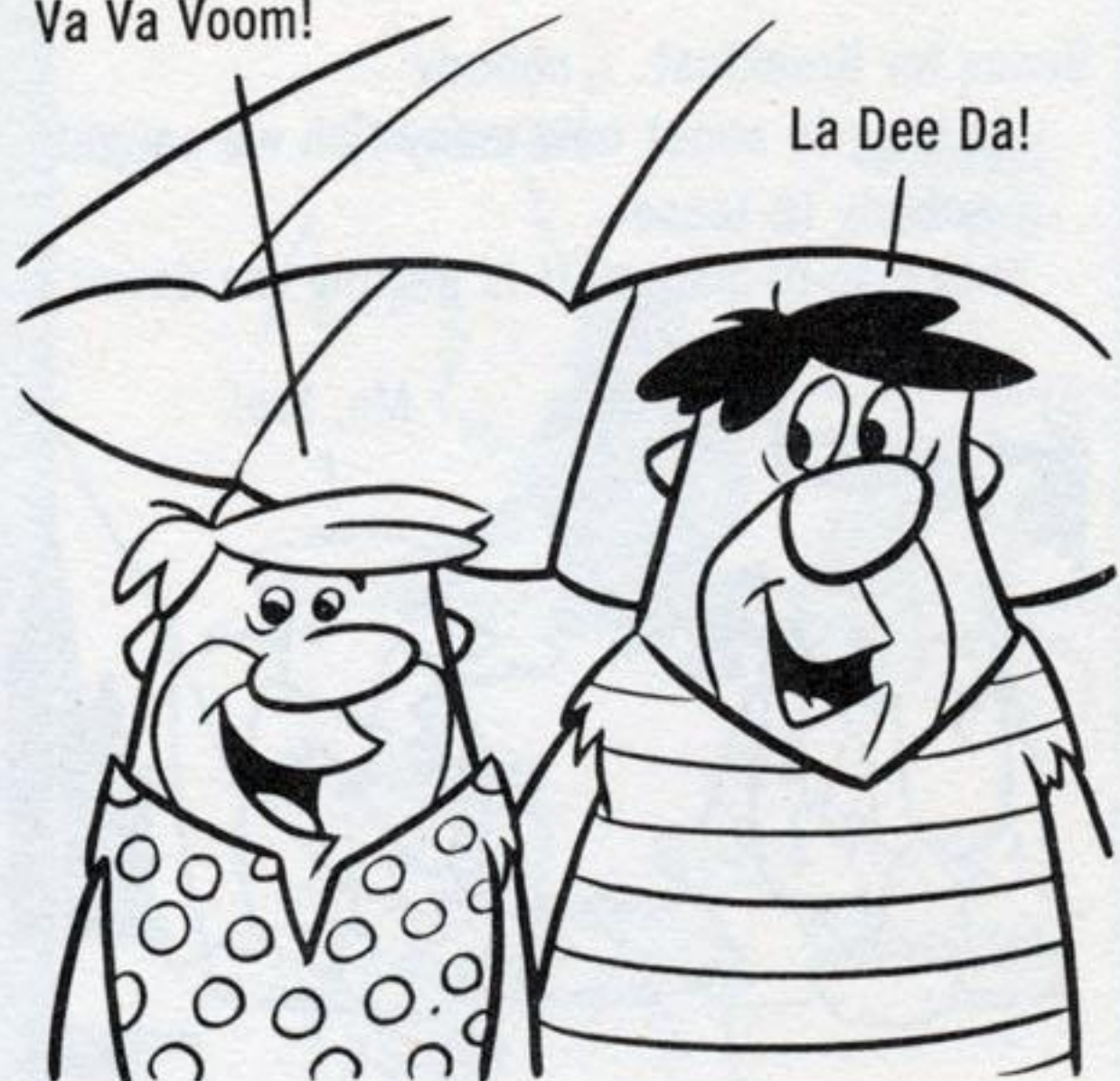
You know, Barney, this beach
idea isn't half bad!

It sure isn't,
Fred!



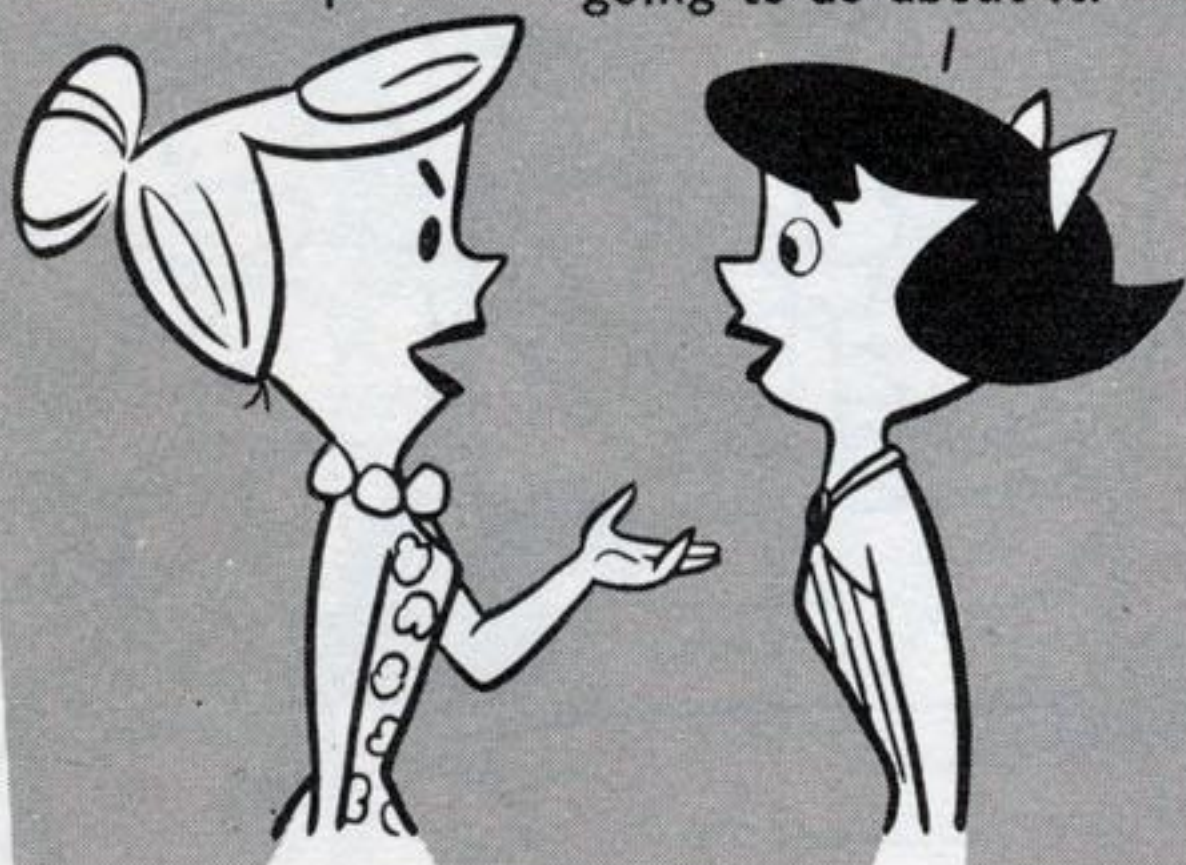
Va Va Voom!

La Dee Da!



We made a big Boo Boo!

And we
know what we're
going to do about it!



Come on! We're leaving!

You, too, Romeo!

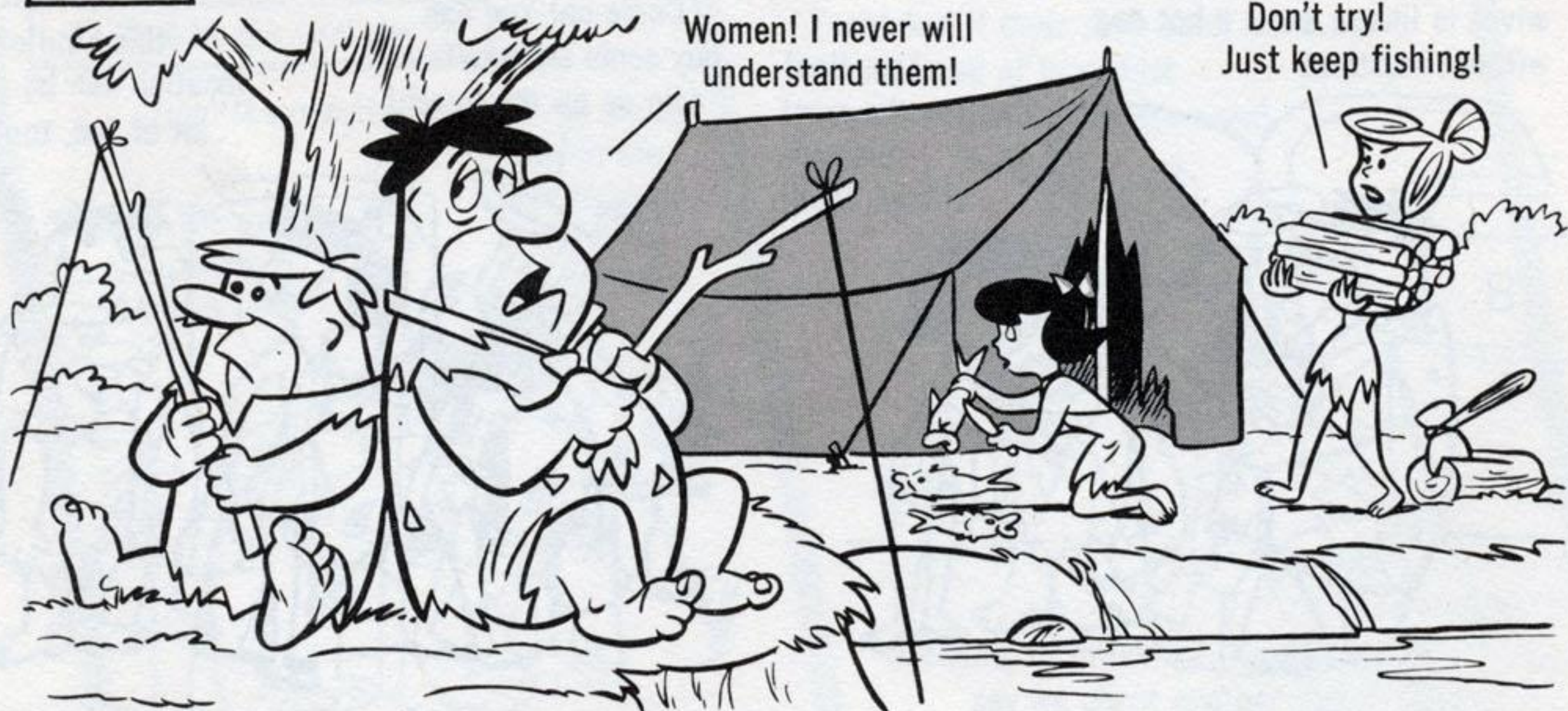
But-But-we just
got here!



So...

Women! I never will
understand them!

Don't try!
Just keep fishing!



the End

Are You A P.P.P.? *

* (POPULAR PERSON
AT PARTIES)

Most of
us answer "Yes,"
but a scientific analysis
is necessary to find
the total truth!

Yes

☒

No

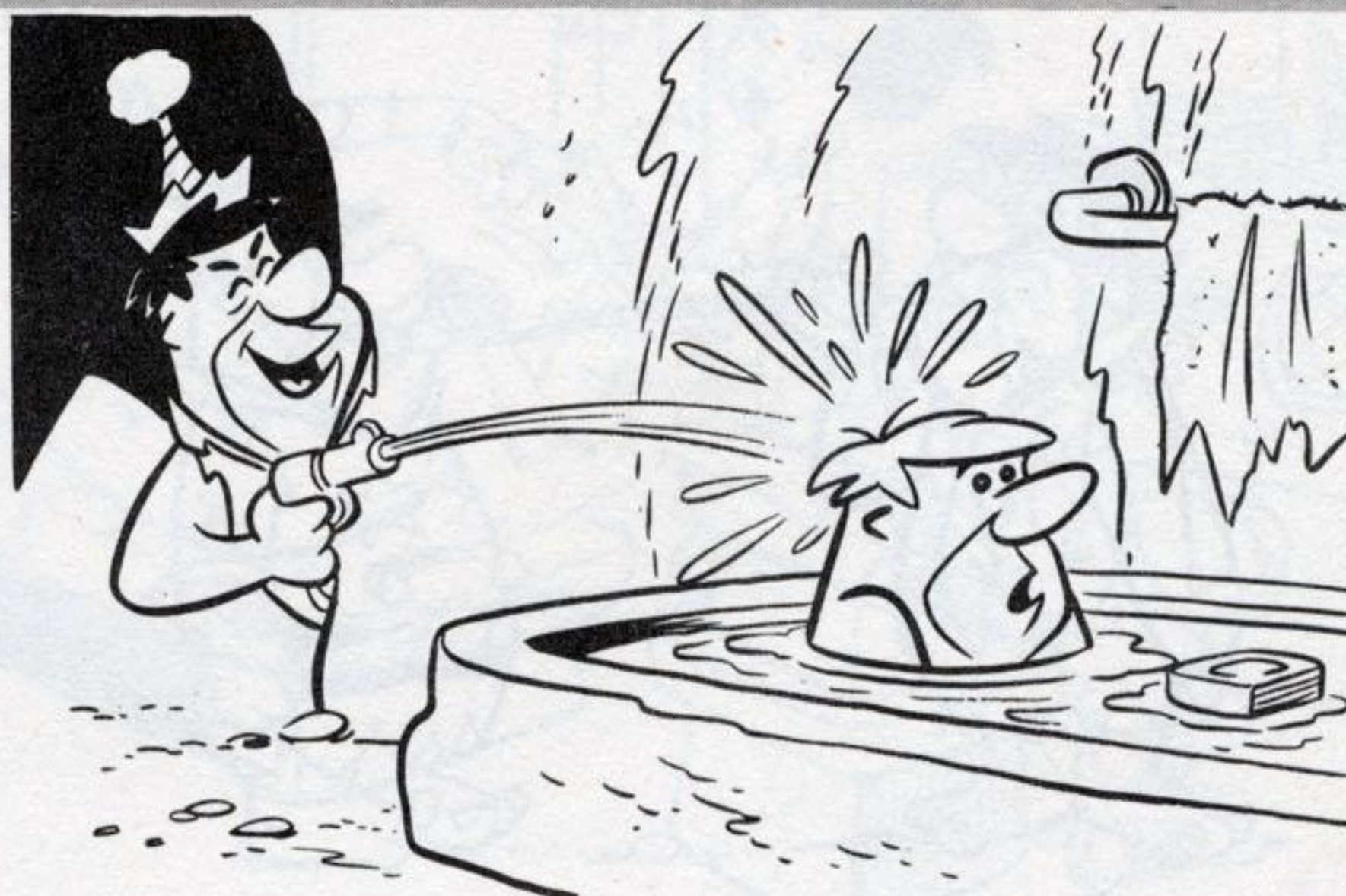
☐

Do you arrive early
and insist on
helping your
host get ready?

Yes

☐

No

☐

Do you
practice
the games
at home so
you become
an expert?

Yes

☐

No

☐

Post office,
too?

Yes

☐

No

☐

Are you
capable
of amazing
everyone with
magic tricks?

Yes ☐

No ☐



And when the
law comes to see
what's causing
the disturbance,
do you act as spokesman
for everybody?

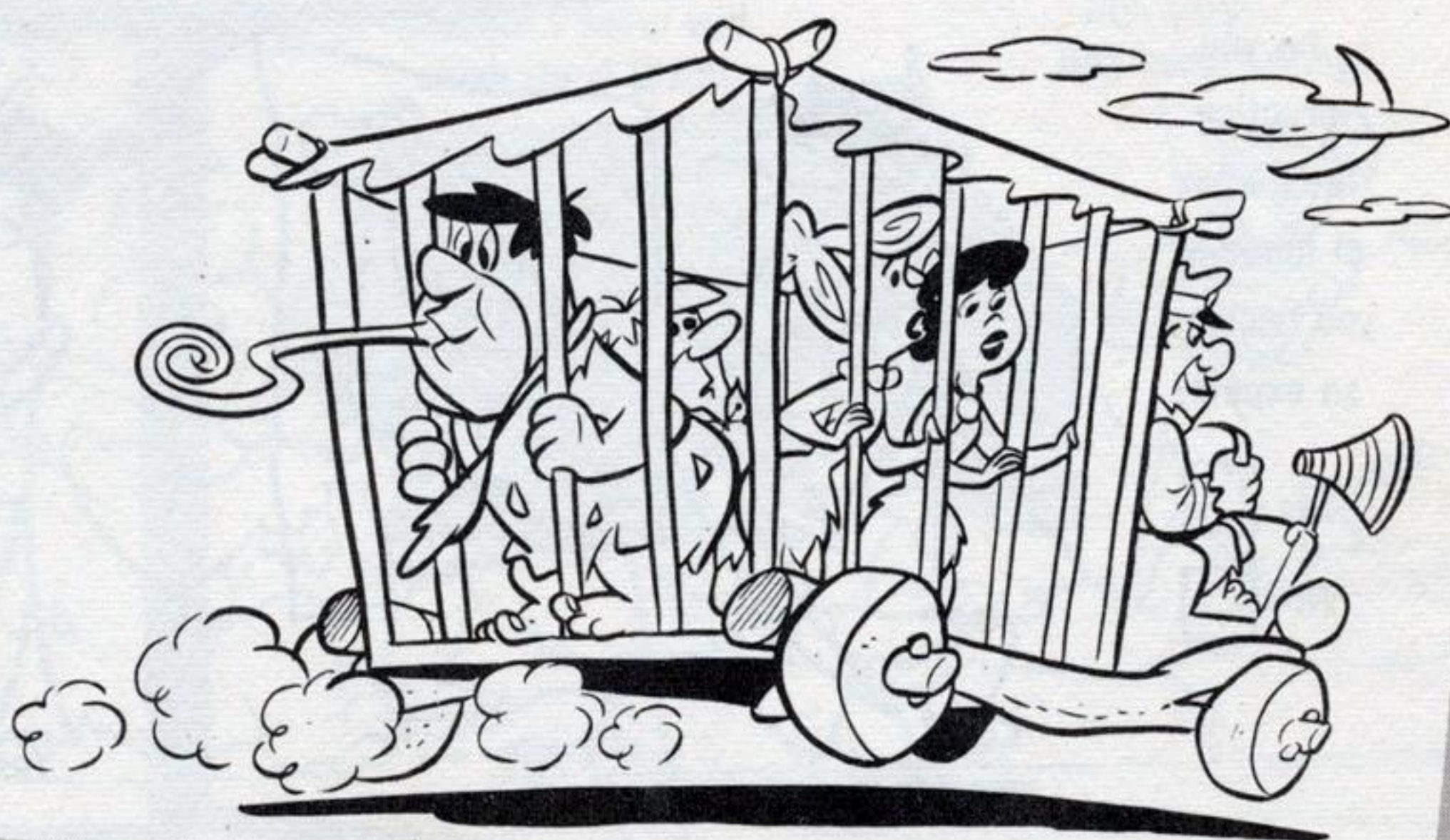
Yes ☐

No ☐

How come you
get invited to
parties, anyhow?

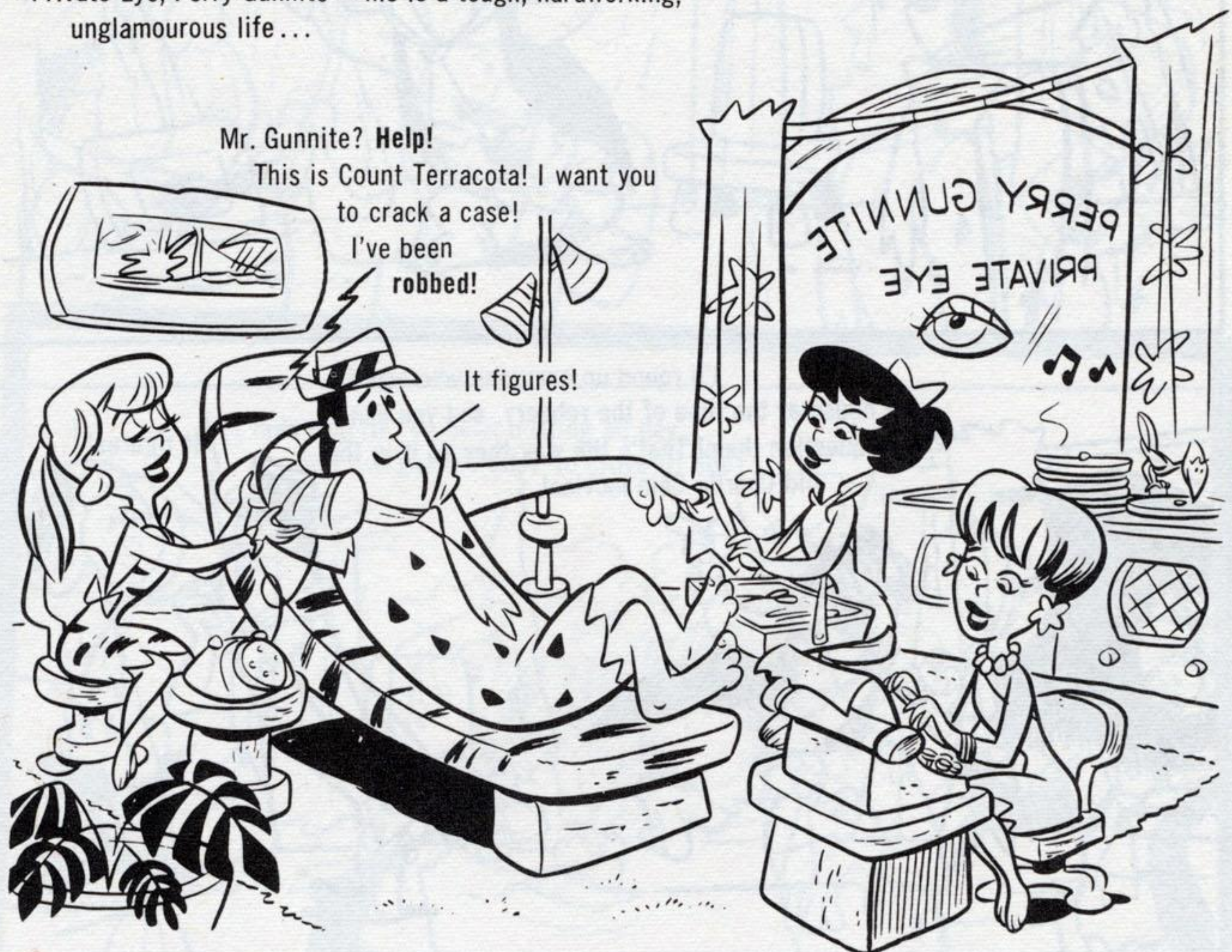
Huh? ☐

Huh? ☐

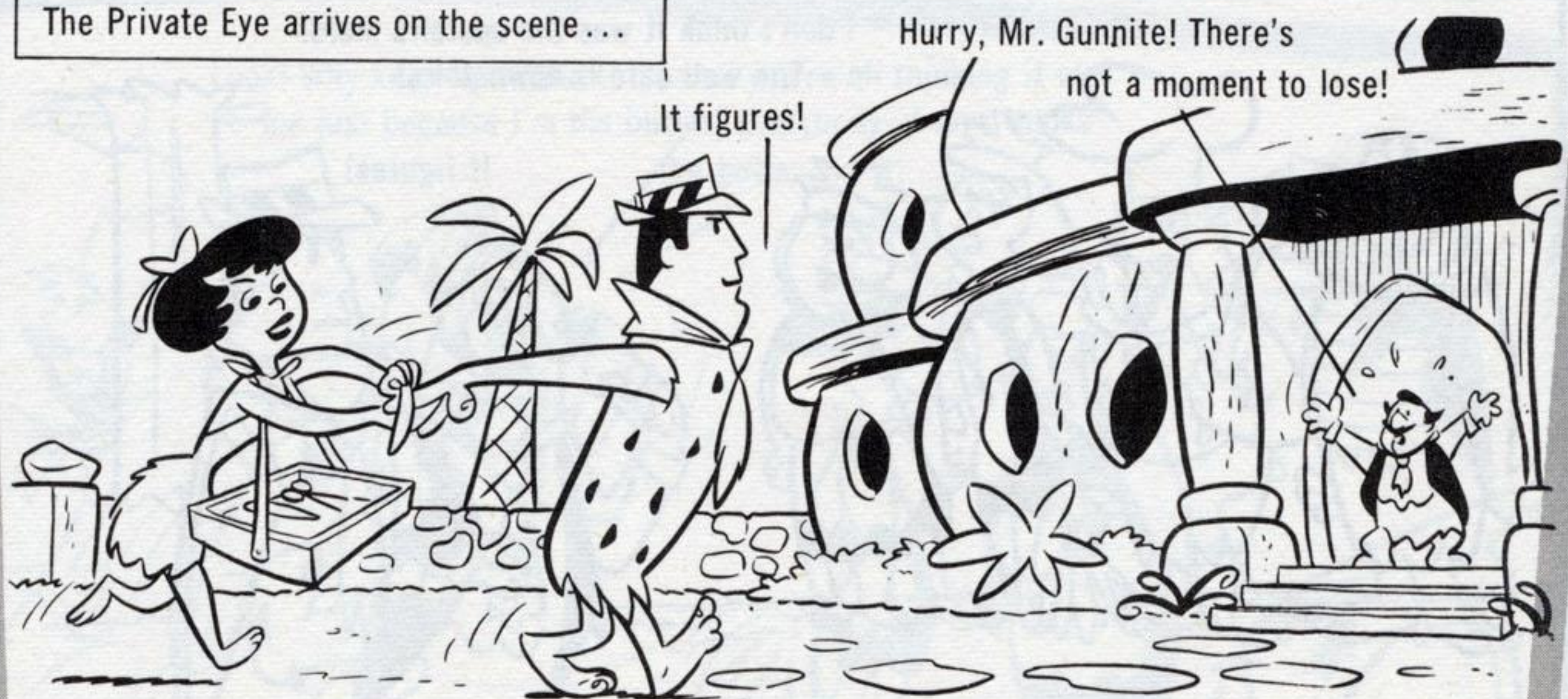


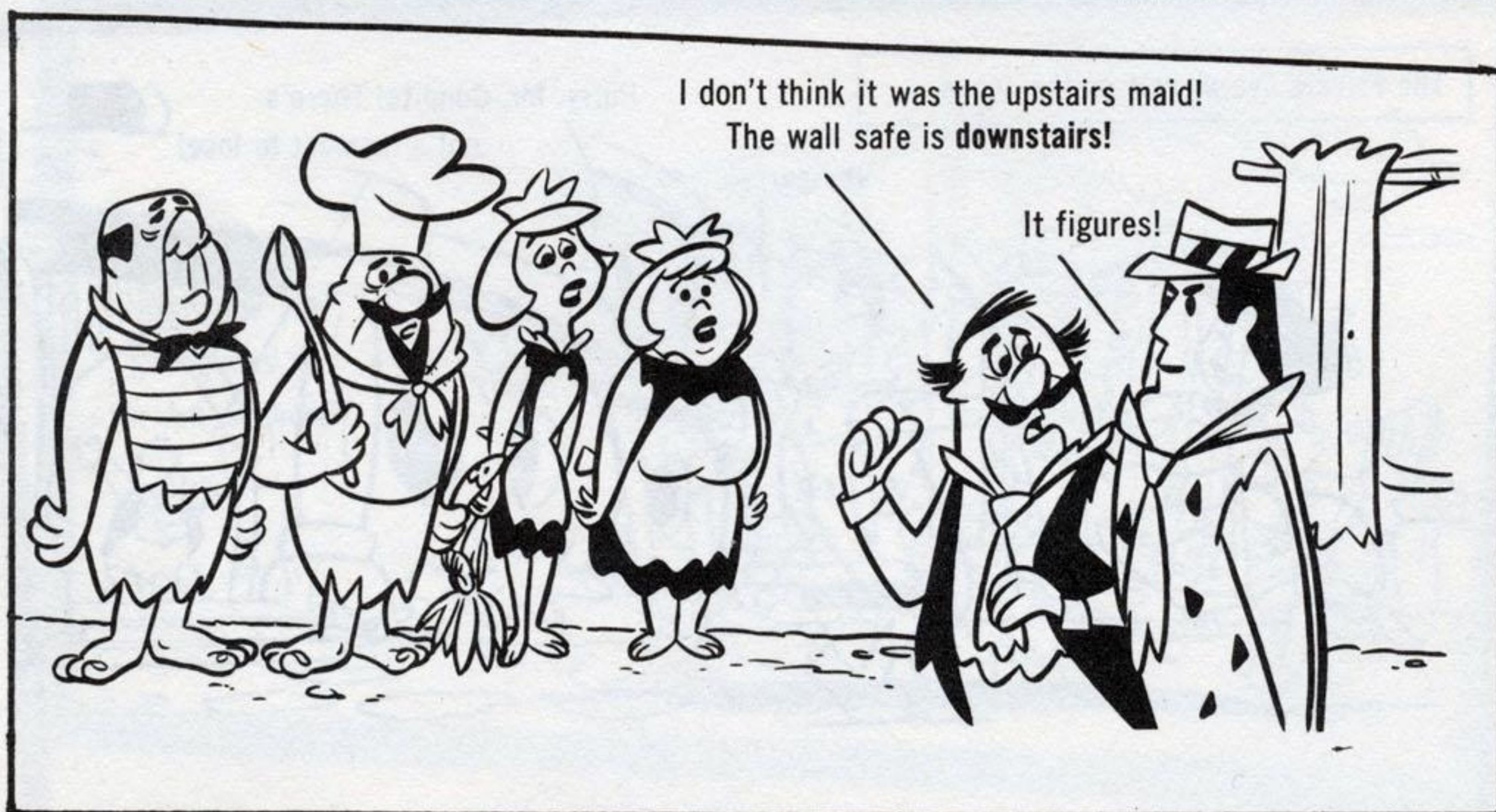
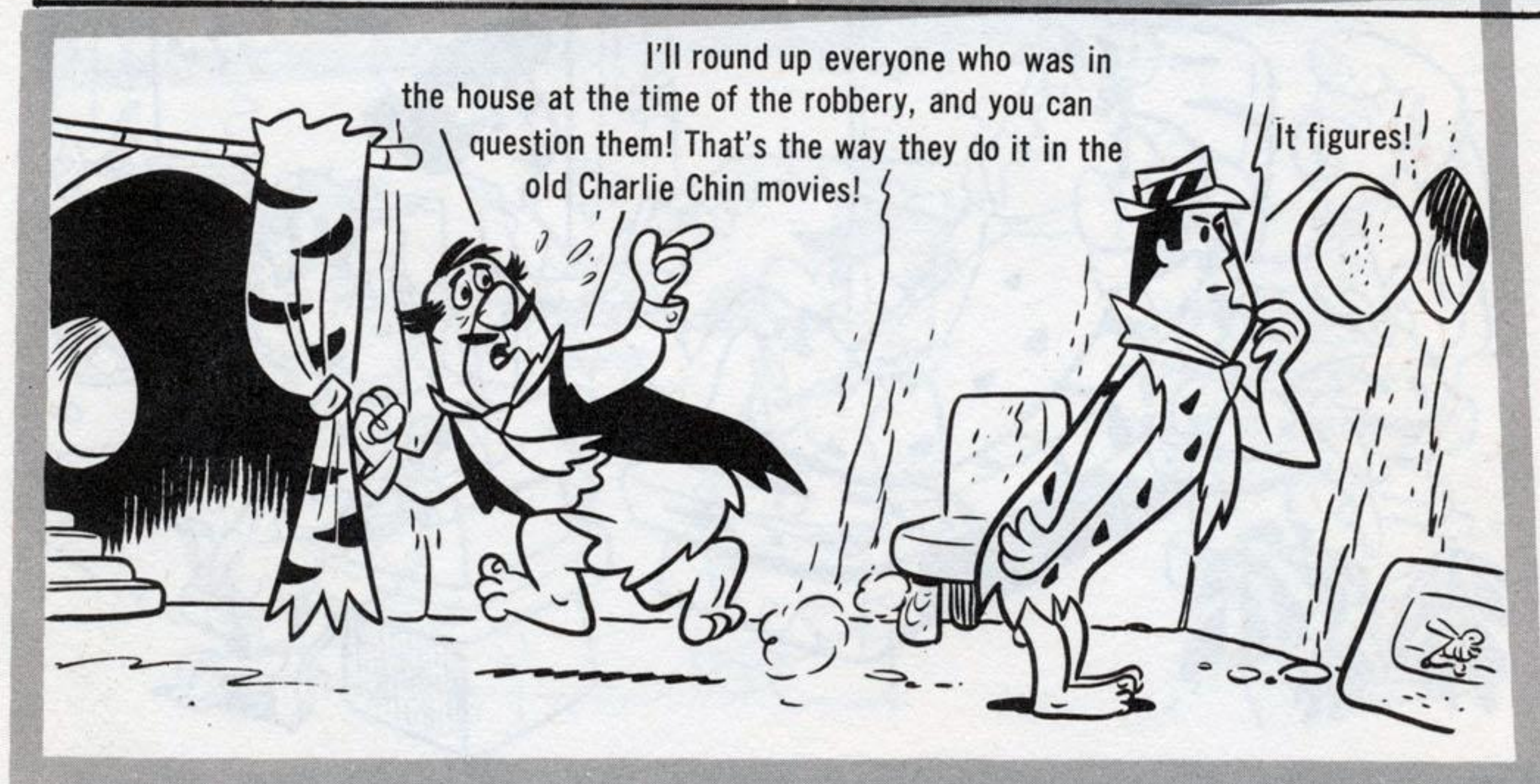
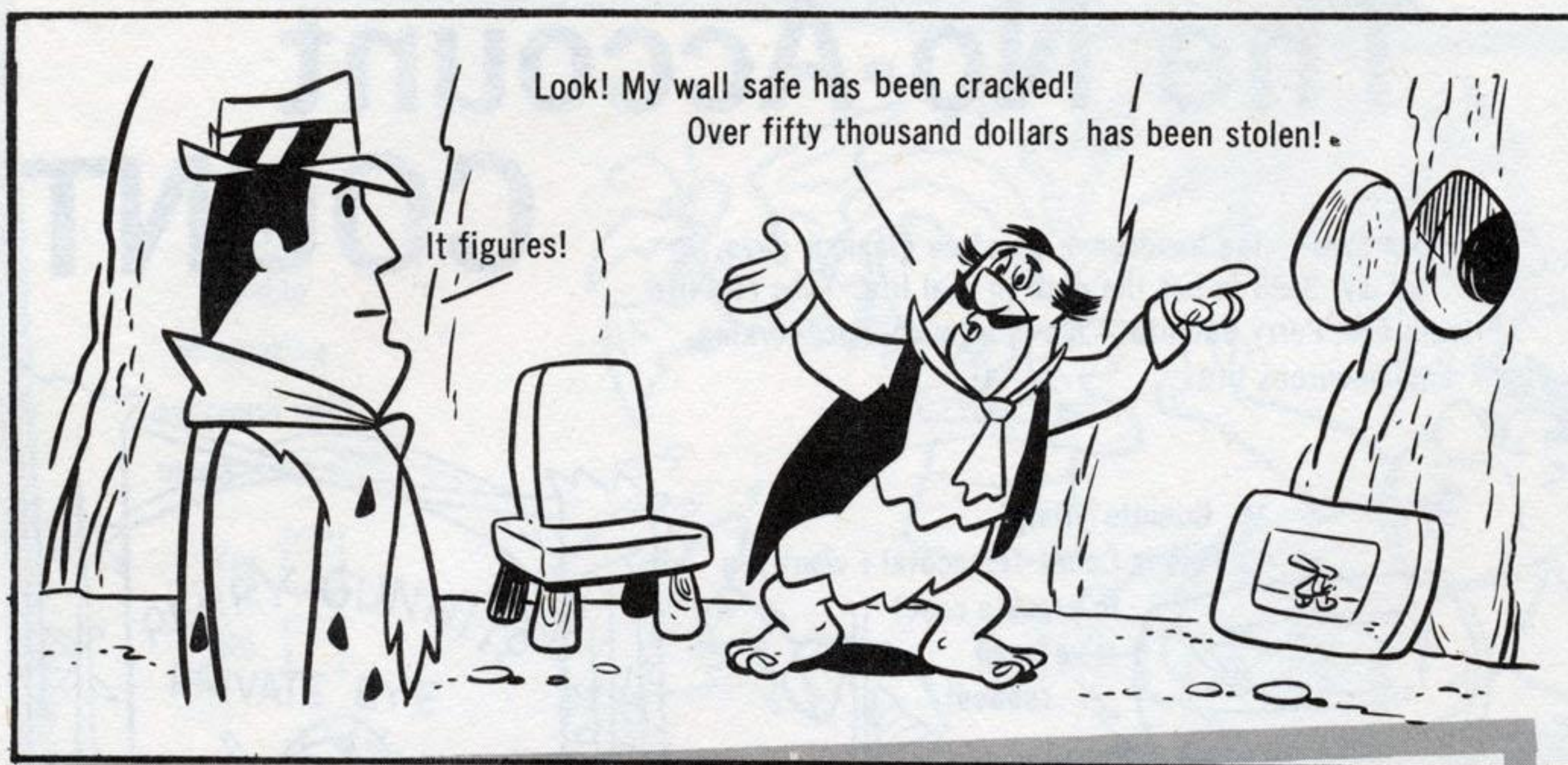
The No-Account COUNT

Private Eyes — the handsome, carefree glamour guys of TV. Such is not the case in real life. Take real-life Private Eye, Perry Gunnite — his is a tough, hardworking, unglamorous life...



The Private Eye arrives on the scene...





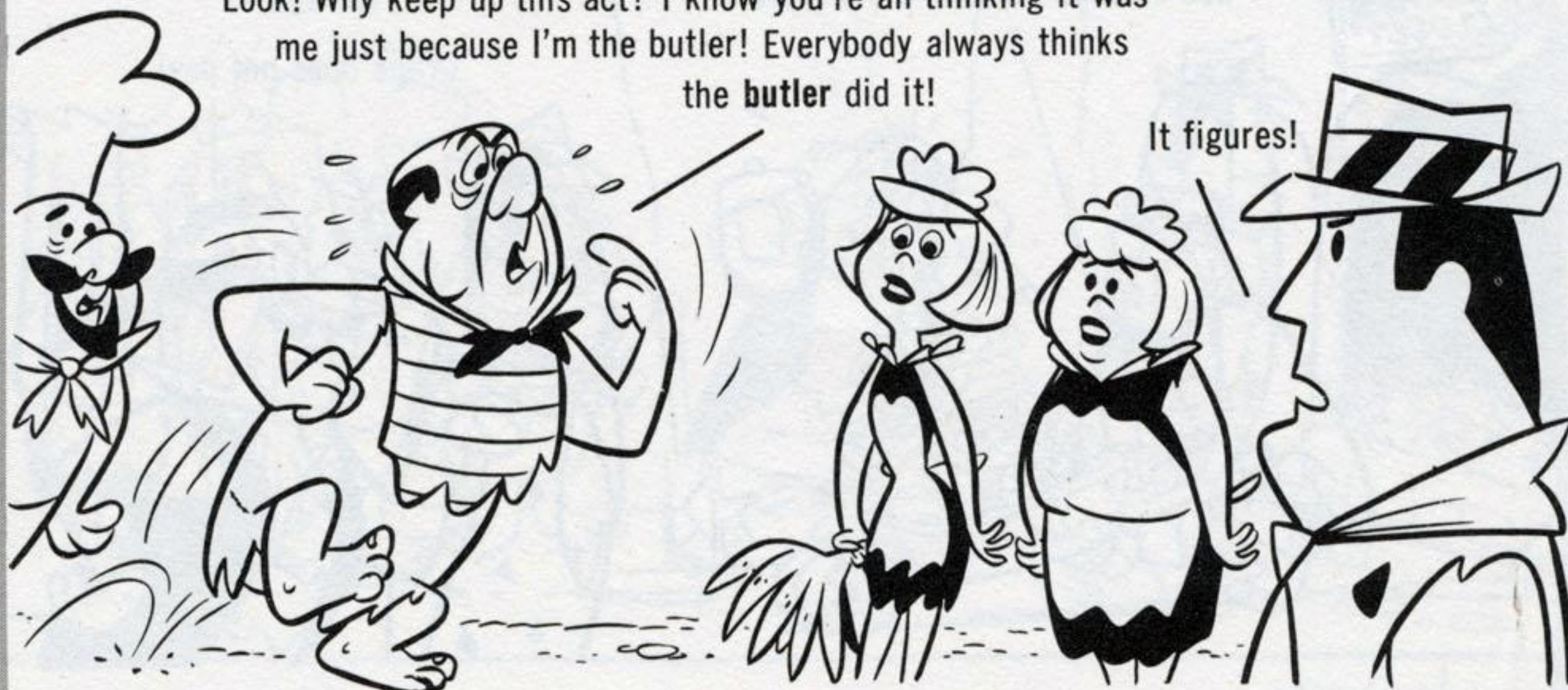
Don't look at me! I've been alone in my room all day!
And I've got three witnesses who were there with me and can prove it!



I didn't do it! I've been dusting all day...
and I've got the dust to prove it! See?



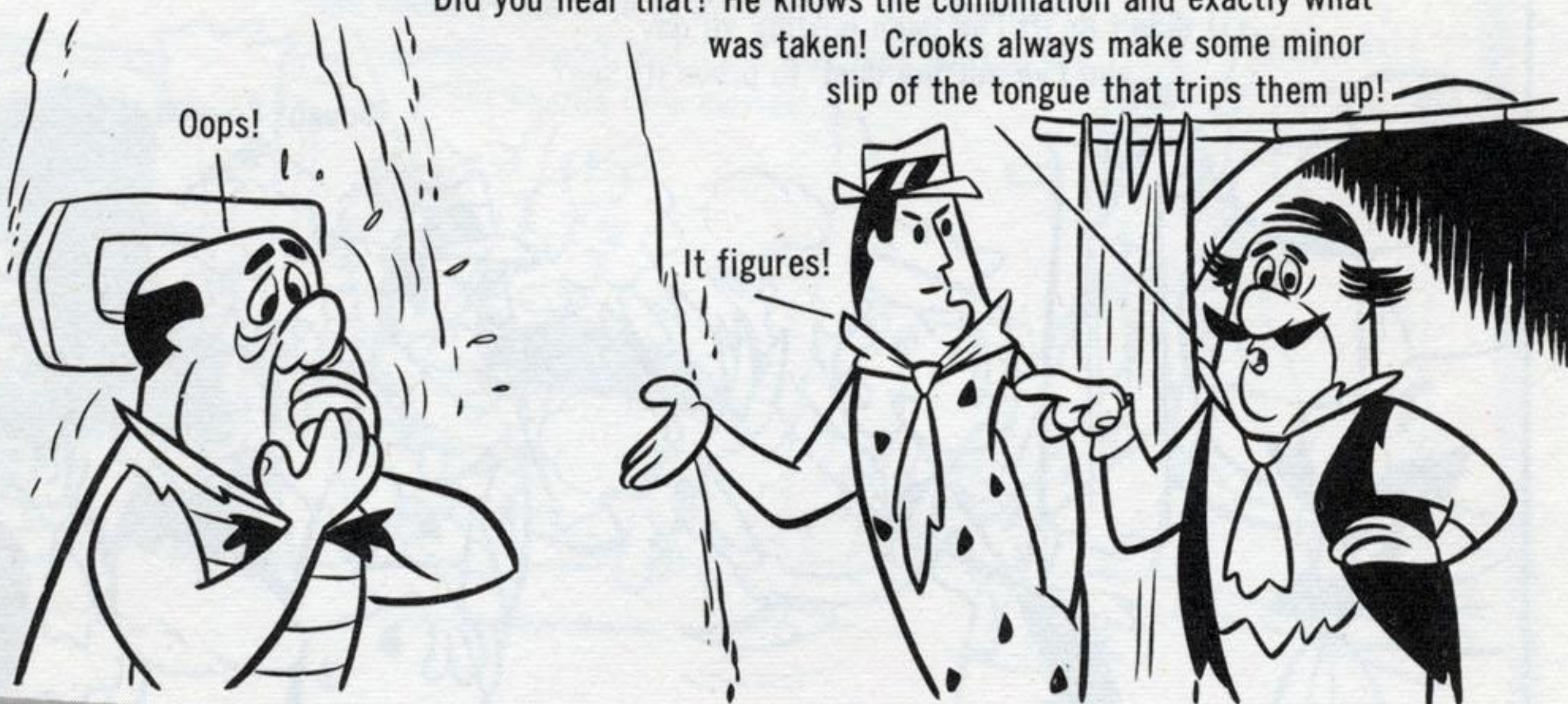
Look! Why keep up this act? I know you're all thinking it was
me just because I'm the butler! Everybody always thinks
the butler did it!



But I'm innocent! Innocent! I didn't open that wall safe,
combination 6-42-11, and take out fifty thousand dollars,
eighty-six cents, and four hairpins!



Did you hear that? He knows the combination and exactly what
was taken! Crooks always make some minor
slip of the tongue that trips them up!



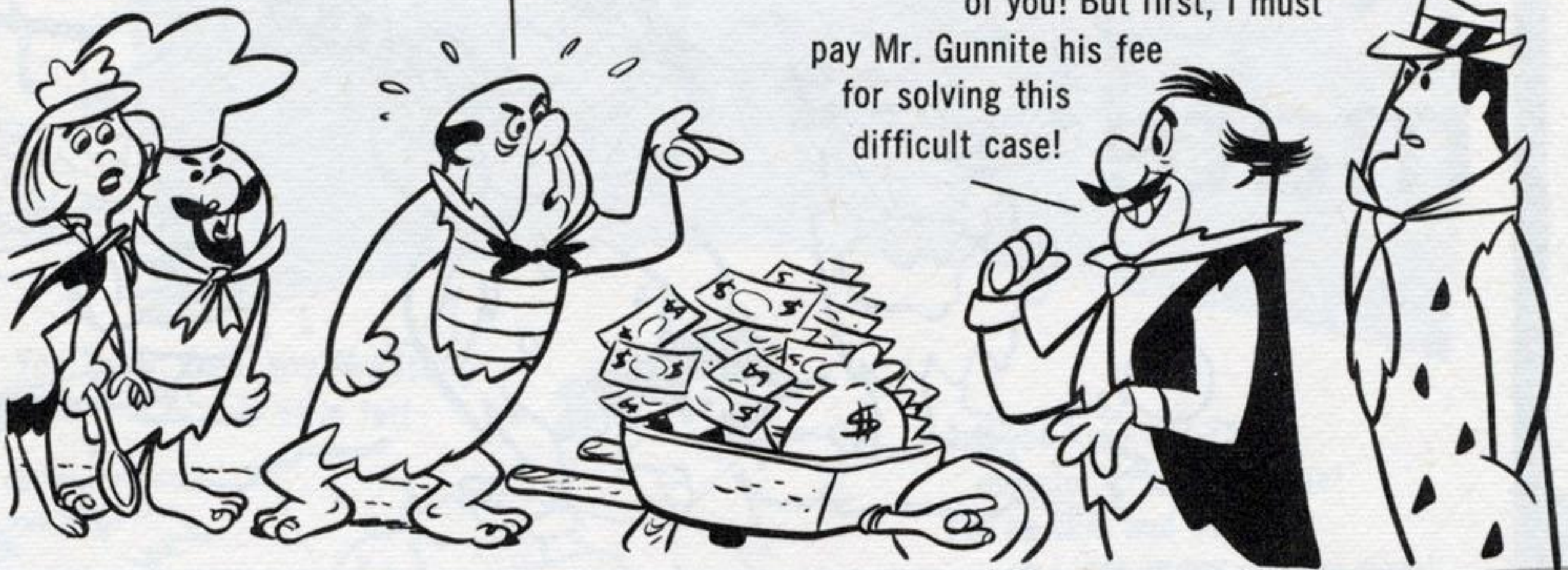
You win! Here's the stolen money that I
had stashed away in the closet!



Crime does not pay!

Neither do **you**! That's why I took the money! You owe us
all back pay! I was just going to settle our
accounts and return the rest!

(Ulp!) Er...er... Surprise! I'm going to pay all
of you! But first, I must
pay Mr. Gunnite his fee
for solving this
difficult case!



Go ahead, Mr. Gunnite, take your fee...
twenty dollars, thirty dollars...
whatever it might be!



Horrors! He took all of my money for his fee!
Now I can't pay you servants
your back wages!

It figures!



the End

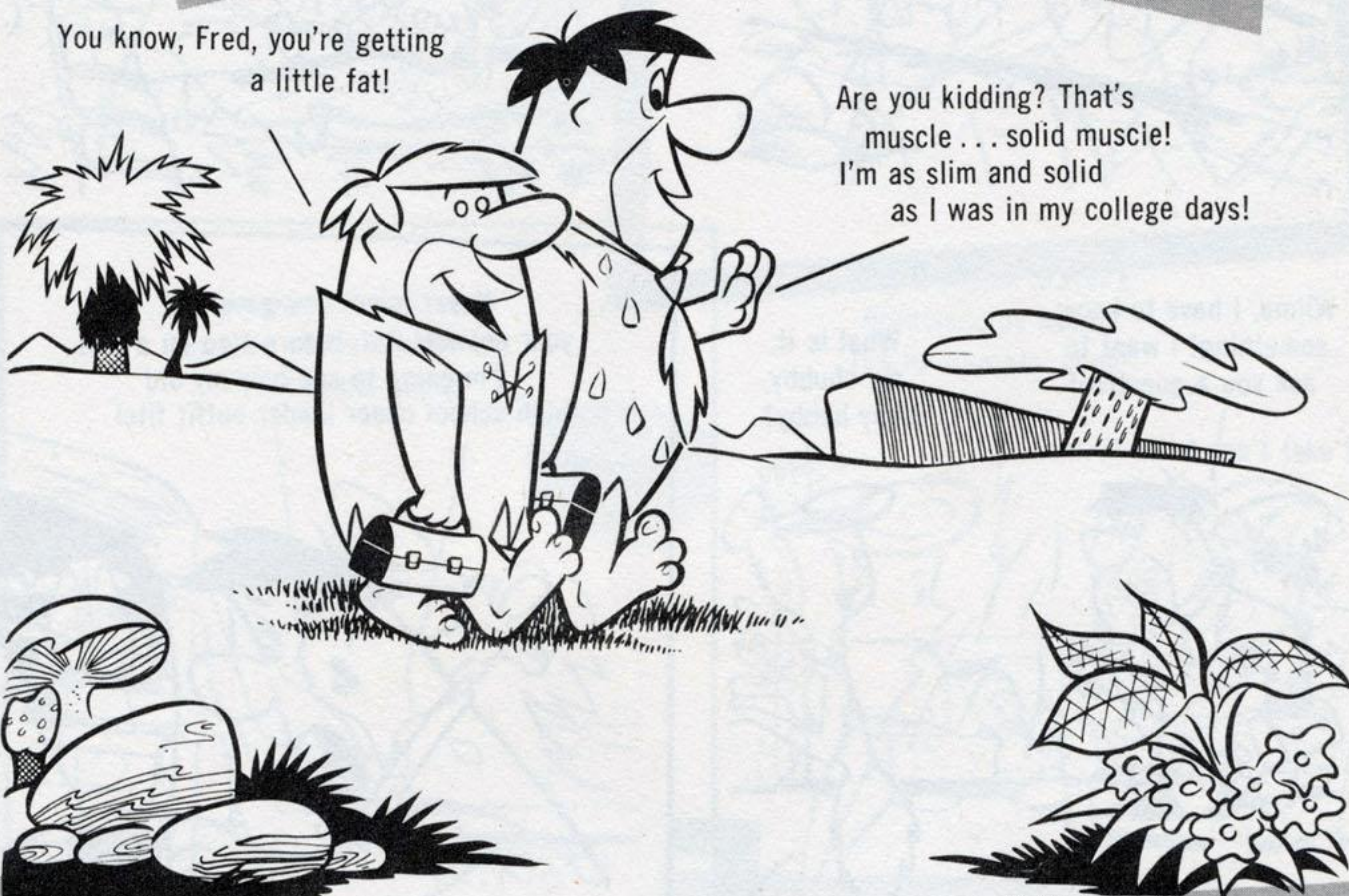
Play- mate



DO OR DIET

You know, Fred, you're getting a little fat!

Are you kidding? That's muscle . . . solid muscle! I'm as slim and solid as I was in my college days!



You never went to college!

All right! My high school days, then!



You never went to . . .

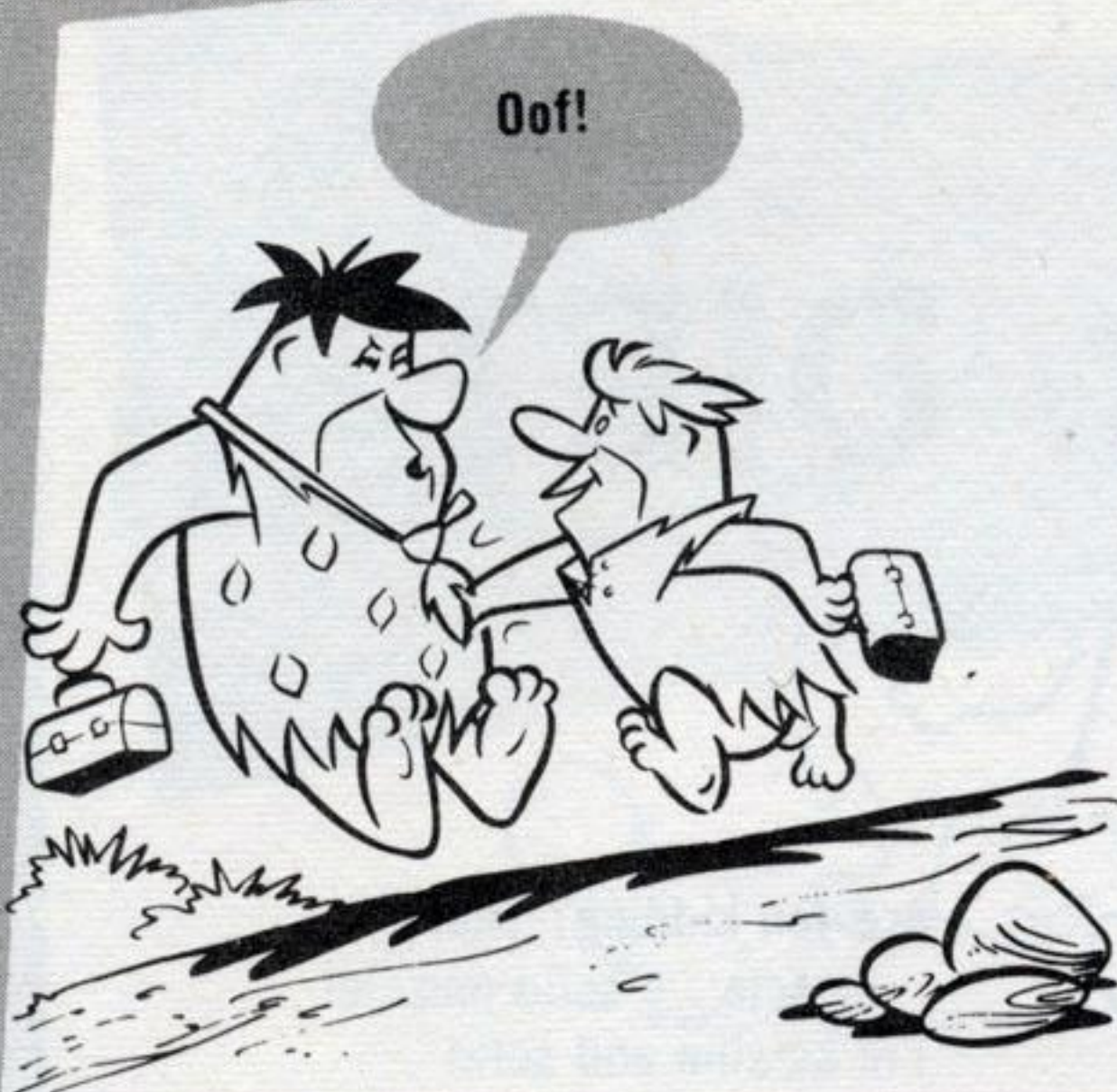
I did too! Quit clowning!



Go ahead and hit me in my stomach! I'm as solid as a rock!

Okay!



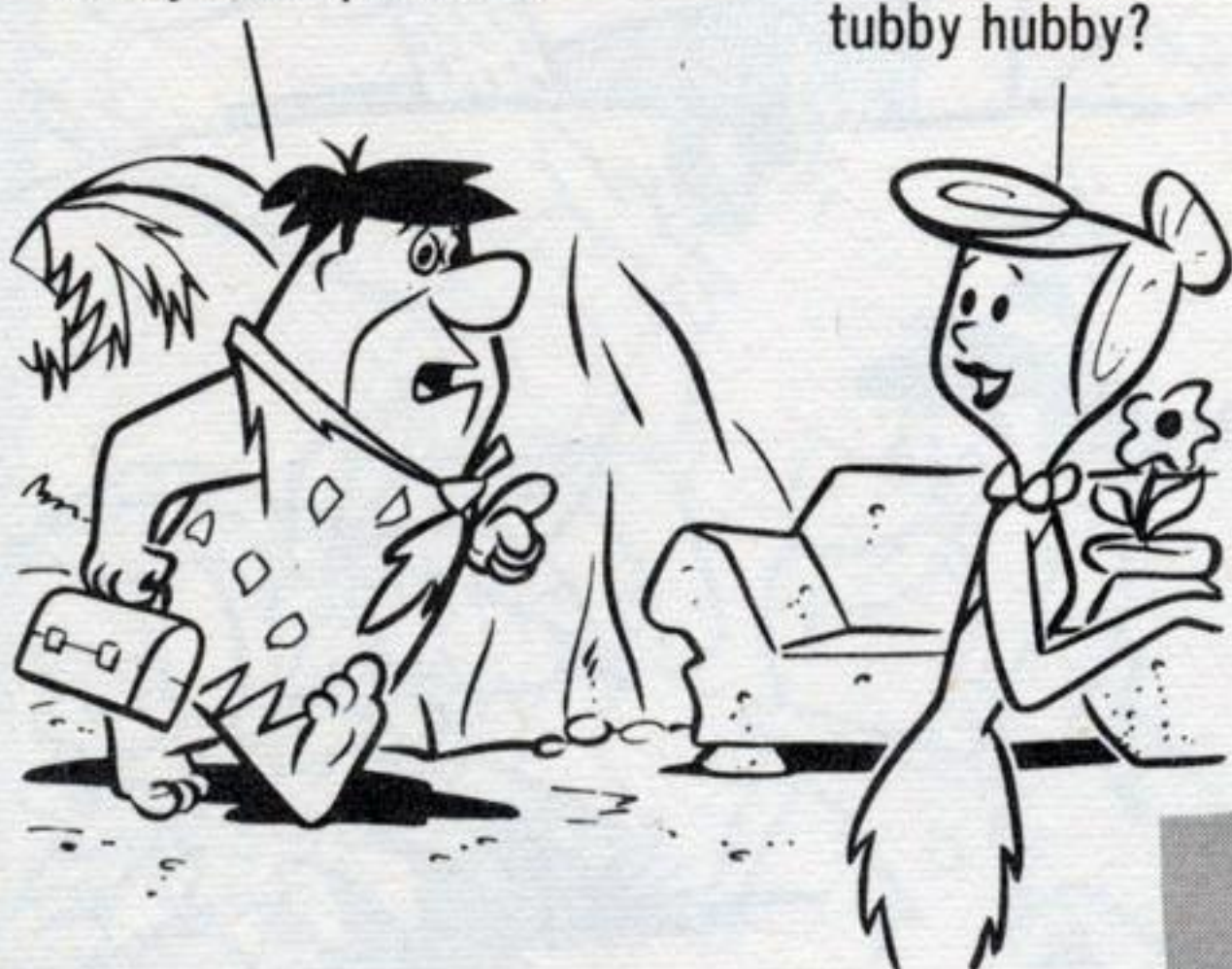


Maybe you're right! Maybe I could stand to drop a few pounds!



Wilma, I have to know something! I want to ask you a question!

What is it, my chubby, tubby hubby?



Shortly . . .

Heh, heh! It still fits! We always used to wear them tight!

Hmmm! It may be tight in front . . .

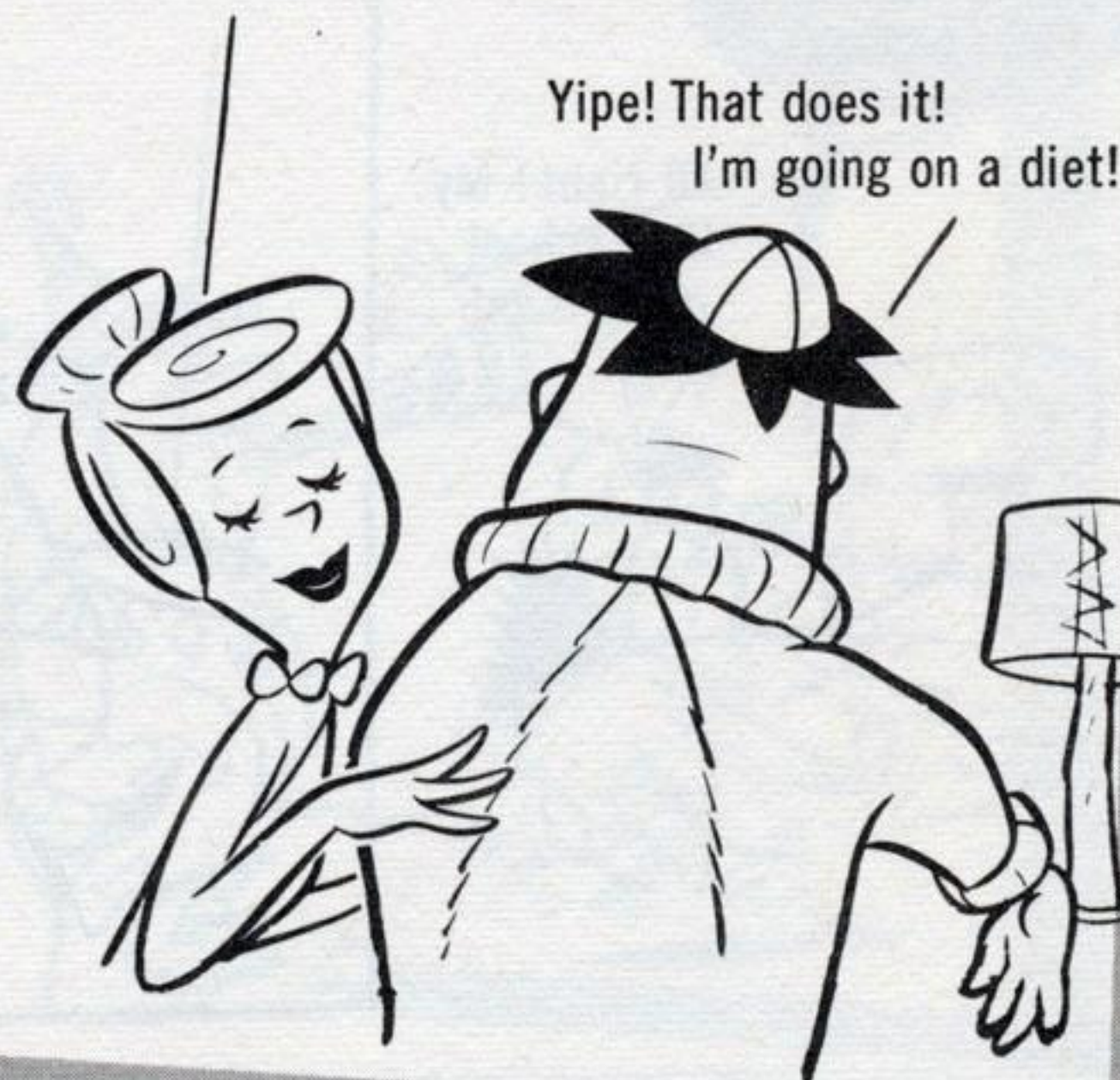


Never mind! You gave me your answer! But, before I go on a diet, I'm going to see how my old high school cheer leader outfit fits!



But, back here it's the wide open spaces!

Yipe! That does it! I'm going on a diet!



Later ...

This is all I'm going to eat for dinner
from now on, Wilma ...
one sardine!

Sure, Fred!
Sure!



Soon ...

Now to go in and watch some
television to take my mind off food!

(Sigh!) It's the same thing
every time Fred decides to
go on
a diet!



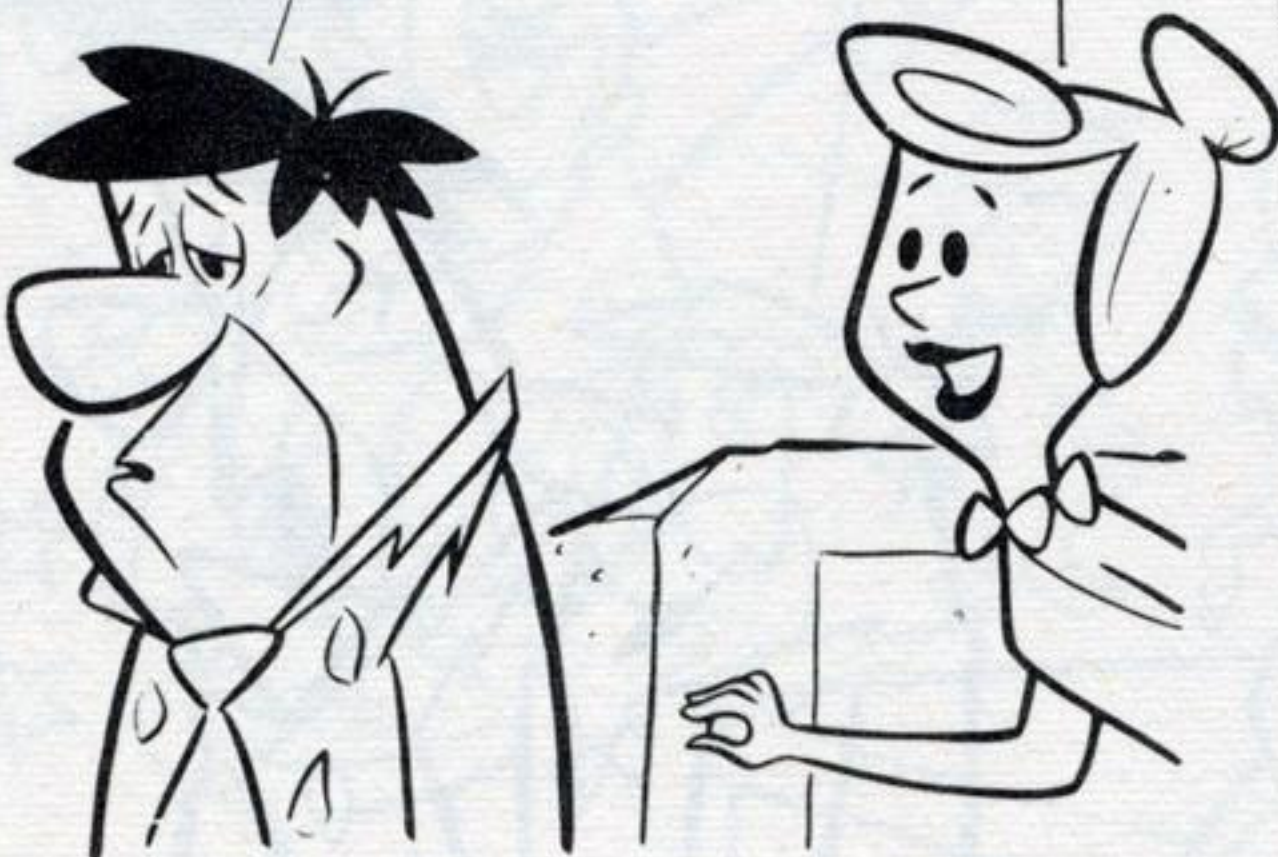
He skimps on dinner
and then stuffs himself the
rest of the night!

Wilma!!!



I'm going to turn in early! I'm too
weak from hunger to stay up!

All right, Fred!



Try Grandma Gravel's
Brontosaurus Bacon!
It's lip-smackin' good!

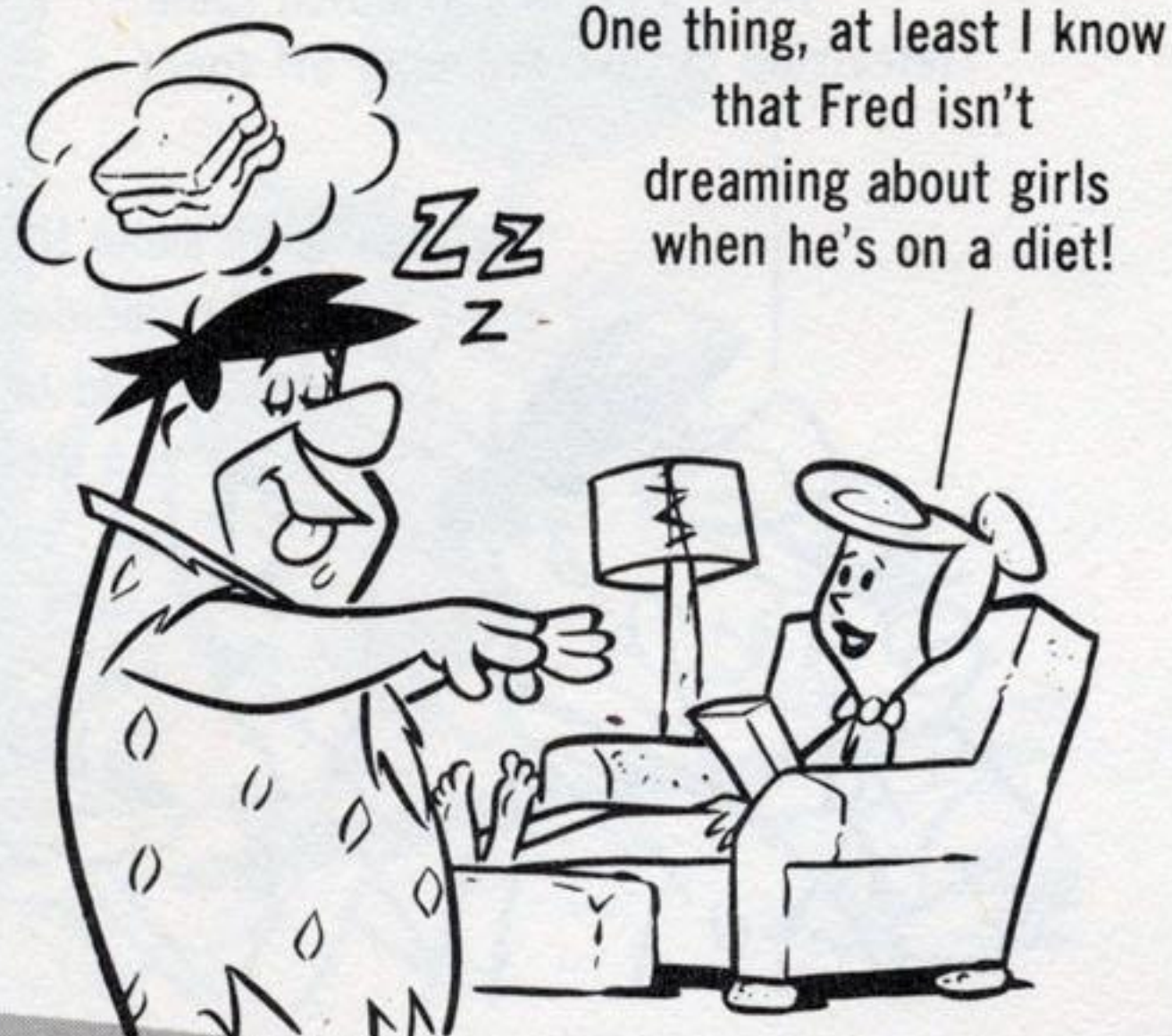
Turn it off! I can't take it!



Now, in about fifteen
minutes, he'll come walking out in his
sleep and head for the
icebox like a bee heads for honey!



Sure enough . . .



(Mumble!) ZZZ . . . Food . . .
food . . .
food . . . ZZZ!

That's what you call a one-track mind! And the track leads straight to the icebox!



(Munch! Slurp! Munch!)

There's one problem this family has never had . . . what to do with leftovers!



(Sigh!) And tomorrow morning, he'll ask me to leave the sugar out of his coffee because he's on a diet!



A few days later . . .

How's the old diet coming, Fred?

I had to quit! It was getting so none of my clothes would fit!



No kidding? You lost that much weight?

Lost? I gained ten pounds!



the End

Are you a born LEADER



It's not
hard to
find out,
because
you have
little choice...
just answer
"Yes" or
"No"
below!

Do you
lead the
parade
to the
water
cooler?

Yes ☐

No ☐



Does
everybody
take notice
when
you have
something
to say?

Yes ☐

No ☐



Is the boss inclined to treat you more like a "son" than an employee?

Yes ☐

No ☐

Is your attitude towards work contagious?

Yez-z-z-z ☐

No ☐



Do your opinions carry much weight?

Yes ☐

No ☐

If you have too many noes and are not a born leader, take the test over again and fib a bit.

For Men Only

Are You HENPECKED?

(OR ARE
YOU JUST
"CHICKEN")
?

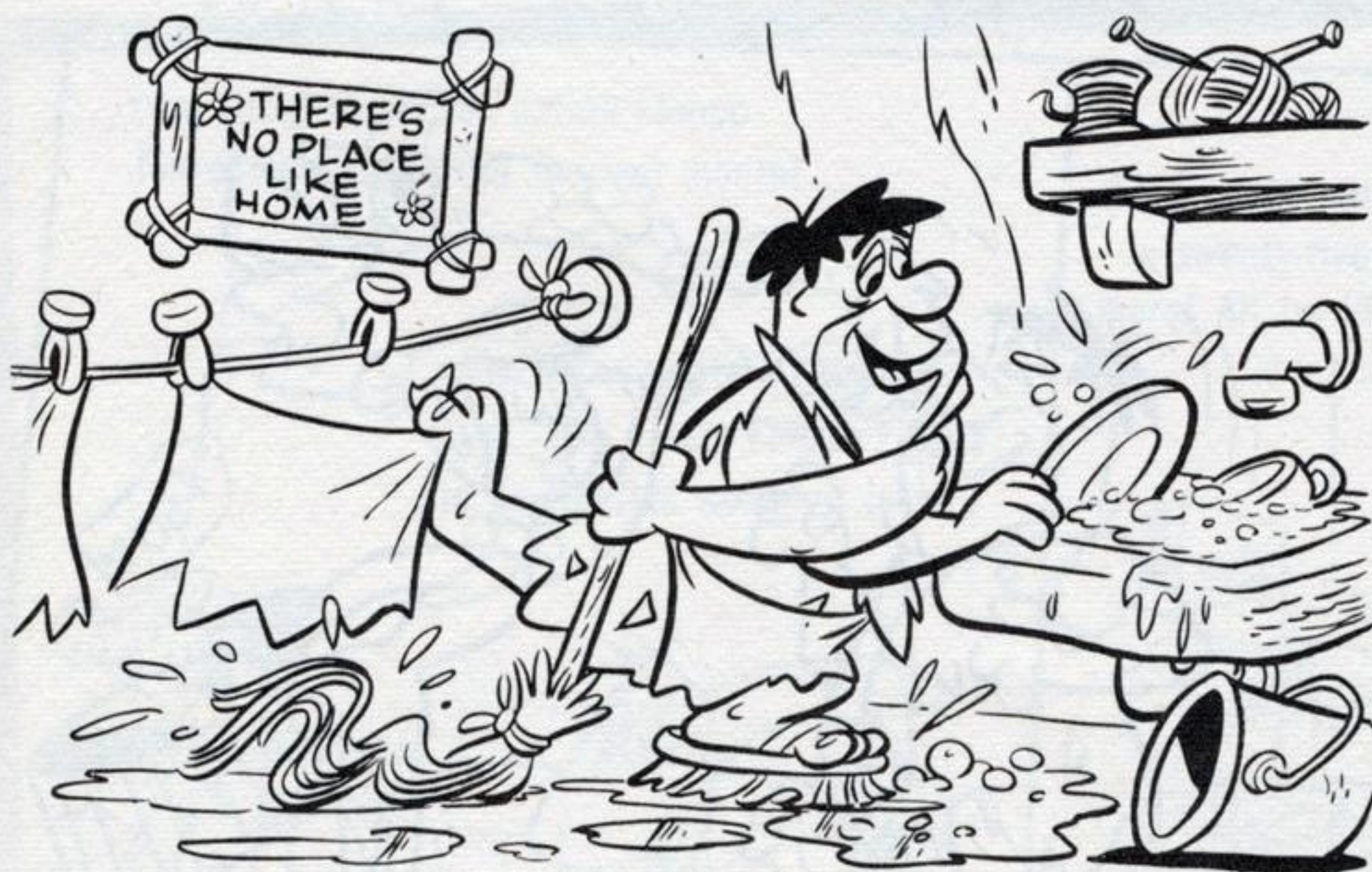


Take the
Fred Flintstone
test and find out
before it's too late!

Do you
jump
when the
little woman
calls you?

Yes ☐

No ☐



Do you
have
more
than one
hobby?

Yes ☐

No ☐

Do you
often
have
a night
out?

Yes ☐

No ☐



Do you
play a
dominant
role on
the road?

Yes ☐

No ☐

Can you
appreciate
the
humorous
side of a
situation?

Yes ☐

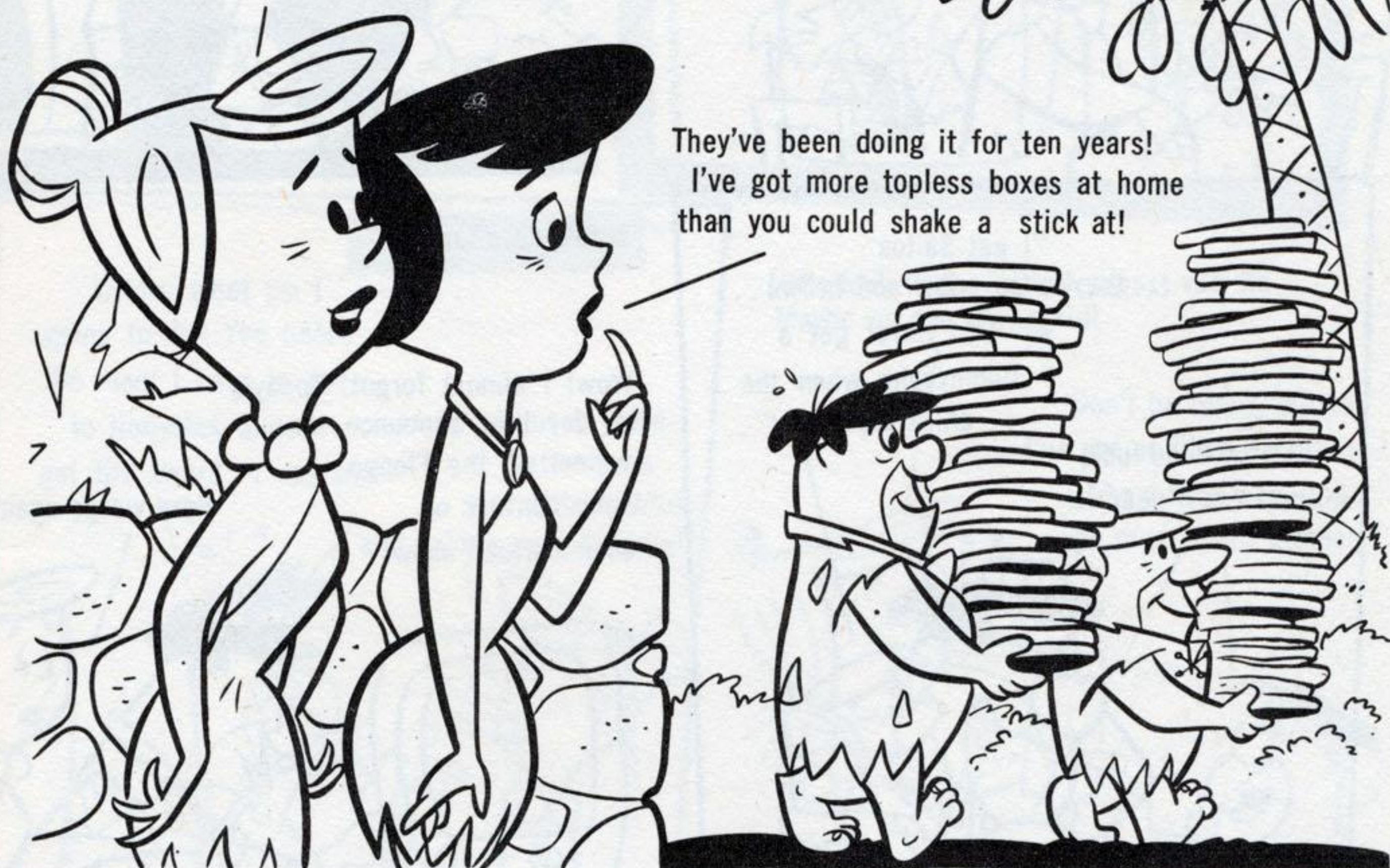
No ☐



If you have more yeses than noes, it proves one thing — you're single!

The Get-Rich-Quick Kick

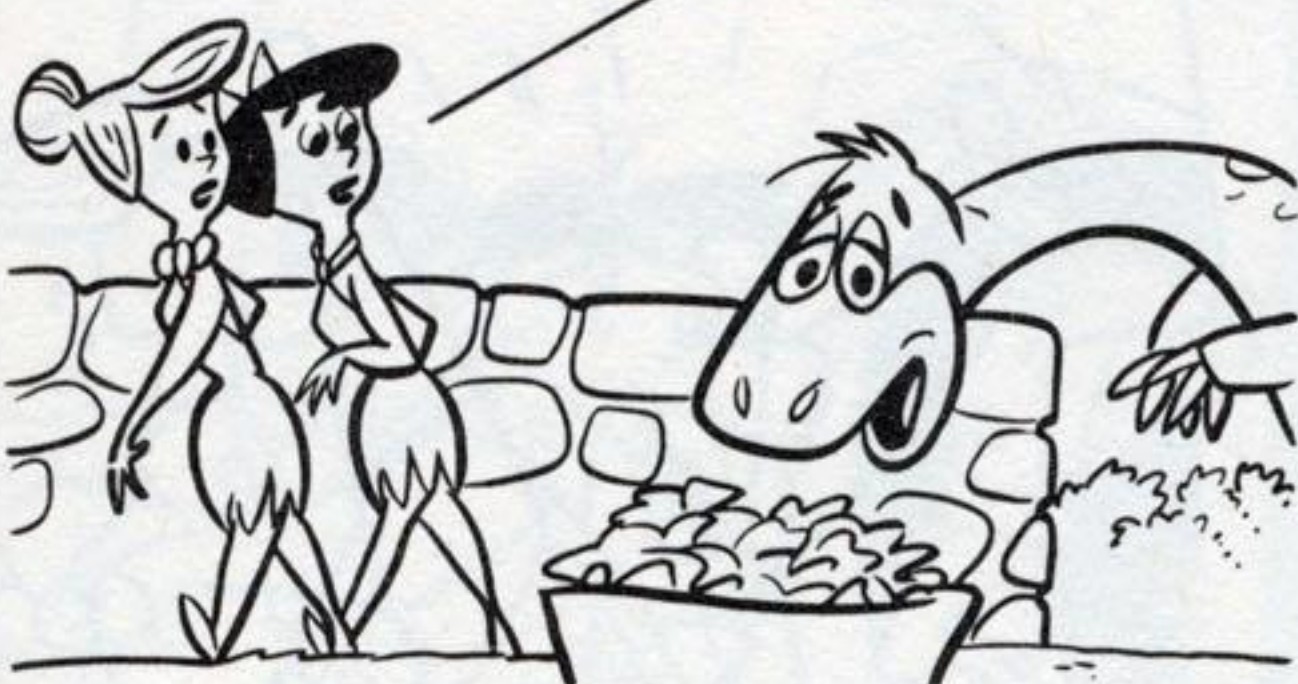
(Sigh!) There go the two get-rich-quick boys! This is their weekly ritual of taking all their contest entries down to the post office!



They've been doing it for ten years!
I've got more topless boxes at home
than you could shake a stick at!

Poor Dino! He's been eating Floppo
Flakes every meal for the last month!

Oh, Barney entered that one,
too! "Why I love Floppo Flakes
in twenty-five words or less!"



Fred could tell you why he hates them
in twenty-five thousand words or
more! All he likes are the box tops!

That contest is supposed to
be for kids, but that doesn't
stop our husbands!



Meanwhile ...

Well, Barney, how many did you enter this week?

Seventeen! And it's about time I won something! Have you ever won anything, Fred?



Nope! But I got a four cent postage refund once!

Well, that's something! Anyway, I think I have a sure-fire winner in the Salto Potato Chip contest!



A few days later ...

"I eat Saltos all day ... they're so crisp and brown ... and you never get a tummyache when the chips are down!"

Ooou! Good luck, pal! You'll need it!



Wow! I almost forgot! Today's the day they announce the winner of the Floppo Flake contest on their cartoon show!

Here we go again!



This is Captain Bill, kids, and the winner of our contest is little Freddie Flintstone!

Hooray! I won!



Little Freddie will receive the \$100 prize!

Just who is little Freddie Flintstone?

We're rich!



Er... that's me! You see, you're supposed to be under twelve to enter! But, they'll never know the difference!



They won't know the difference, huh?



And here's a special surprise for Freddie! Instead of just mailing him a check, we'll fly him and a parent here to Hollyrock so he can receive the prize right on our show!



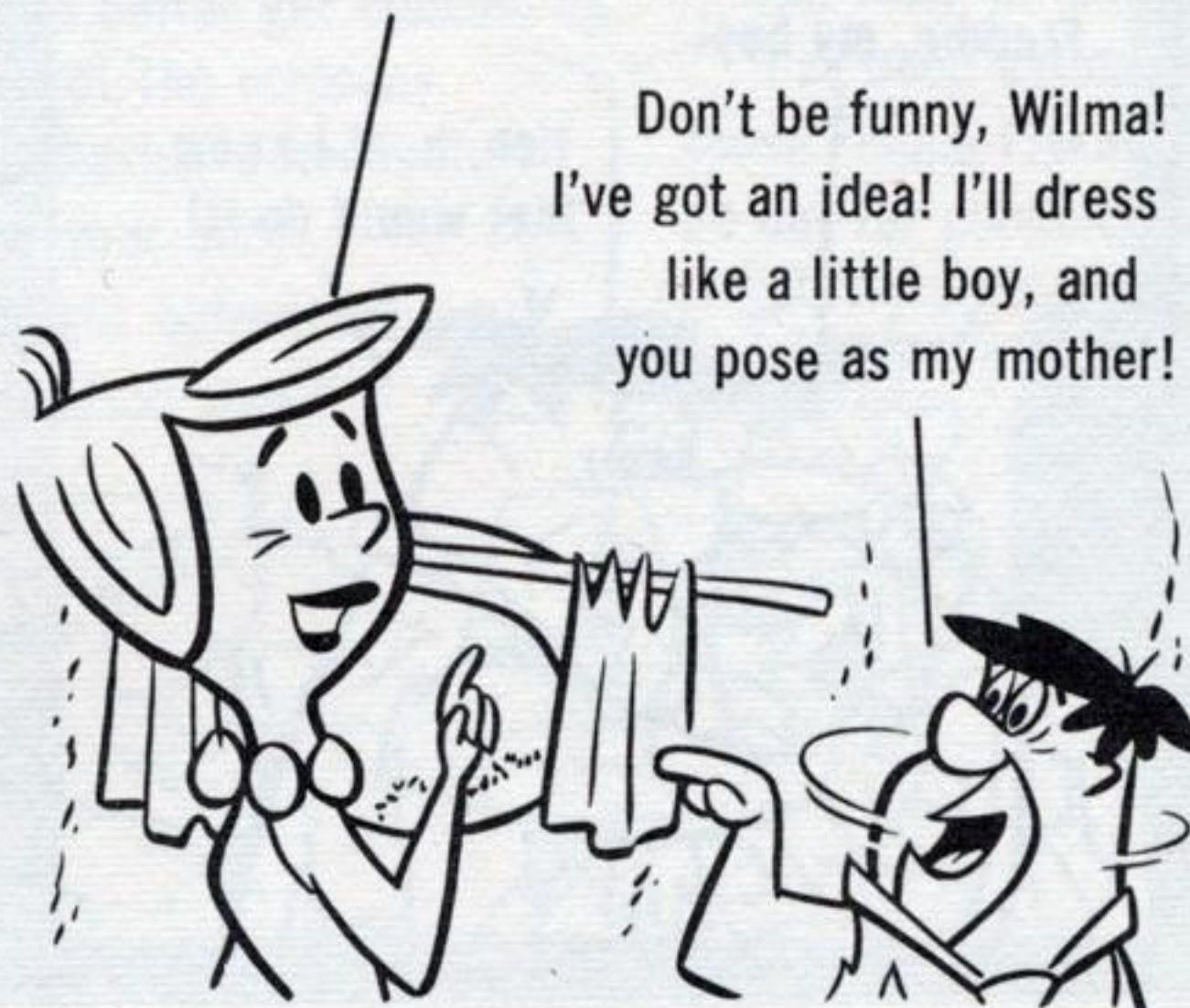
Wilma, what am I going to do? You heard the man! I have to go to Hollyrock and get the award in person!



I guess you'd better pack your roller skates and bubble gum, Freddie!



Let's look in the yellow pages! Maybe we can rent a kid!



Don't be funny, Wilma! I've got an idea! I'll dress like a little boy, and you pose as my mother!

Oh, no! I'm not getting involved in your crackpot schemes! Then I'll go see Barney! That's what crackpots... er, friends are for!



Hi, pal! I heard the news! What luck!



Uh, huh! But you've got to help me by posing as my Pop while little Freddie gets the prize!



But, Fraud, that's Fred! I mean ...
Fred, that's
fraud!

Naw! I won the contest
fair and square!
Can I help it if
I've had a few extra
birthdays?



Besides, a hundred
dollars would spoil
some child! I'm doing
the parents of the
world a favor!

I can't do it!



I must hold to my
principles of
honesty, integrity ...

Okay! I'll split
the prize with you!

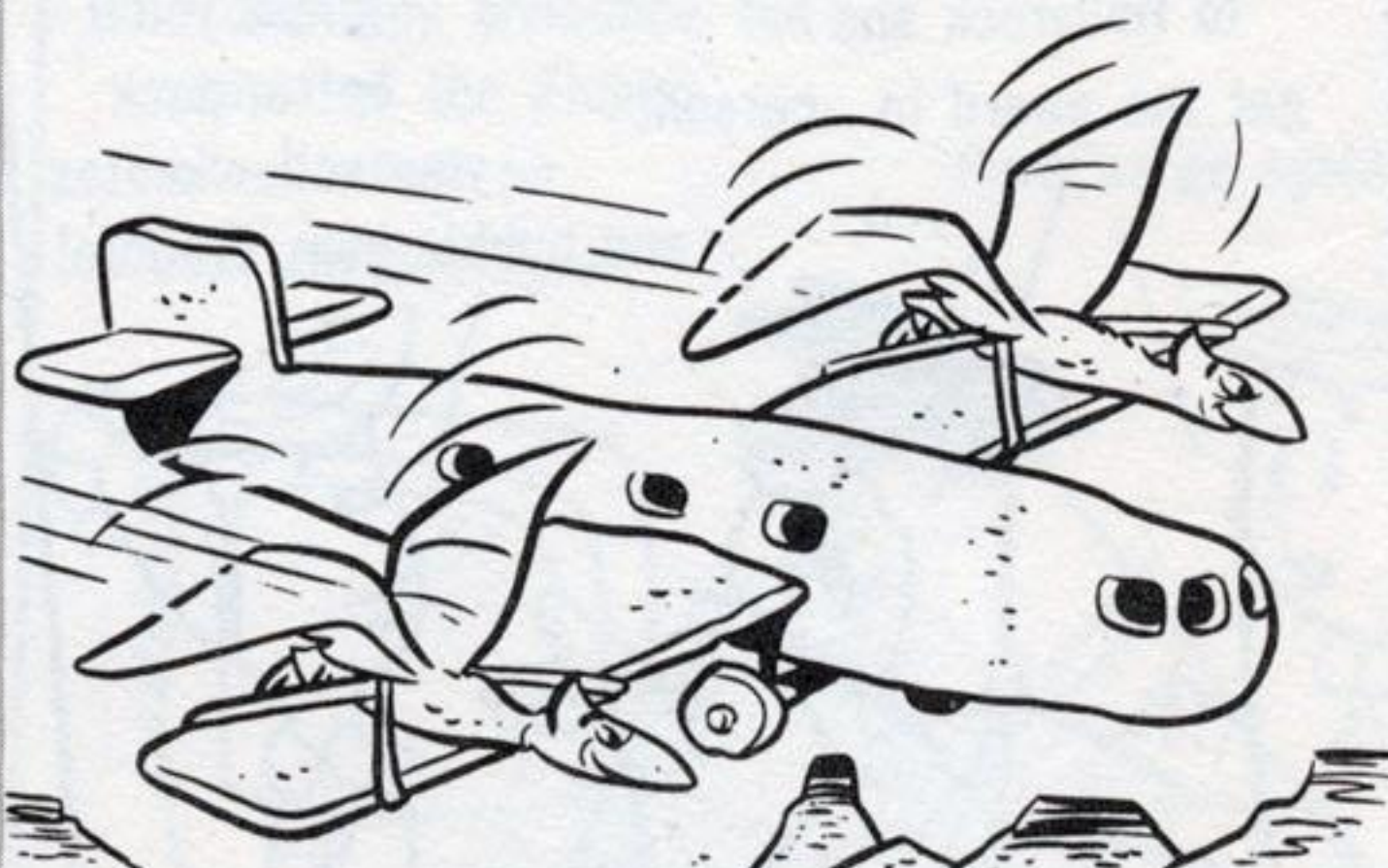


Freddie, my boy!

Heh, heh! I knew
that would do it!



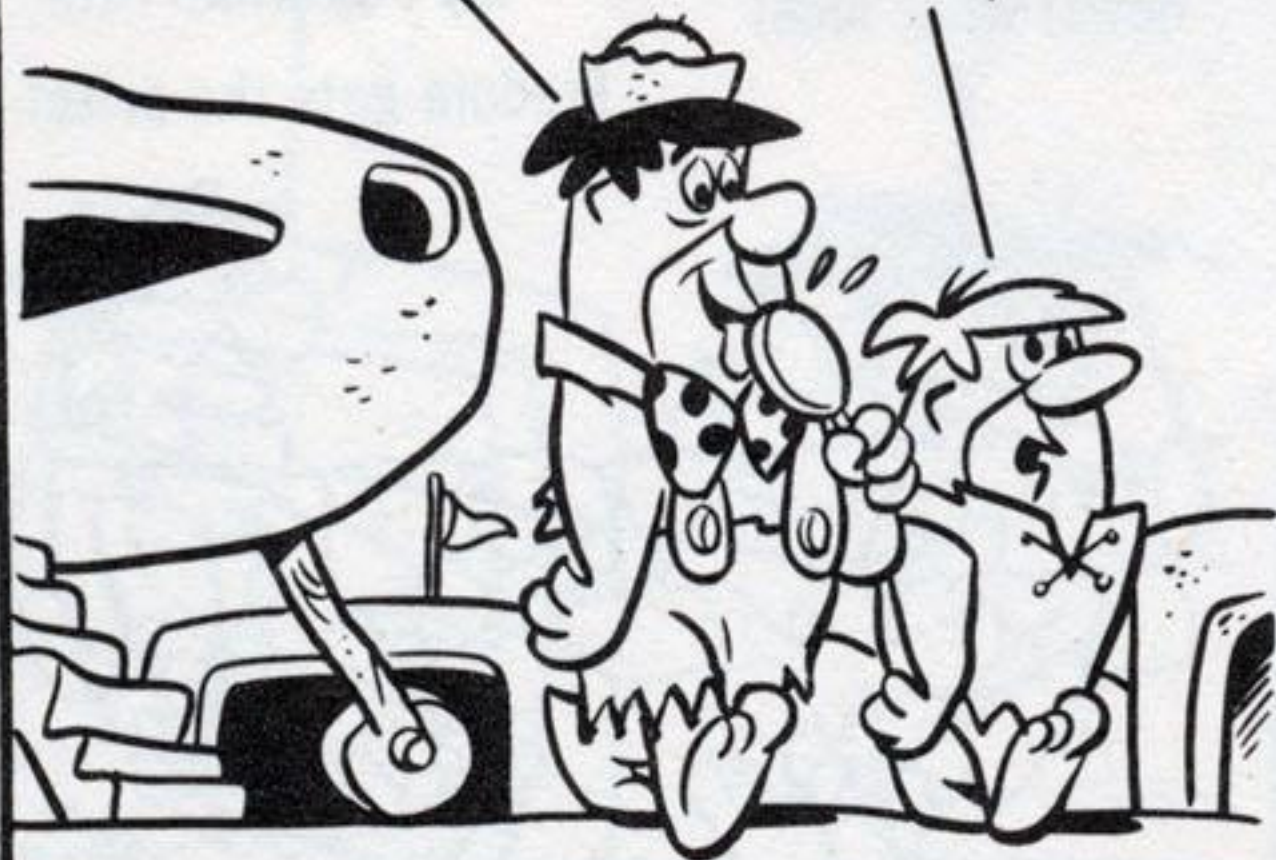
So, little Freddie and his anxious "Pop"
are on their way to Hollyrock ... all expenses paid!



Later ...

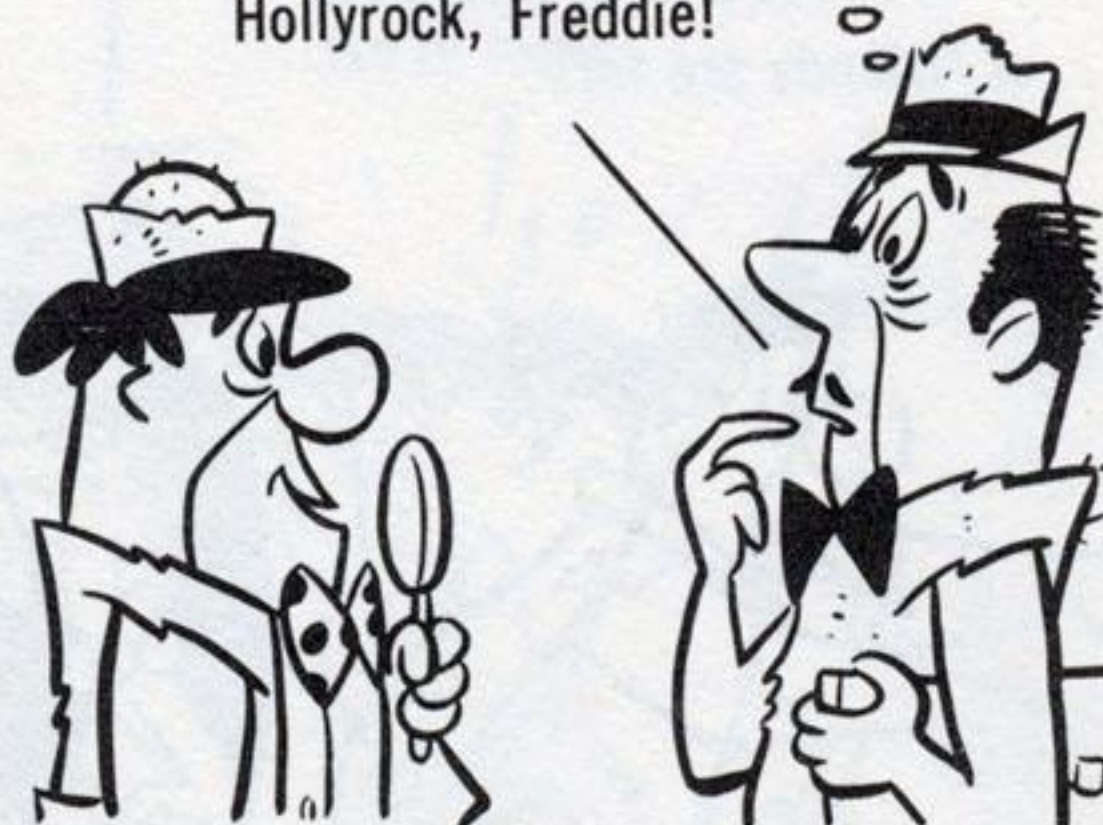
Oh, doody! We're finally here!
My wittle heart is so happy!

Don't overdo it, ham bone!

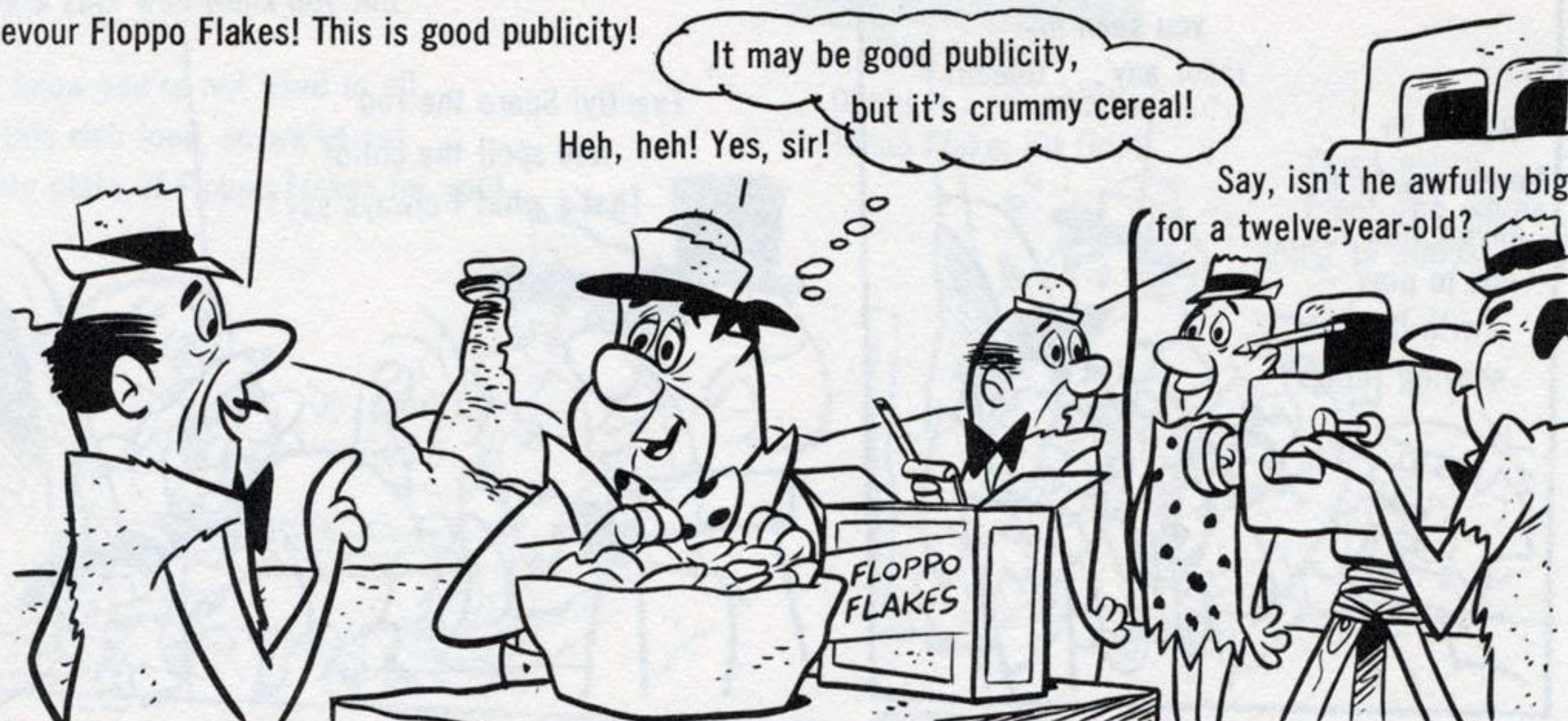


I'm going to make
my kid stop eating
Floppo Flakes tomorrow
morning!

(Ulp!) Welcome to
Hollyrock, Freddie!



Smile for the cameras while you devour Floppo Flakes! This is good publicity!



Heh, heh! Yes, sir!

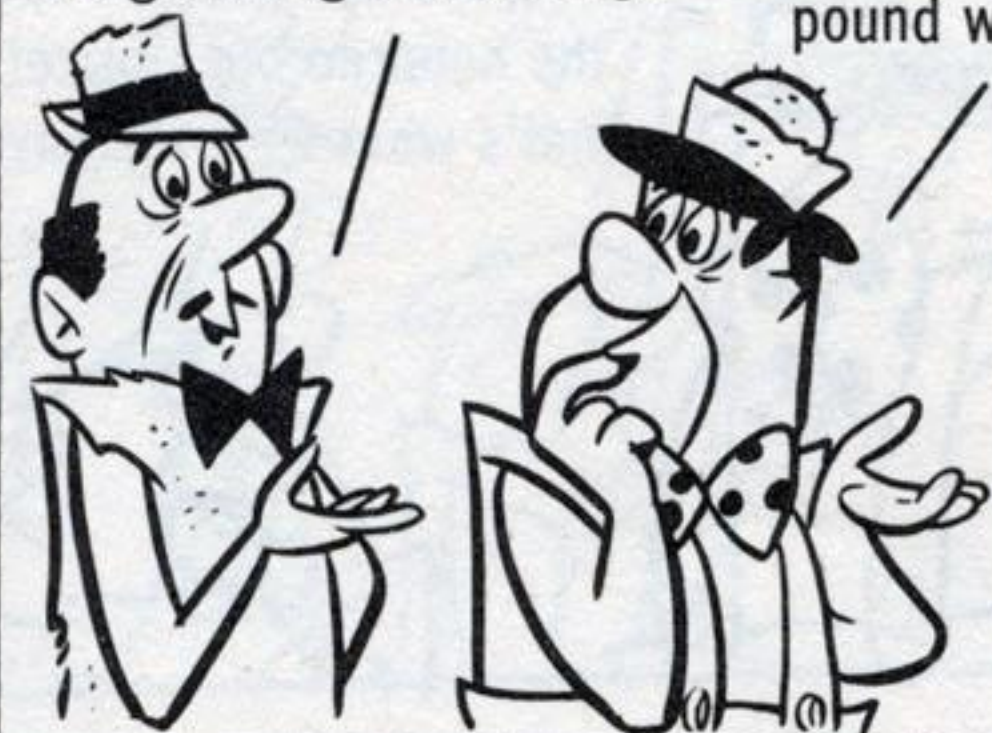
It may be good publicity,
but it's crummy cereal!

Say, isn't he awfully big
for a twelve-year-old?

Later, at their hotel room...

Well, that's what happens
when you eat Floppo Flakes!
You grow big and strong!

Dat's wight!
I was a
ninety-seven
pound weakling!



You better get cleaned up,
Fred! The company
is having a banquet
in your honor
tonight before the
television show!

Real food, at last!
I've been eating
those Floppo Flakes
all day for publicity!



Good evening! J. J. Floppo is the name...
president of Floppo Flakes!
I came to congratulate little Freddie!

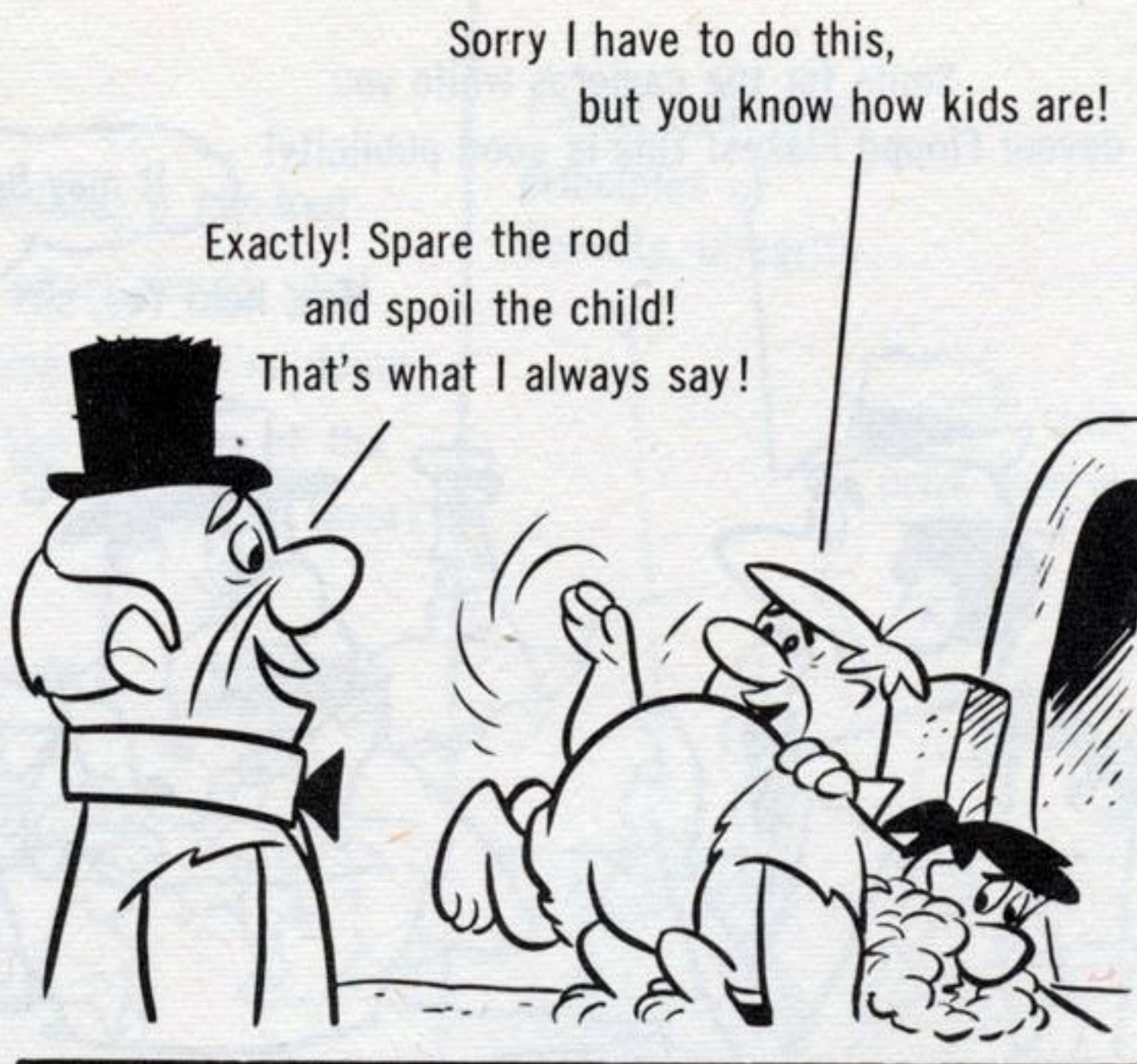
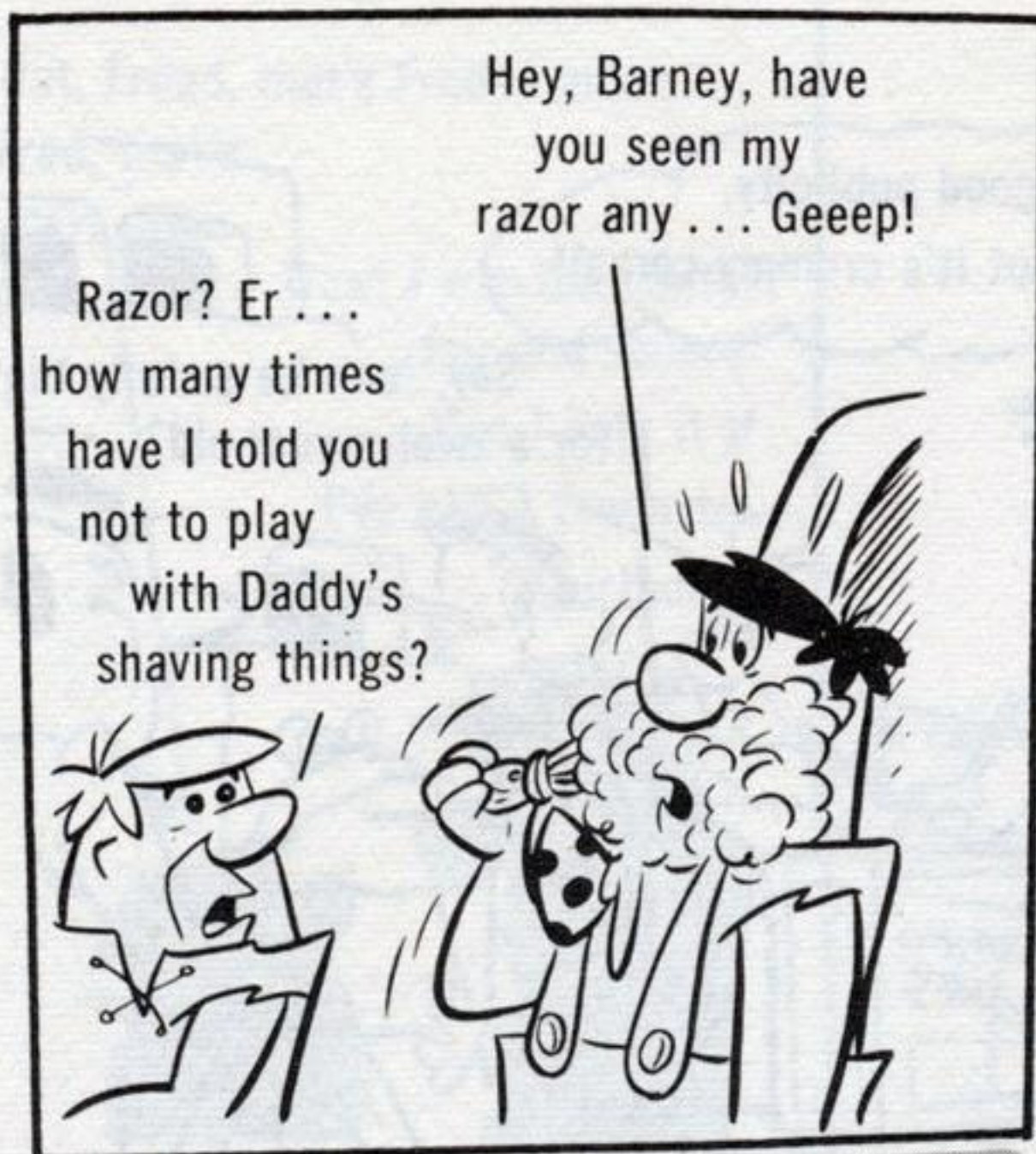
Heh, heh! Being Fred's
Pop isn't as hard as I
thought it would be!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

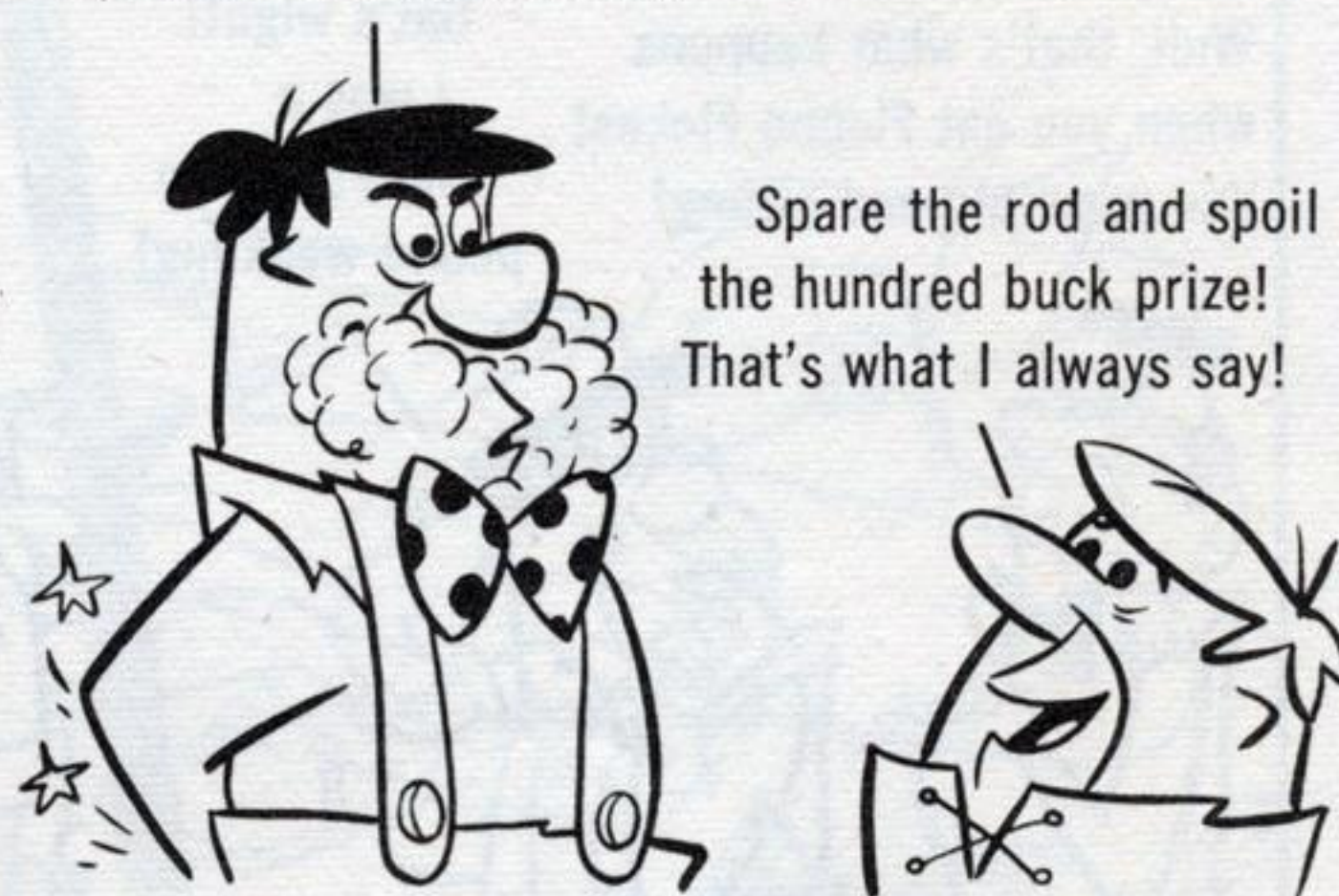


Er... well... that is...

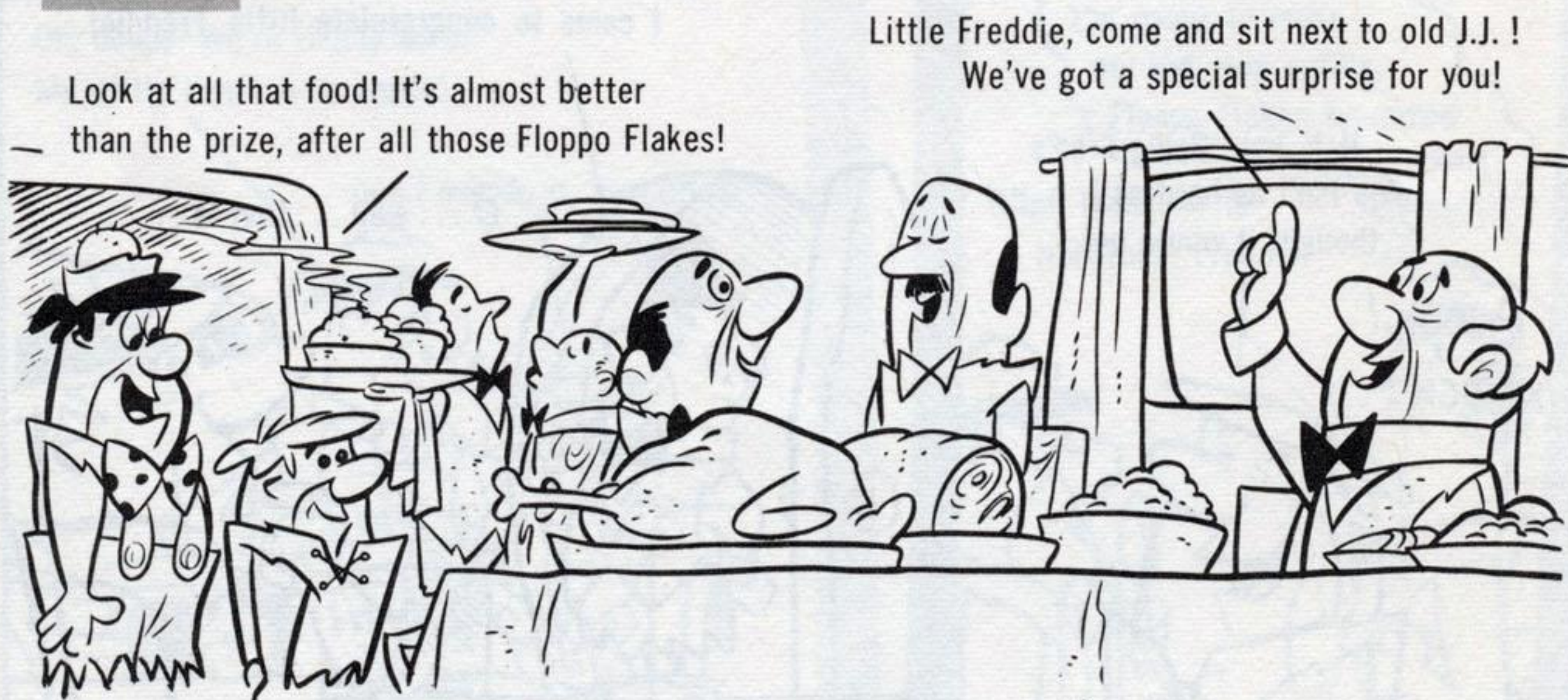




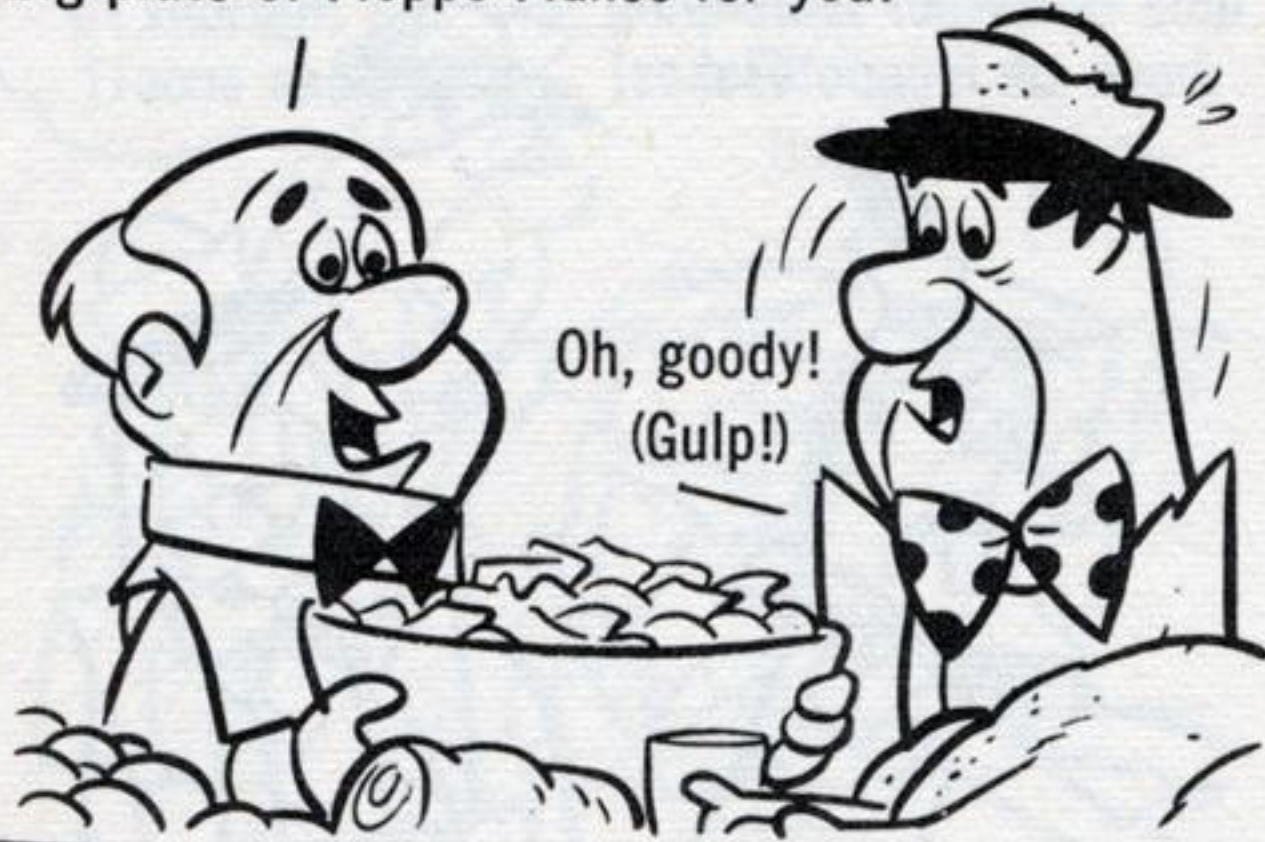
Quick thinking, but did you have to hit so hard?



Soon ...



I know you're not used to all this rich food, so we've got a big plate of Floppo Flakes for you!



All you have to do now is go into this studio where Captain Bill is and pretend you're twelve years old in front of millions of people!

Thanks! You're a big help!



Hi, kids! Wasn't that a great cartoon?
Now to meet our contest winner!
The moment we've all been waiting for!



It sure is the moment we've been waiting for!



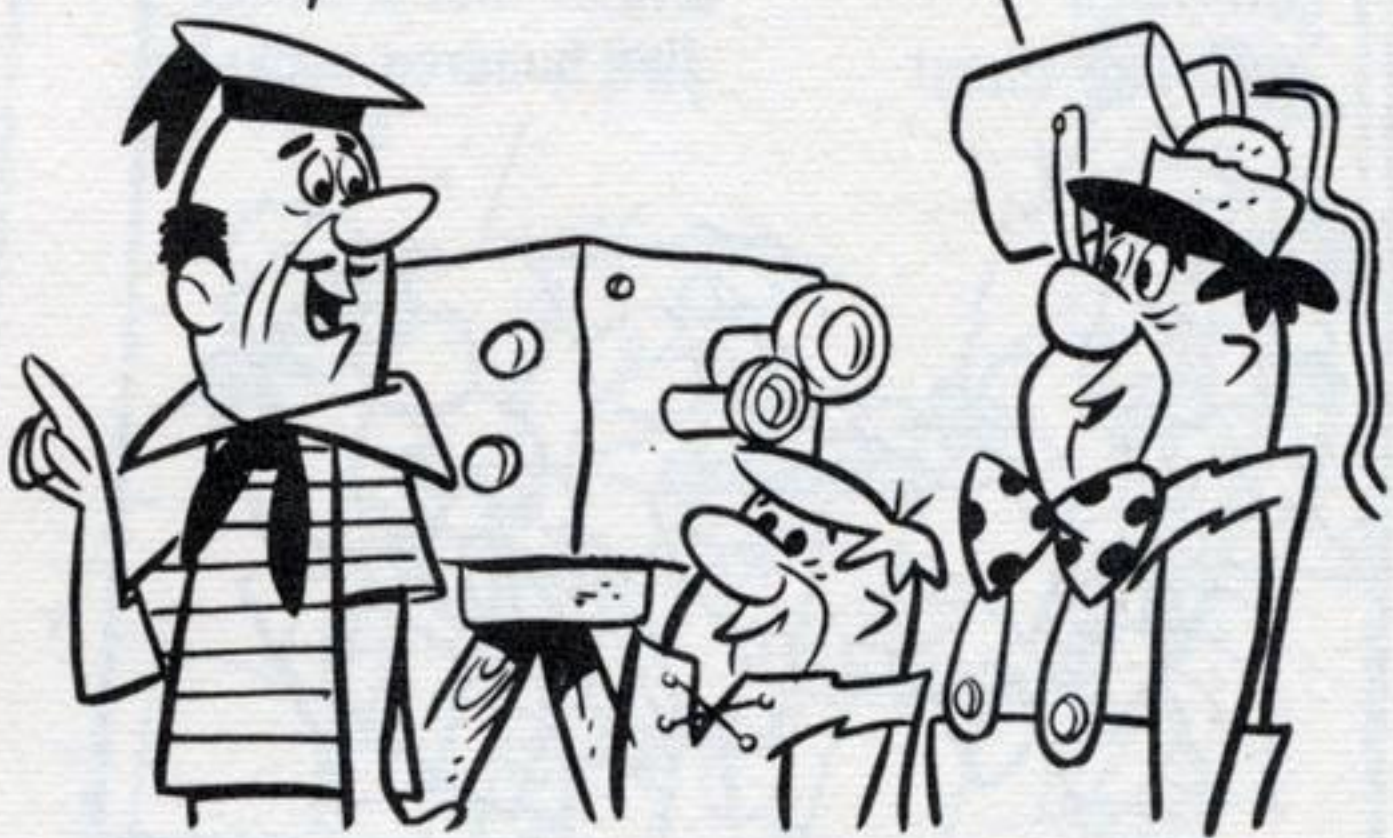
After the banquet...

Ohhh! If I see another Floppo Flake, I'll flop!



Don't worry, Fred! The whole thing is almost over!

You're the kid who won the contest, huh?
Okay! We'll go on right after this next cartoon!



Okay, Captain Bill!

Here he is! **Little Freddie Flintstone!**

Ha, ha, ha! This is funnier than the cartoon!



Heh, heh! I suppose you want this hundred dollar check, young man!



You can say that again! ... Er ... it would be nice, Captain Bill!



Well, first we have a nice surprise! A heaping bowl of Floppo Flakes!



Why doesn't this phony just give me the loot so I can scoot?



Eat them and show the kids how much you like them!



Yipe! No! This is the last flake! I wouldn't eat another bite of that stuff for five hundred bucks!



That's right! I'm a grown man, and I can't stand Floppo Flakes!

Whaaat?



Ha, ha, ha, ha!



(Ulp!) Er ... that was a funny skit, wasn't it, kids?

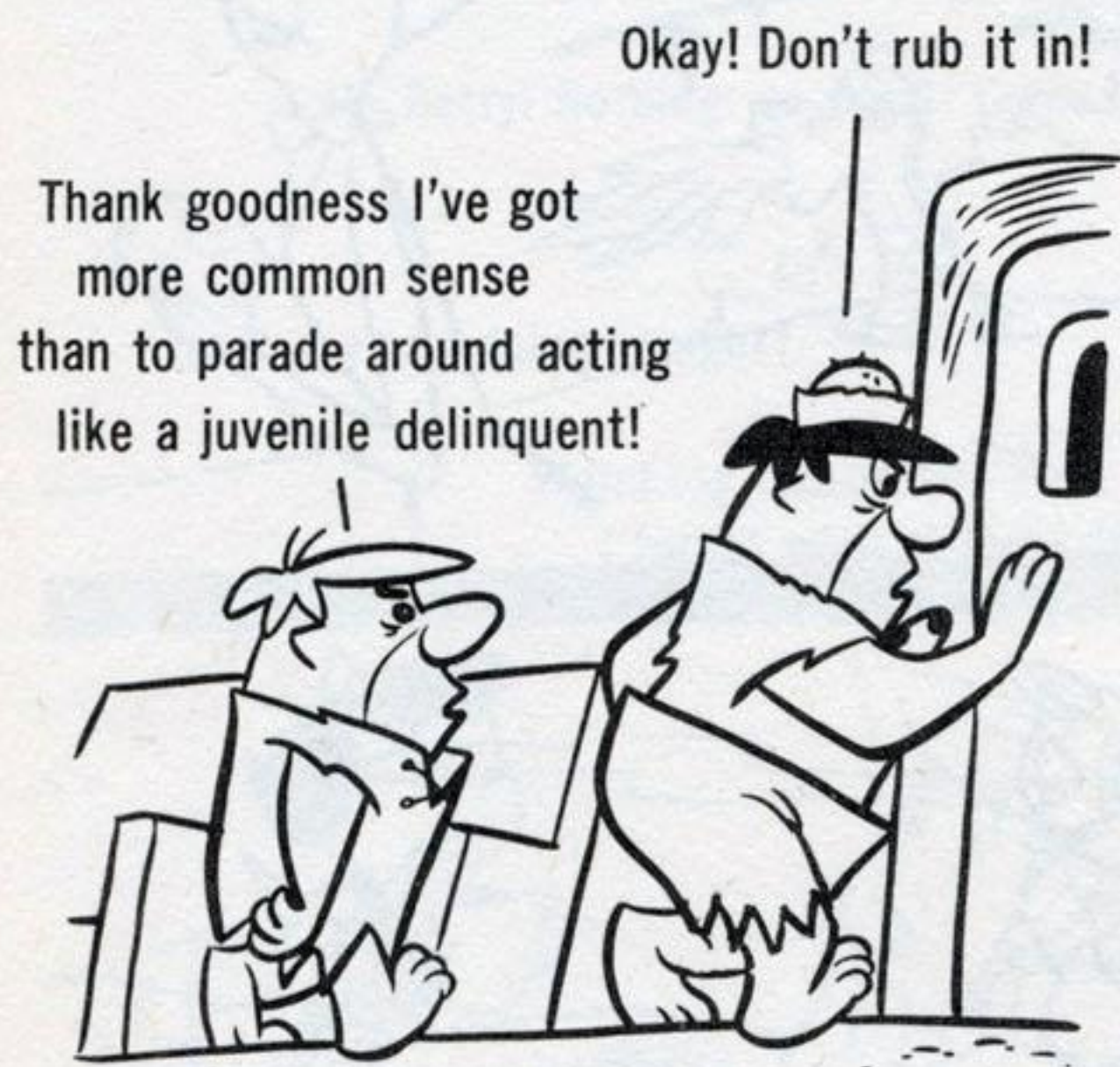
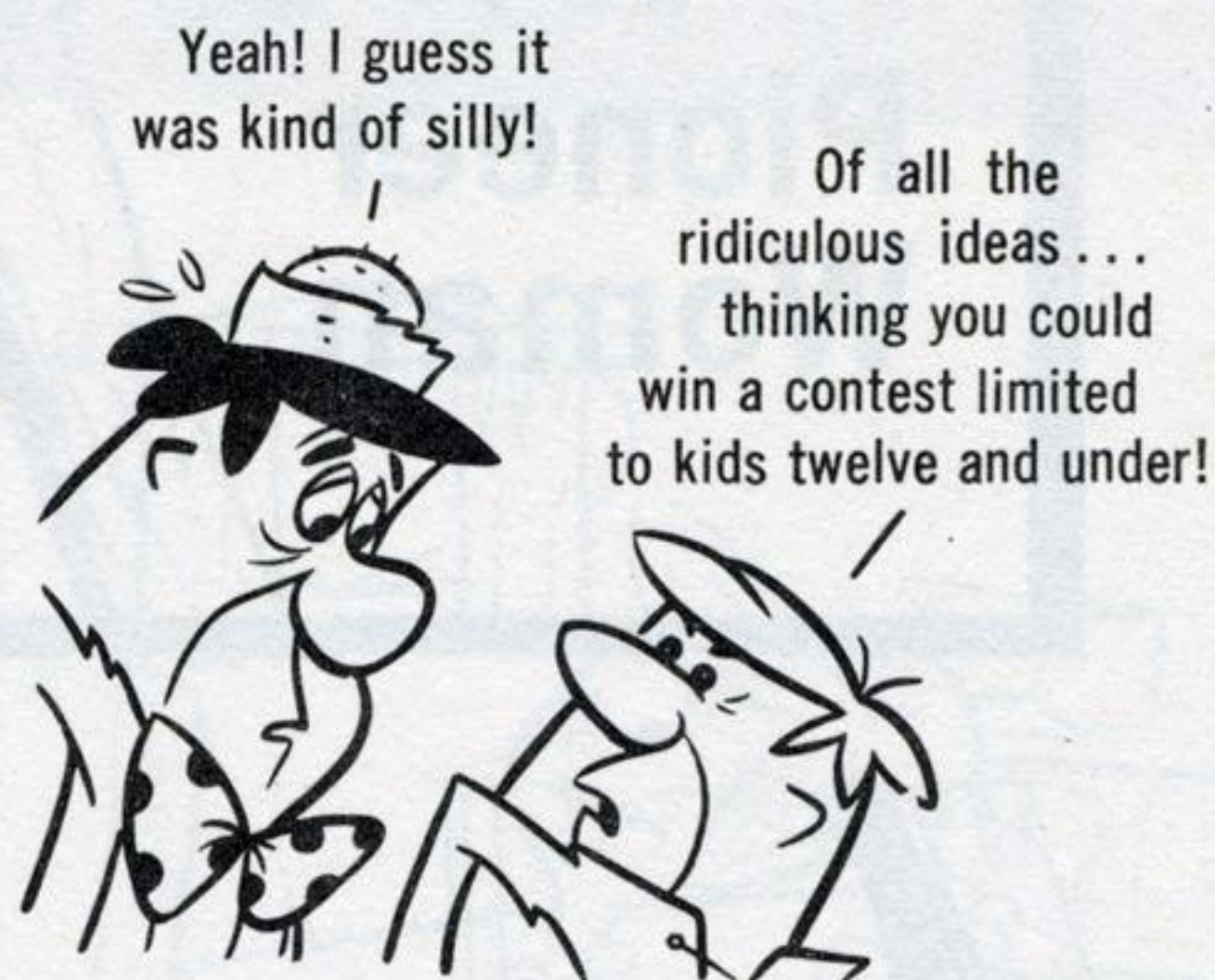


Sue me! Take away the hundred dollars! Throw me in jail! ... But no more Floppo Flakes!

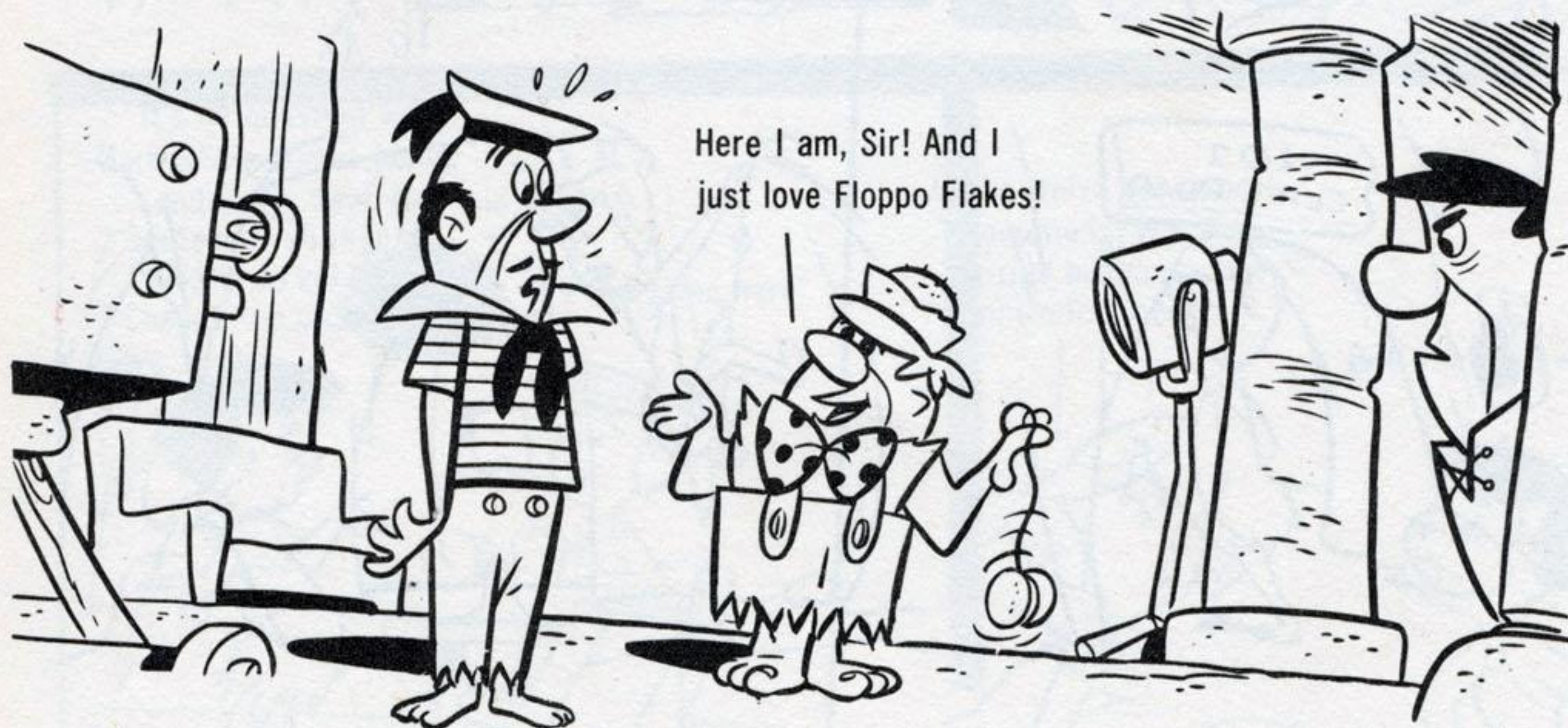


And now that that little ... comedian ... Freddie Flintstone has disqualified himself, we'll just announce the next best entry!



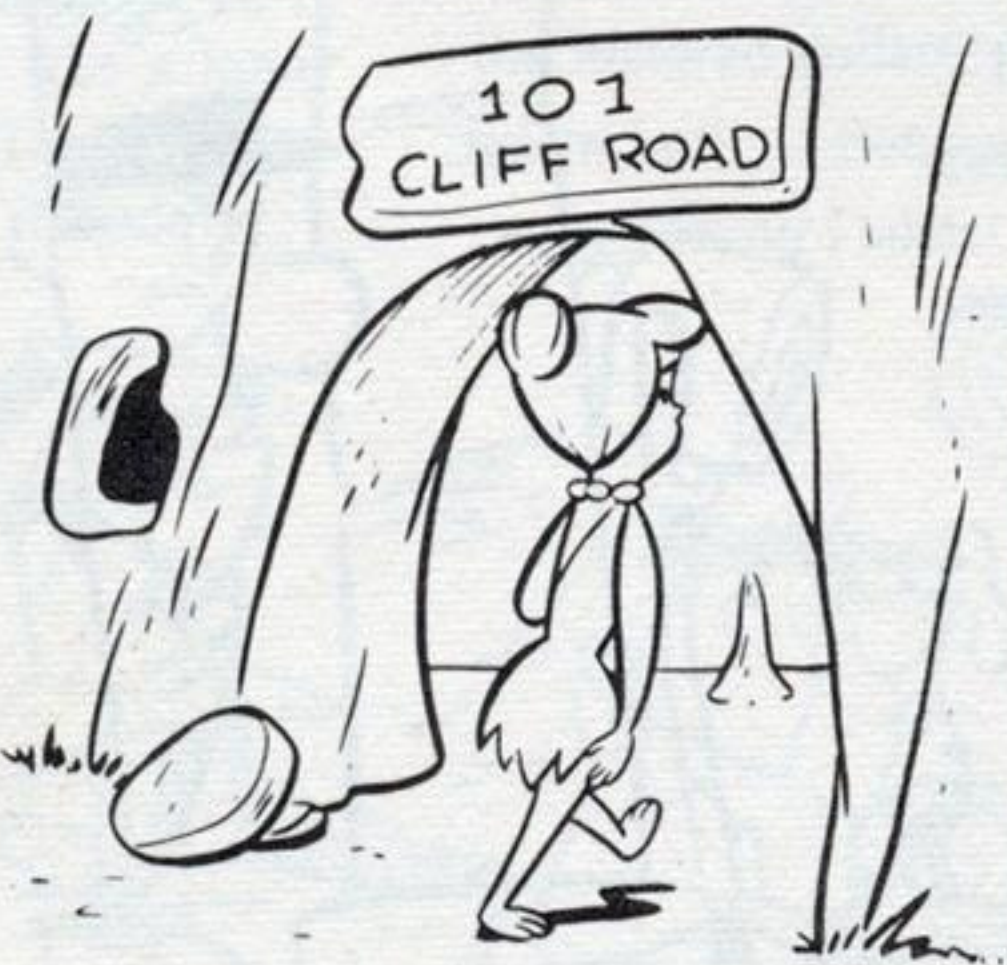
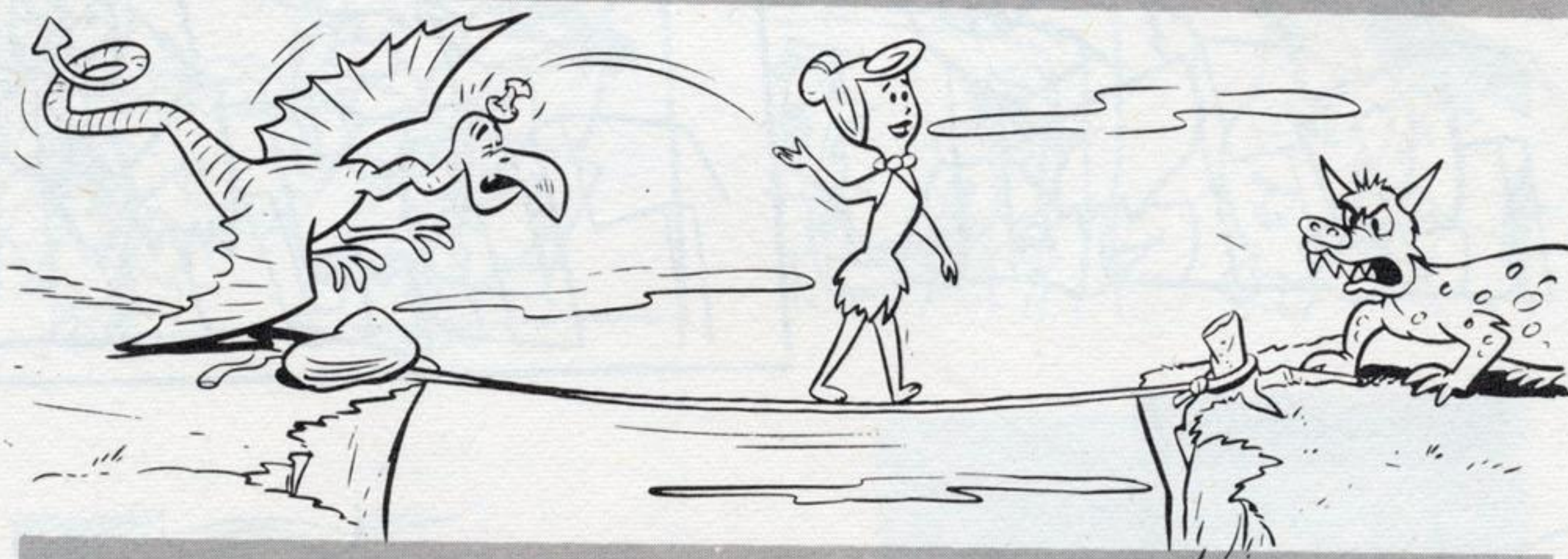


Ten seconds later ...



the End

Pioneer Woman



on the town

Hi, Wilma! What's new?

Hi, Betty! Nothing, as usual! Come on in for a cup of coffee!

What are you doing tonight?

Watching television—what else?
I forget what it looks like
outside after six o'clock!

I know what you mean! Last time Barney
and I were seen out
together was when
the living room
caught on fire!

TV or not TV...
that is the
question!

It's no question with
Barney! He comes home,
and I only hear two
sentences all night—
"What's to eat?" and
"Change the channel!"

It's the same here!

Betty, we've got to do
something! We
married husbands, not
TV-controlled robots!

But what can we do?

Tell them that either the television goes or we go!



I wouldn't tell Barney tonight! It's Wednesday! He'd choose Bat Mastoidson in a showdown!



Maybe you're right! We won't give them a choice! Follow me!



Are you going to do what I think you're going to do?



Right! Trade this thing in on a marriage! You get yours and do the same!



Yippee! I feel like a new girl already!

Shortly ...

Boy! This will buy us each a new dress and pay for a big night out!



Won't the boys be surprised?



Later ...

Hello, honey!

Hi! (Yawn!) What's to eat? TV warmed up?



Hmmm! There's no picture on the set! Yipe! There's no set, period!



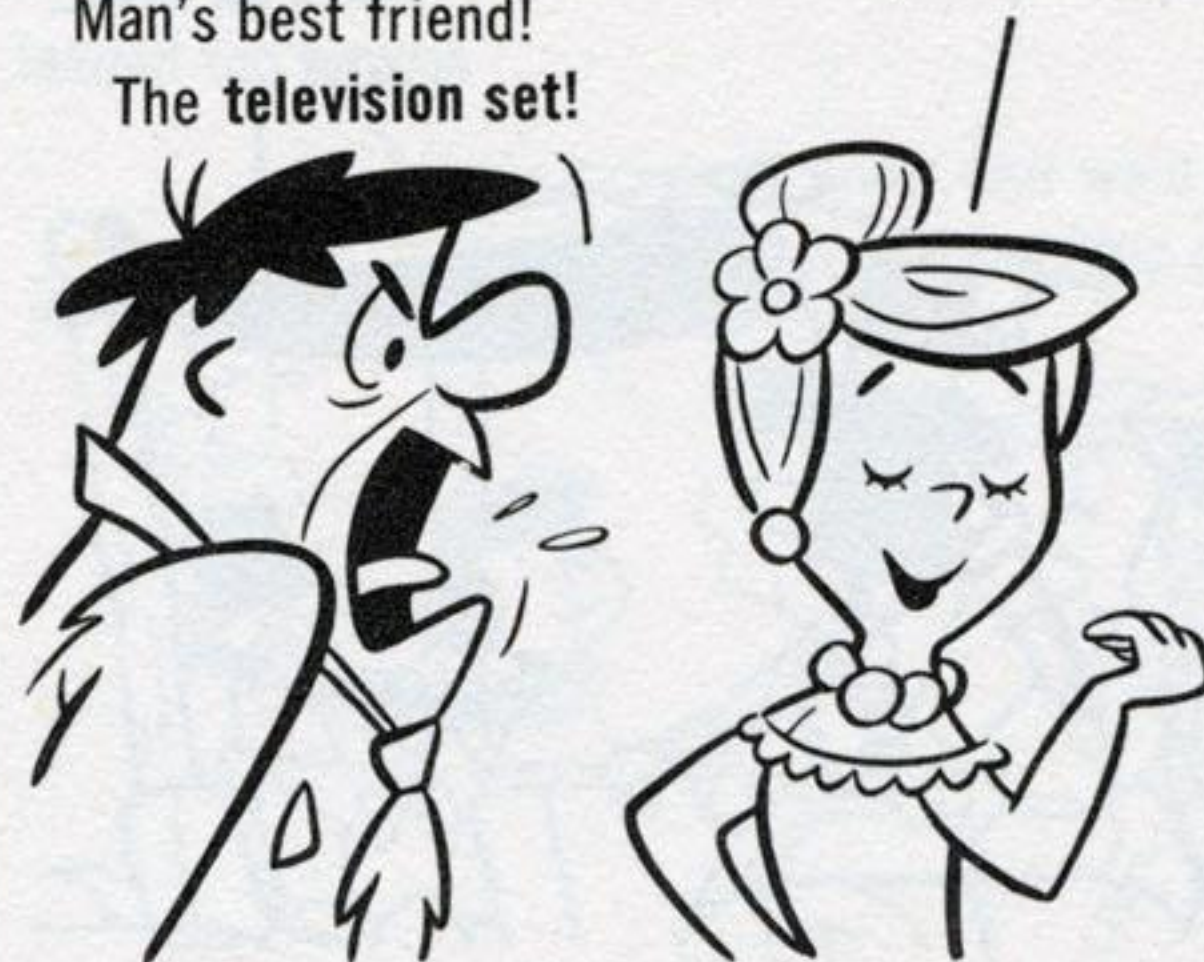
Wilma! Where is it?
I've got to have it!
I need it! Where is it?

Whatever are you
talking about, Fred?



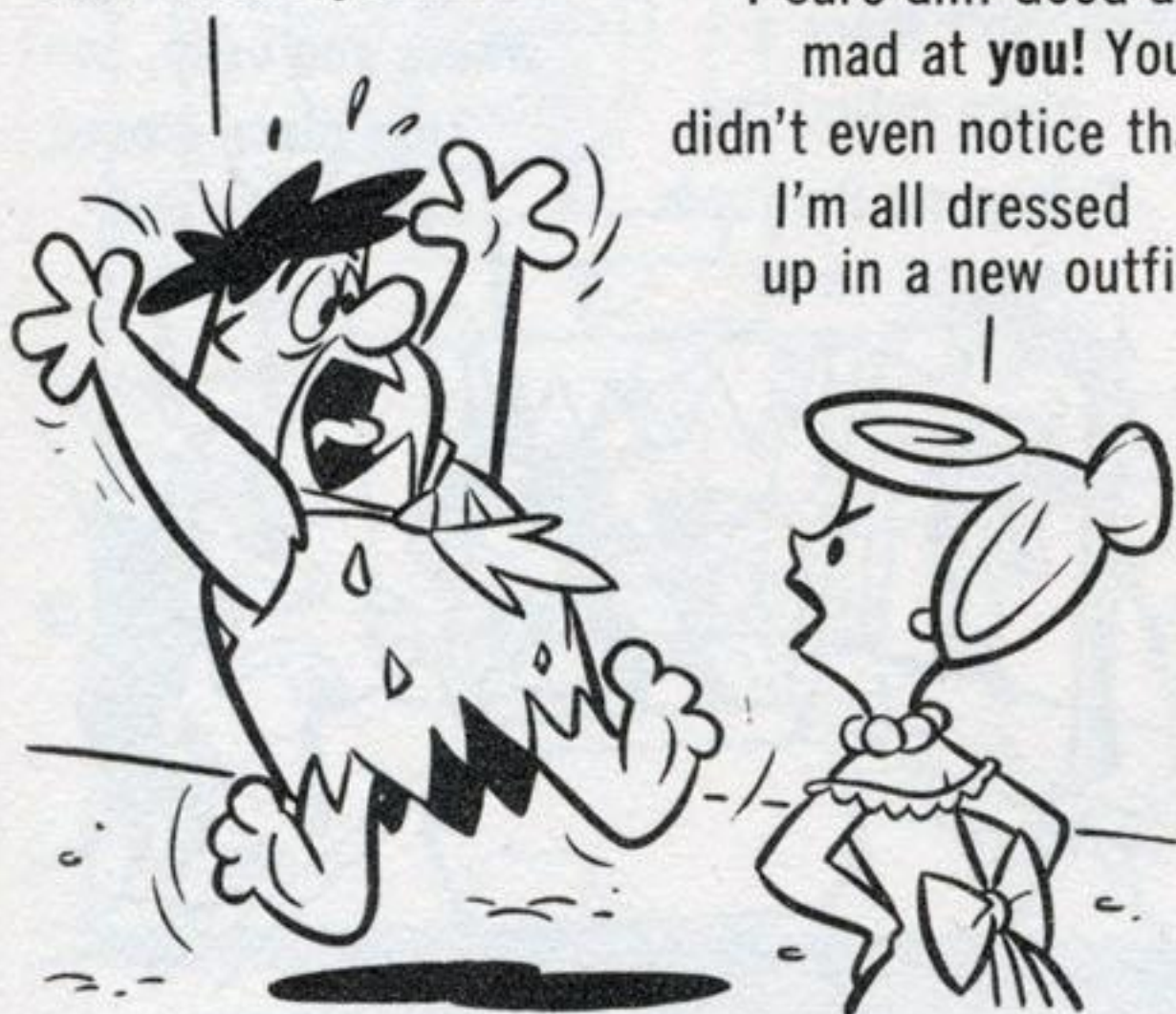
You know very well
what I'm talking about!
Man's best friend!
The television set!

Oh, that! I sold it!



Sold it! Are you mad?

I sure am! Good and
mad at **you**! You
didn't even notice that
I'm all dressed
up in a new outfit!



Oh ... yeah! ... Now, about the set ...

I don't want to hear any more about
the set! All you do every night is watch
television!



But, baby ... the fights are on tonight!

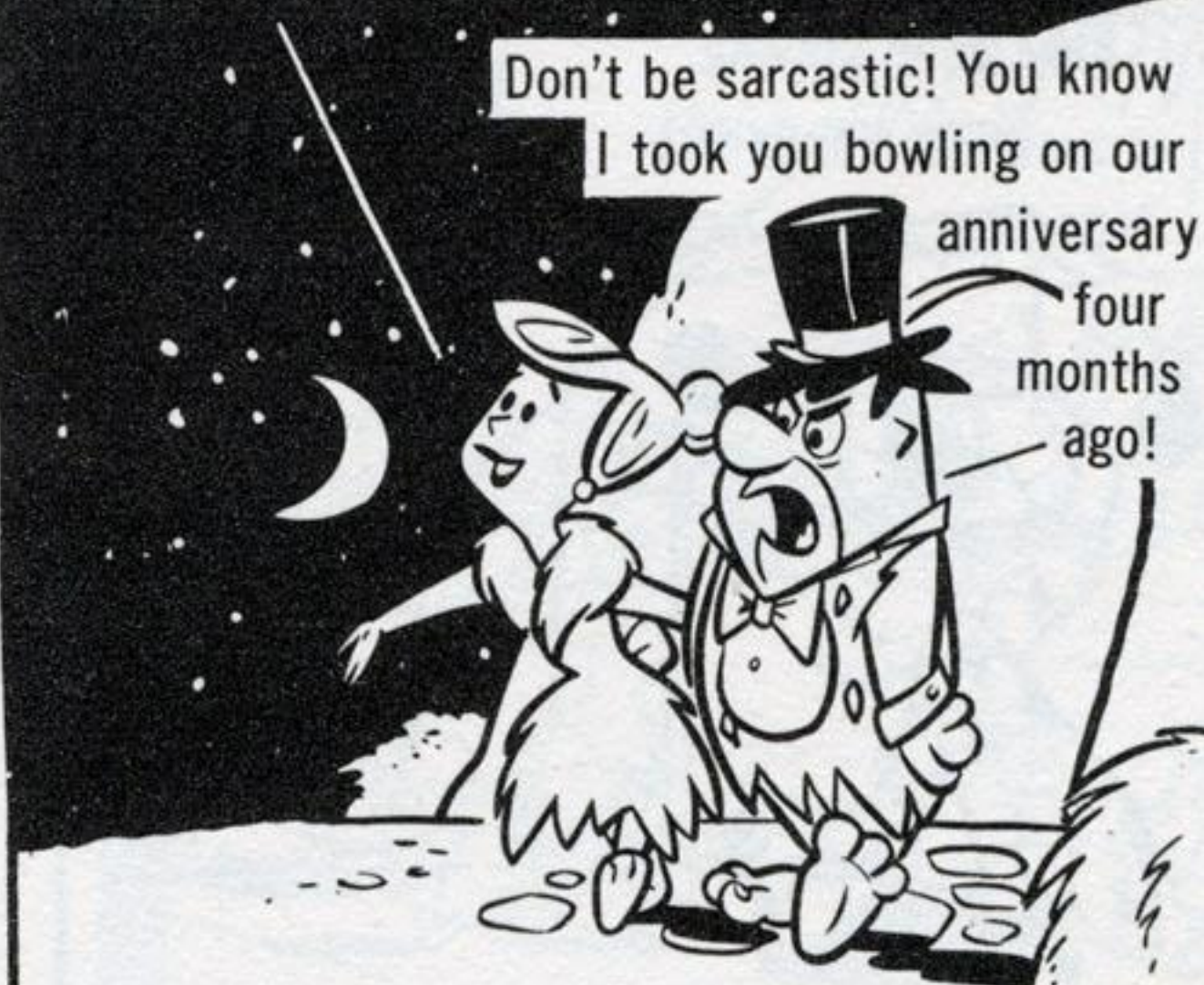
They're going to be on right here
if you don't get dressed and
take me out
for a
change!



Shortly ...

So this is what they call night!

Don't be sarcastic! You know
I took you bowling on our
anniversary
four
months
ago!



You, too, Barney?

Uh, huh! No more will
the pitter patter of
happy little horse's
hoofs be heard
around our house!



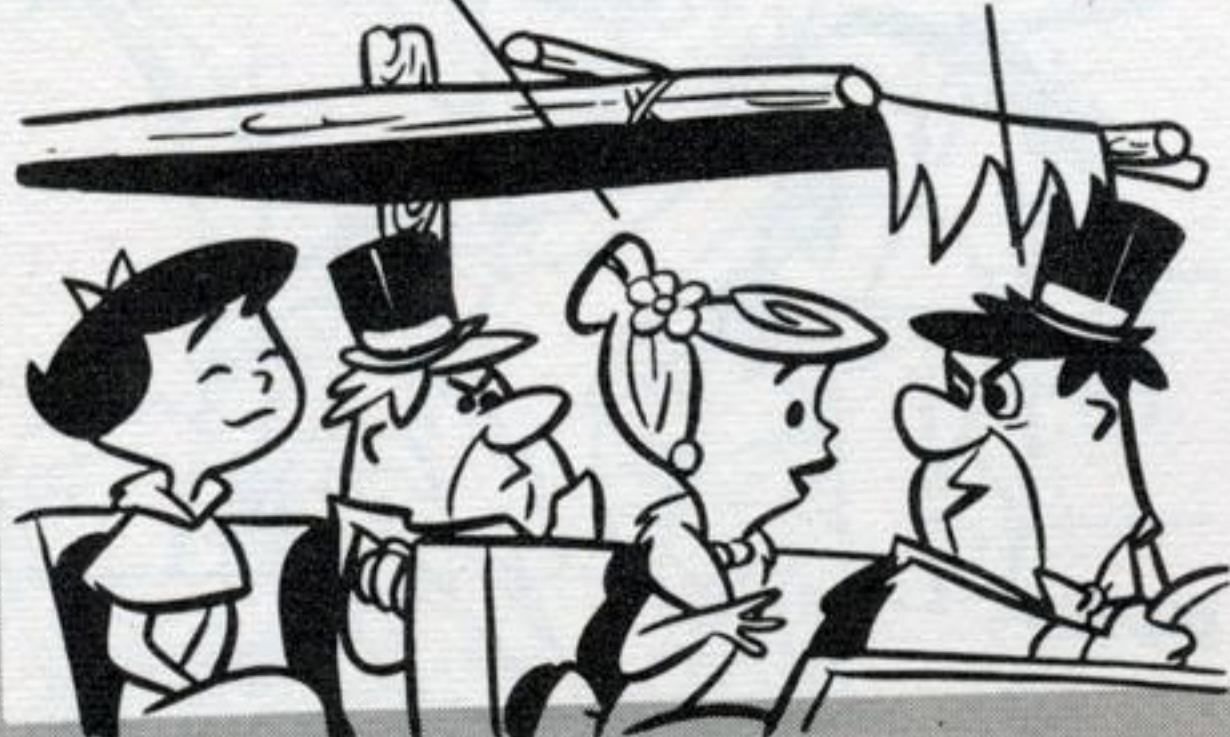
Let's go for dinner and
dancing! I haven't been
dancing in ages!

That's a
great idea!
I'd just love
to dance!



Let's go to the Terragone
Ballroom! That's
the last place you
took me dancing, Fred!

Okay, if that's what
you girls want!



Shortly ...

Say, isn't there a
place called the
Terragone Ballroom
around here?

Where you been, son?
That place closed
ten years ago!



Later ...

Mmmm! It sure feels
good to eat something
I haven't cooked myself!



(Ulp!) Maybe we
have been staying
home too much!

Never mind!
We'll try
that new place
uptown ...
Cave Inn!



You can say **that**
again! Heh, heh!



You boys excuse us while we go and powder our noses! Then we'll come back and dance till our feet ache!

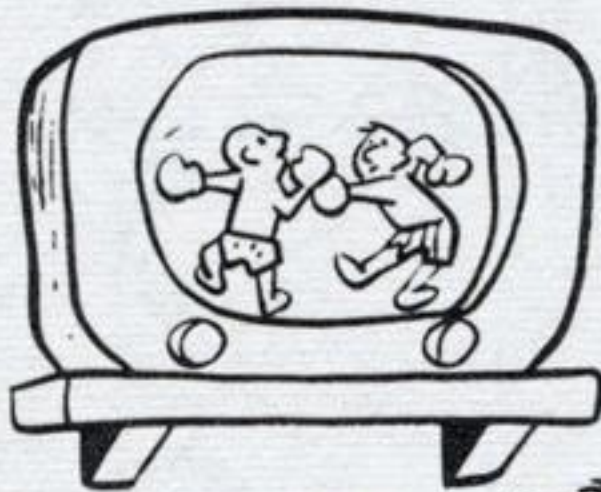
Mine ache just thinking about it!



Minutes later ...

Where are the boys?

I don't know, but we'd better start a searching party!



Thataboy, Rocky! Give him the old one-two!

Wow! Look at that reception! We'll have to come down here more often!



Yipe!

Let's face it, Wilma, we'll never get them to break the TV habit! We might as well give up!

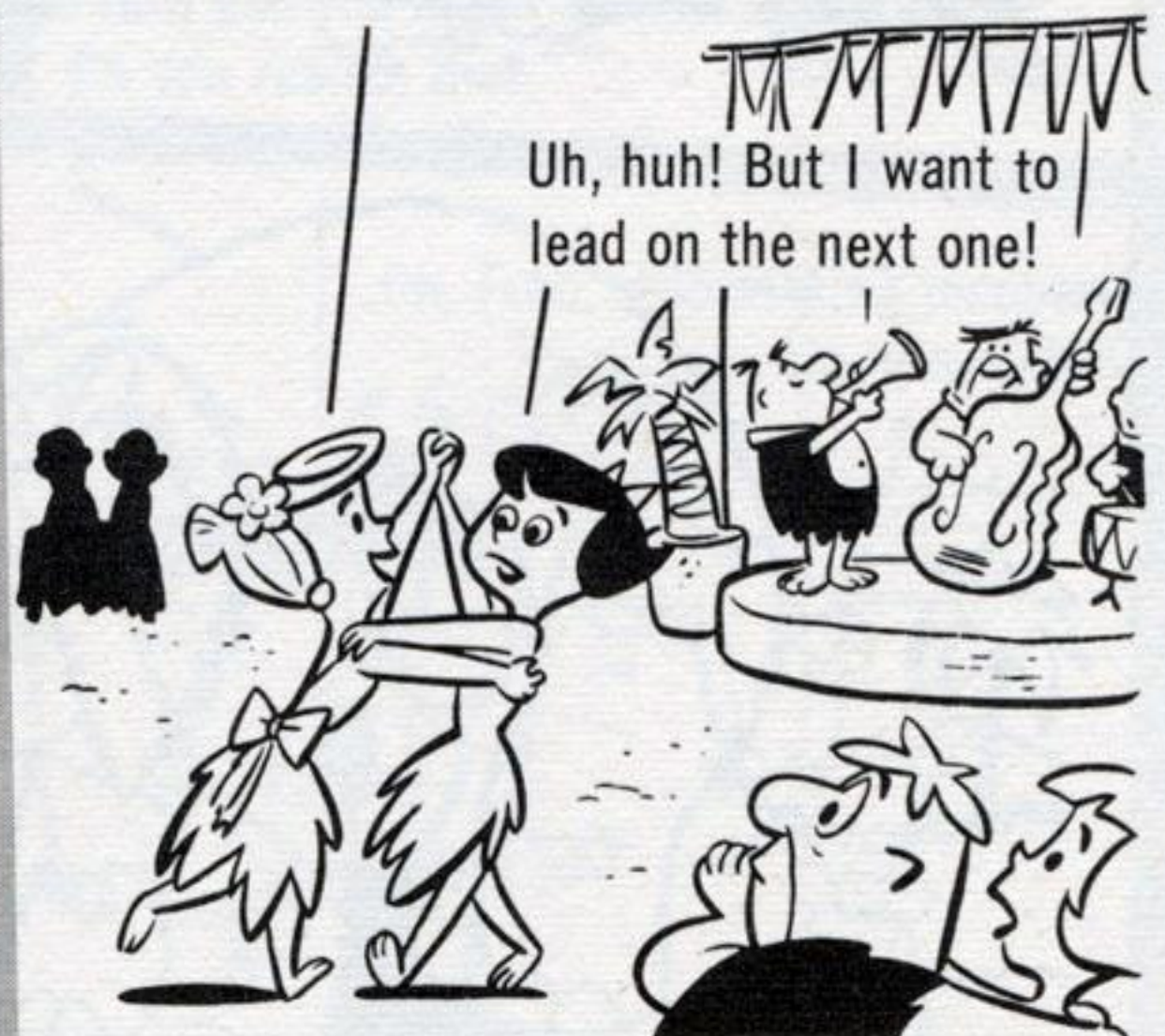
I came down here to dance, and we're going to dance!



So ...

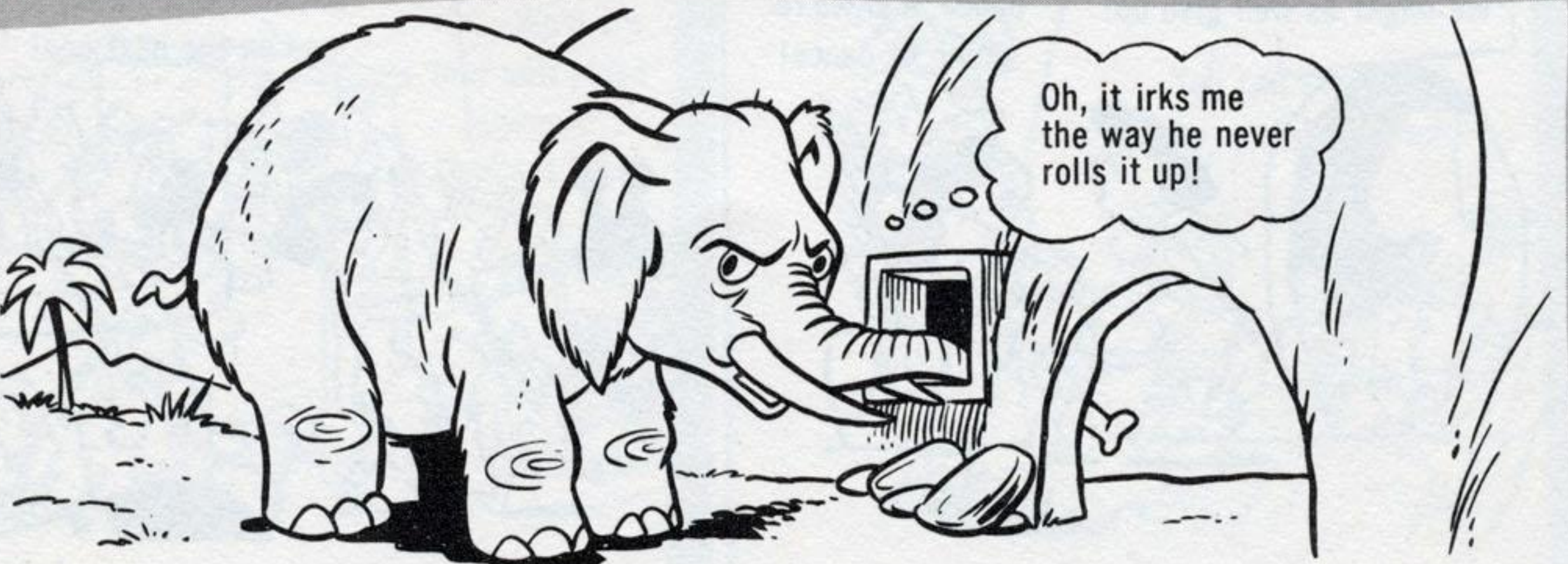
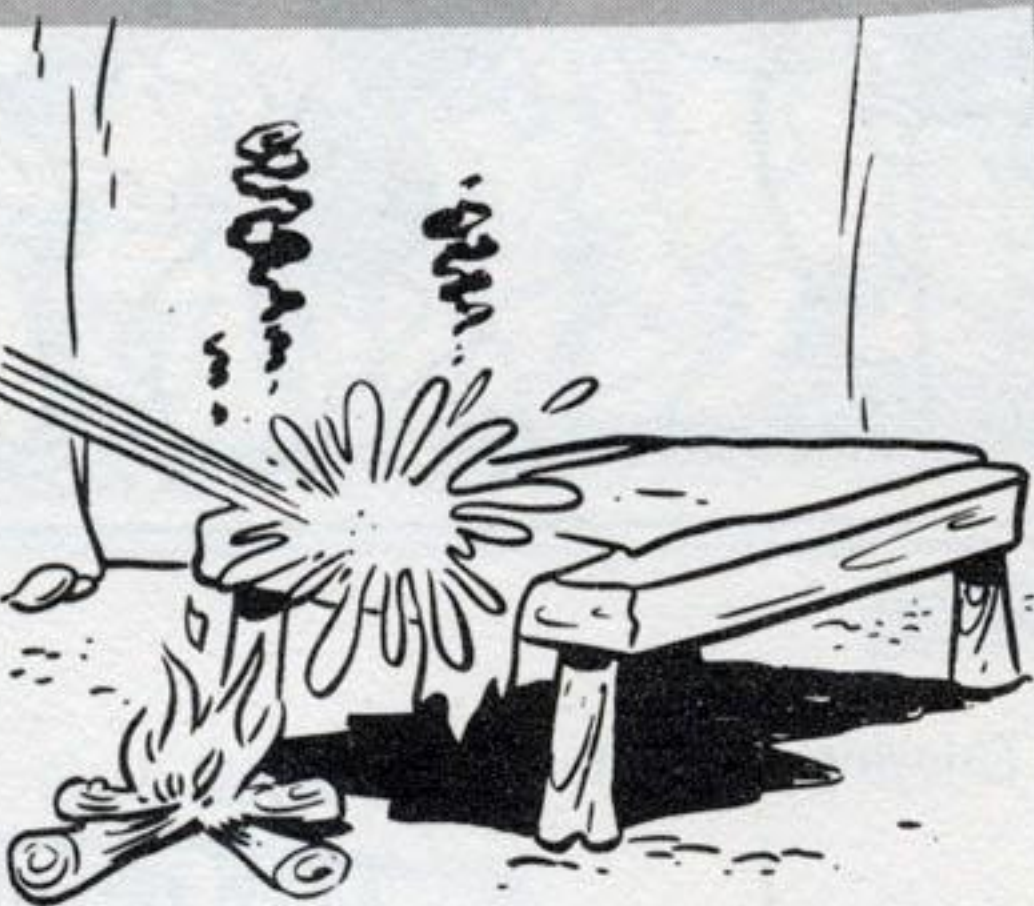
Enjoying yourself, Betty?

Uh, huh! But I want to lead on the next one!



the End

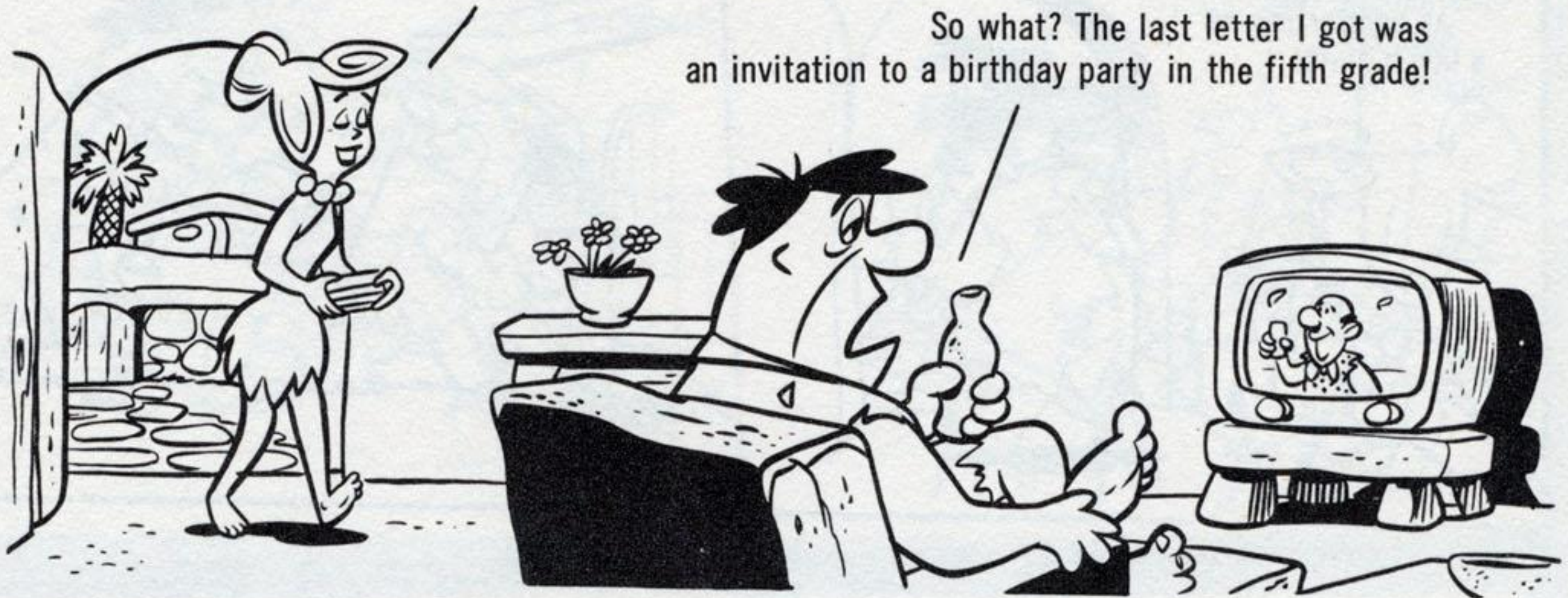
Hose Nose



Deep in the Heart of Taxes

The mail is here, Fred!

So what? The last letter I got was an invitation to a birthday party in the fifth grade!



Well, you got one today!

Gosh! A letter! A real letter! Look, it even has my name on it... not just "occupant," like all those ads!



Well, why don't you see who it's from?

Please, Wilma! Let me enjoy my moment of glory a little longer!



Yipe! It's from the Bureau of Internal Revenue! I'm supposed to go into their office today!

Ha, ha! Some moment of glory!



Wilma! How can you laugh at a time like this? Do you realize that the government is after me?

Oh, Fred, stop making mountains out of molehills!



Women! They never support you in your darkest hours! I'm going over to talk with Barney! He'll comfort and console me!

Barney's about as comforting as a bomb alert!



Hi, pal! What's new?

Plenty! I just got a letter from the tax collector to go and see him this afternoon!



Oh, that's bad! That's real bad! I'd hate to be you!

He is about as comforting as a bomb alert!



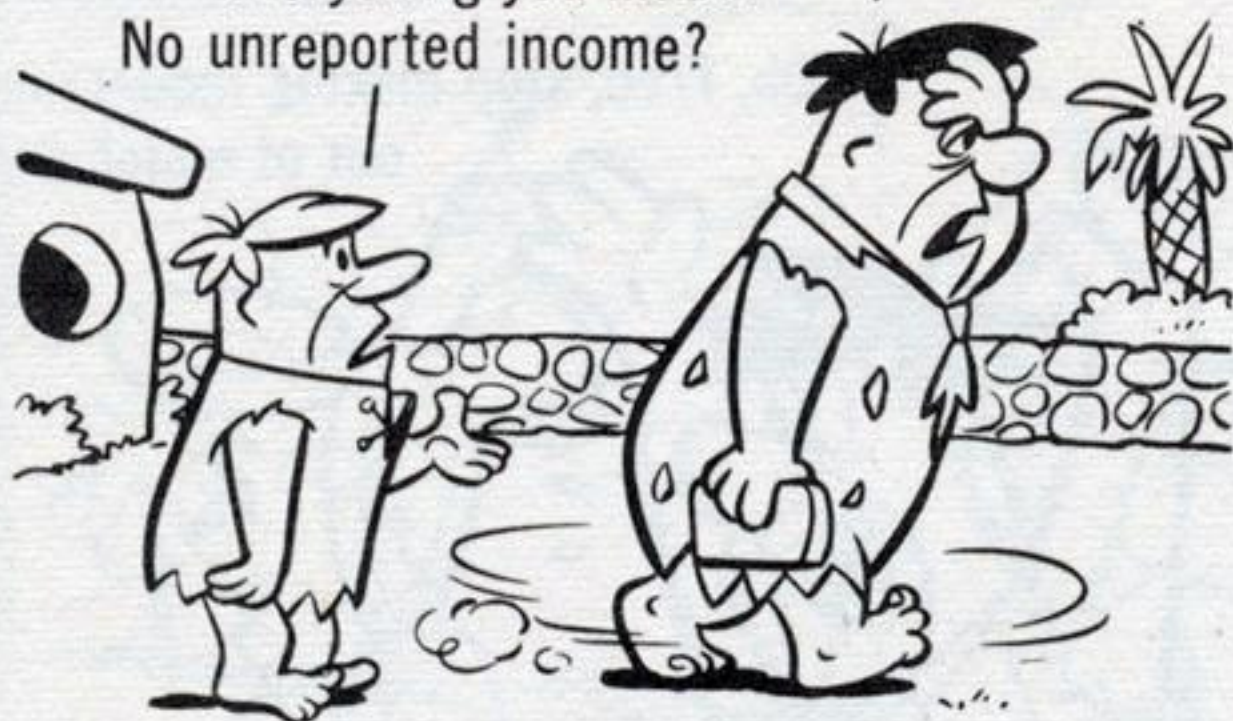
Look, I didn't come over here to listen to the voice of doom! I want some help in figuring out why the tax men want to see me!

Gee, I don't know! Did you mail in your form this year?



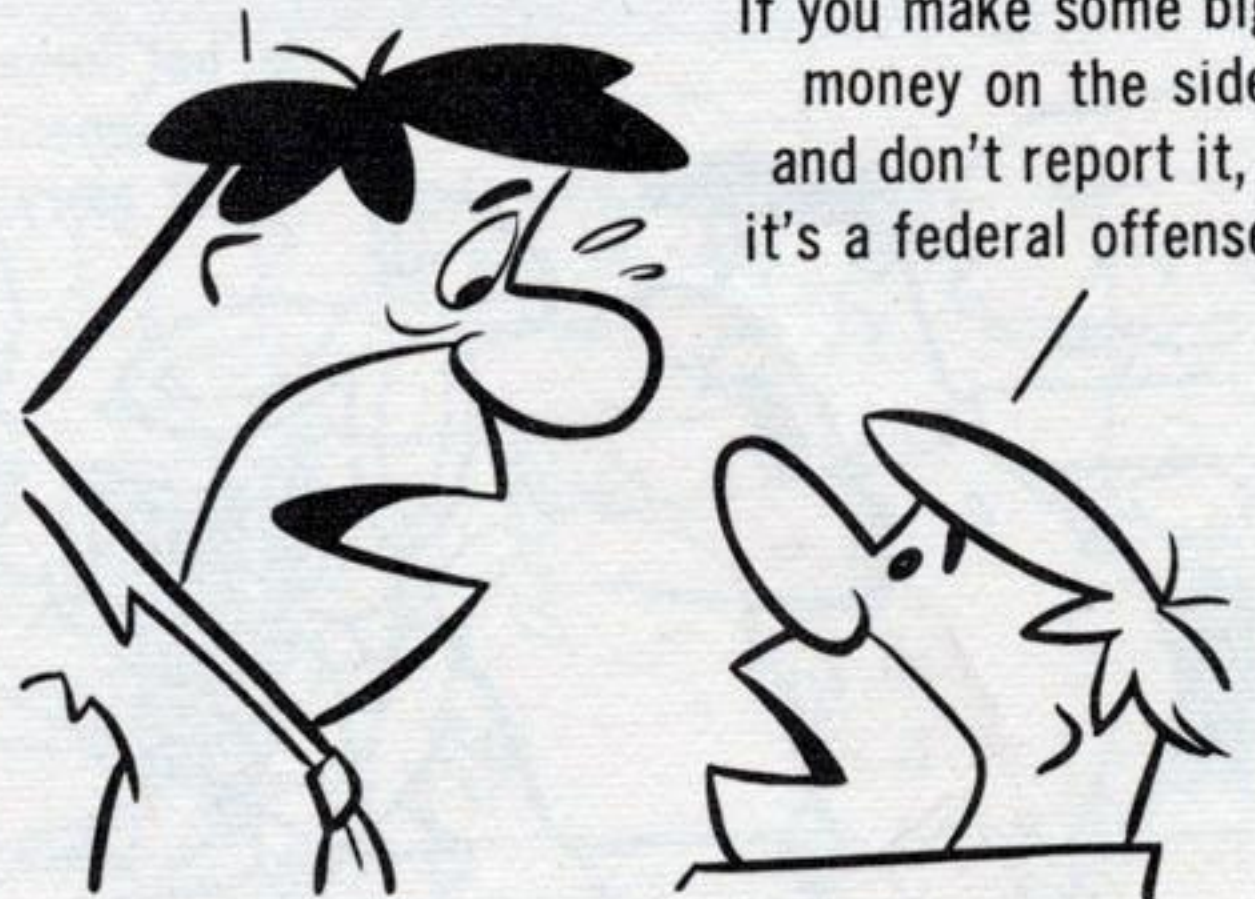
Sure! I sat up every night for a week! I wouldn't want to go through that again!

You reported everything you made? No unreported income?



What do you mean, "unreported income"?

The tax boys are really tough on that! If you make some big money on the side and don't report it, it's a federal offense!



Barney, that's it! Remember that dollar-eighty I won from Tom Tiletset while bowling last month?

Uh-oh! Your goose is cooked! They must've found out about it, somehow!



Come to think of it, the guy who rented me my shoes had a kind of shifty look!

Uh, huh! Undoubtedly a tax man in disguise!



But, Barney, I didn't mean to cheat anybody! I just forgot to list it!

Fred, I'm your best friend, and even I find it hard to believe! What's the judge going to say?



I know what I'm going to do! I'm going over and give that dough back to Tom! Then I'll go into the tax office and tell them it was just a loan!

Good thinking, Fred! I'll go with you!



Shortly...

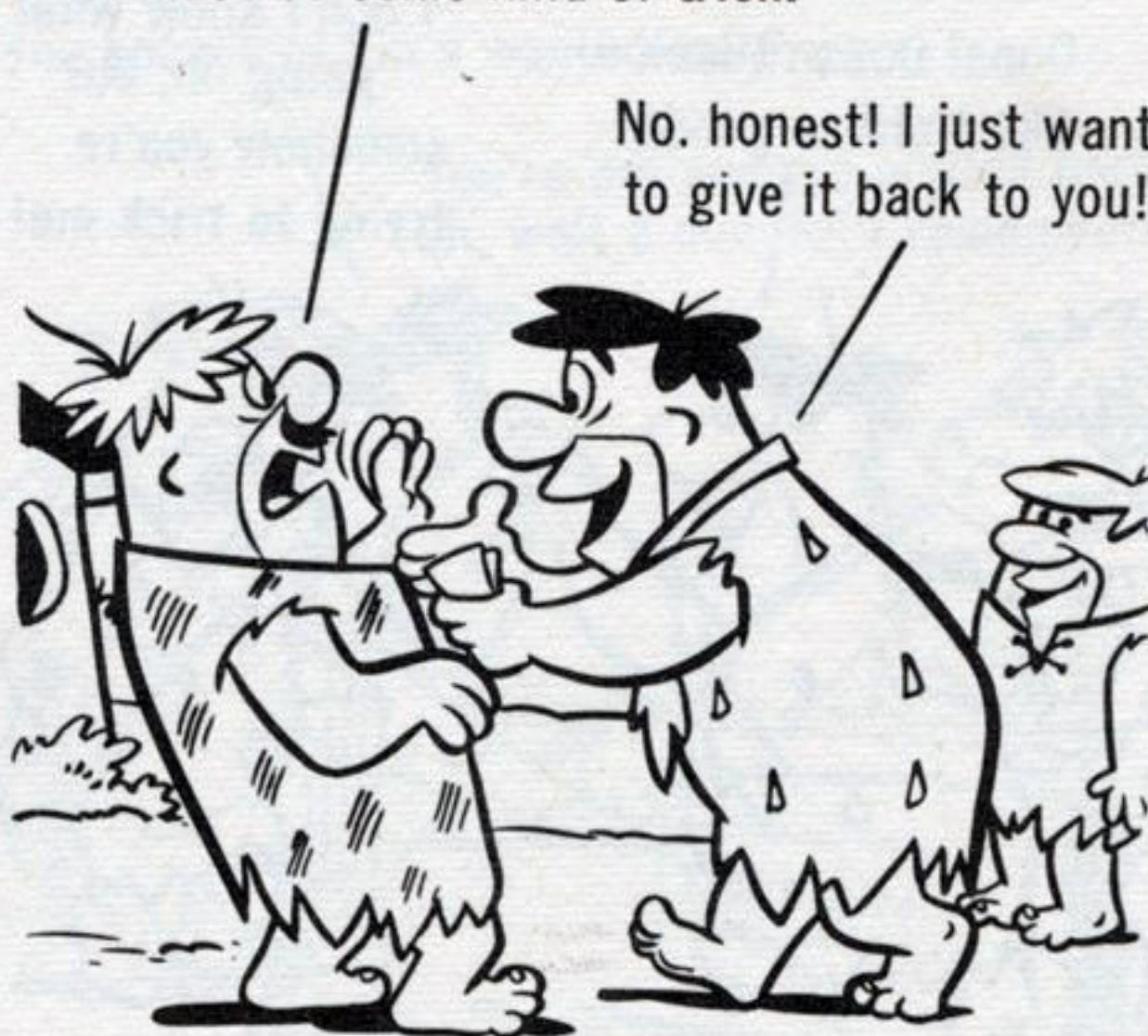
Hi, Tom! I came to return that money I won bowling last month!

Give it back?



Oh, no! I've known you long enough to know it must be some kind of trick!

No, honest! I just want to give it back to you!



Come on, Fred! Nobody gives away money without a catch... especially **you**!

Er... how about making a little bet, then?



Now you're talking! Heh, heh! I knew that giving-away-money gimmick was just a build-up to something!

Heh, heh! That's right! I'll bet you a buck-eighty on something!



Fred! You're just getting yourself in deeper!

Naw!
This is one bet I'm going to deliberately **lose**!



We'll make it something simple!
I'll bet I can toss a rock further than you!

You know me!
I'll bet on anything!



Oops! Doesn't look like I did so good!

Wait a minute, Flintstone!
I don't know what's going on, but somehow you're trying to trick me!



There! I lose! I'm not going to fall for one of your schemes!—I know it would cost me money! It always does!

B-B-But...



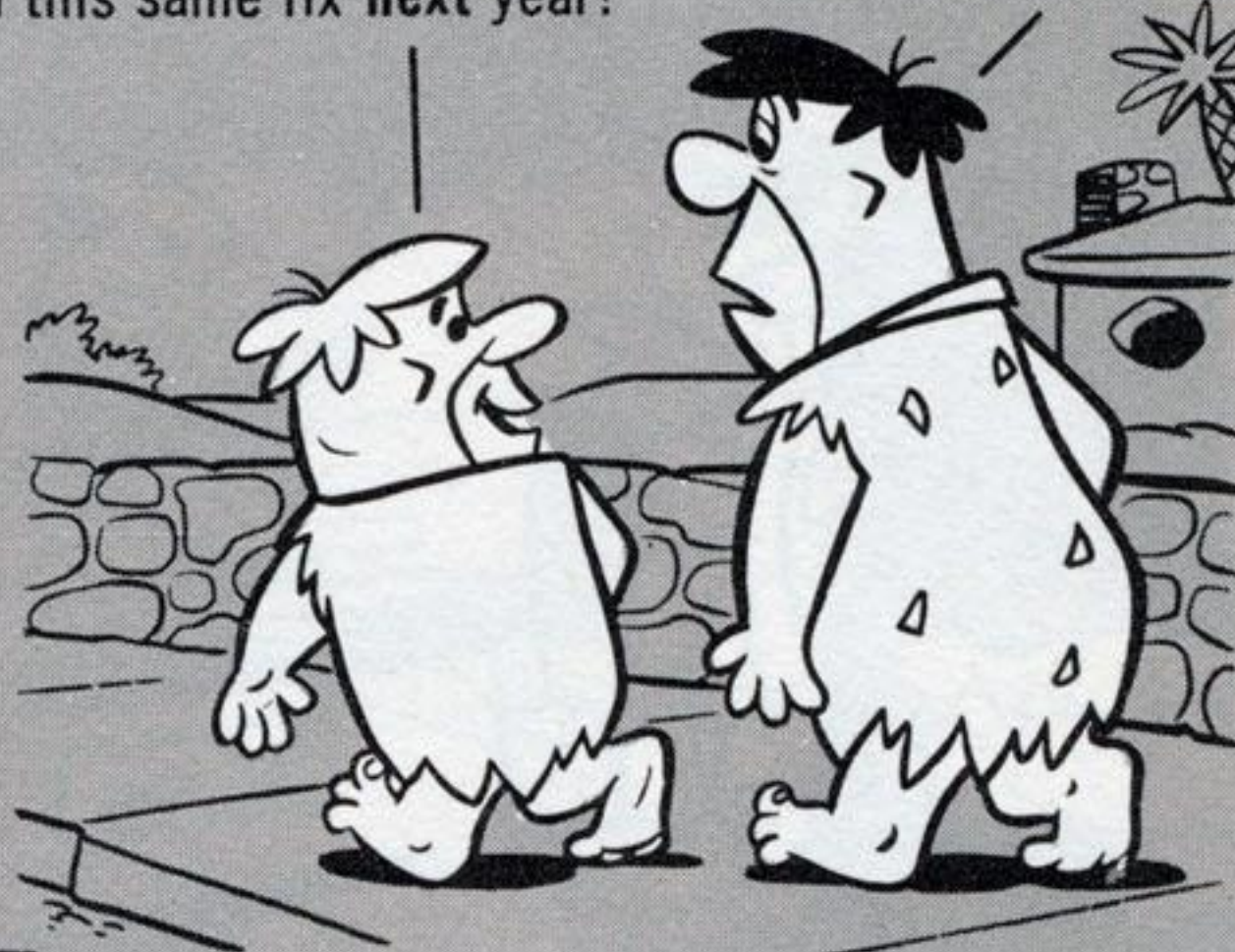
Don't give me any buts! You've won a buck-eighty... now scam before you cost me my life savings!

What's the use?



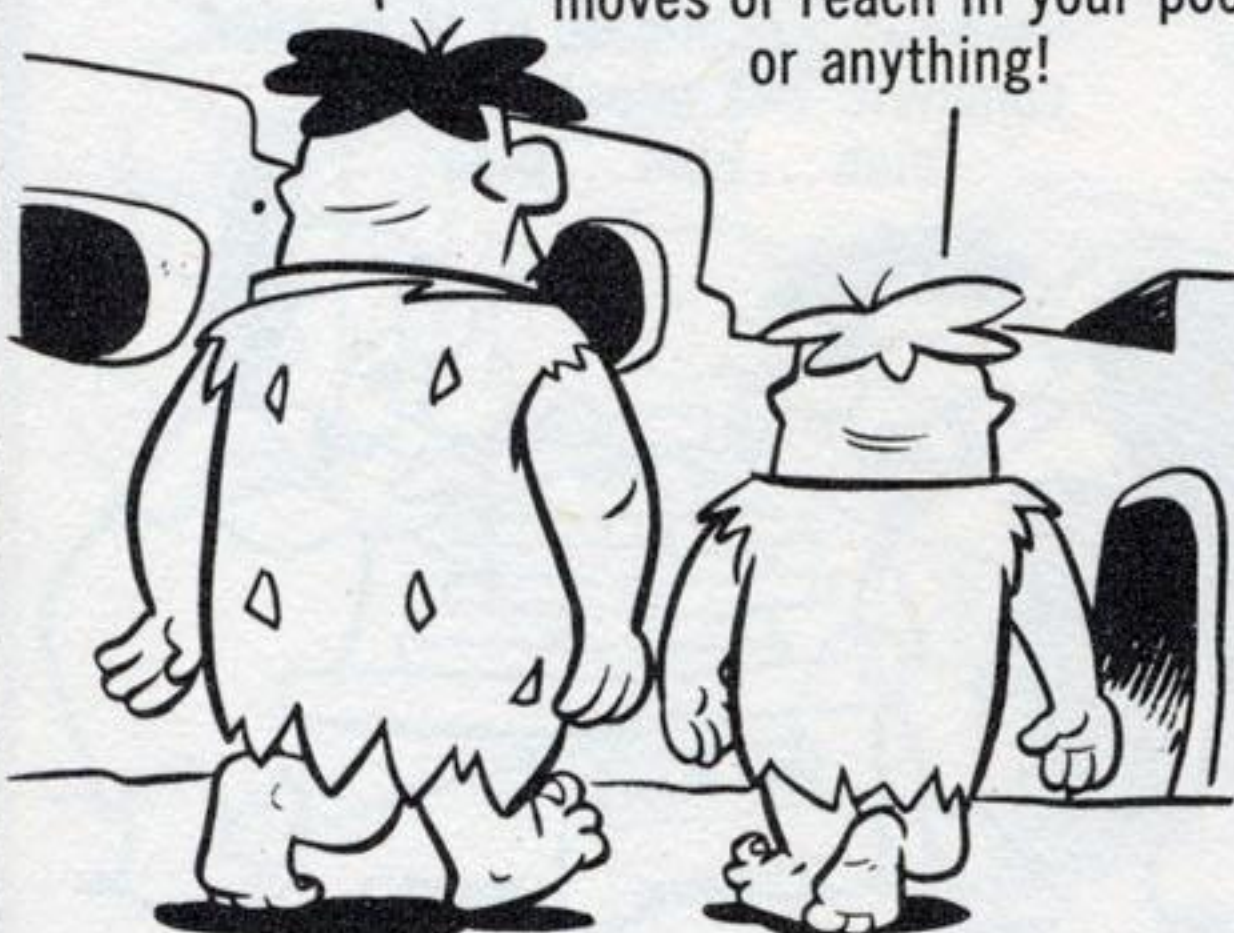
Say, don't forget to report that money you just won on next year's tax form! You don't want to get in this same fix next year!

You're a cheerful soul!



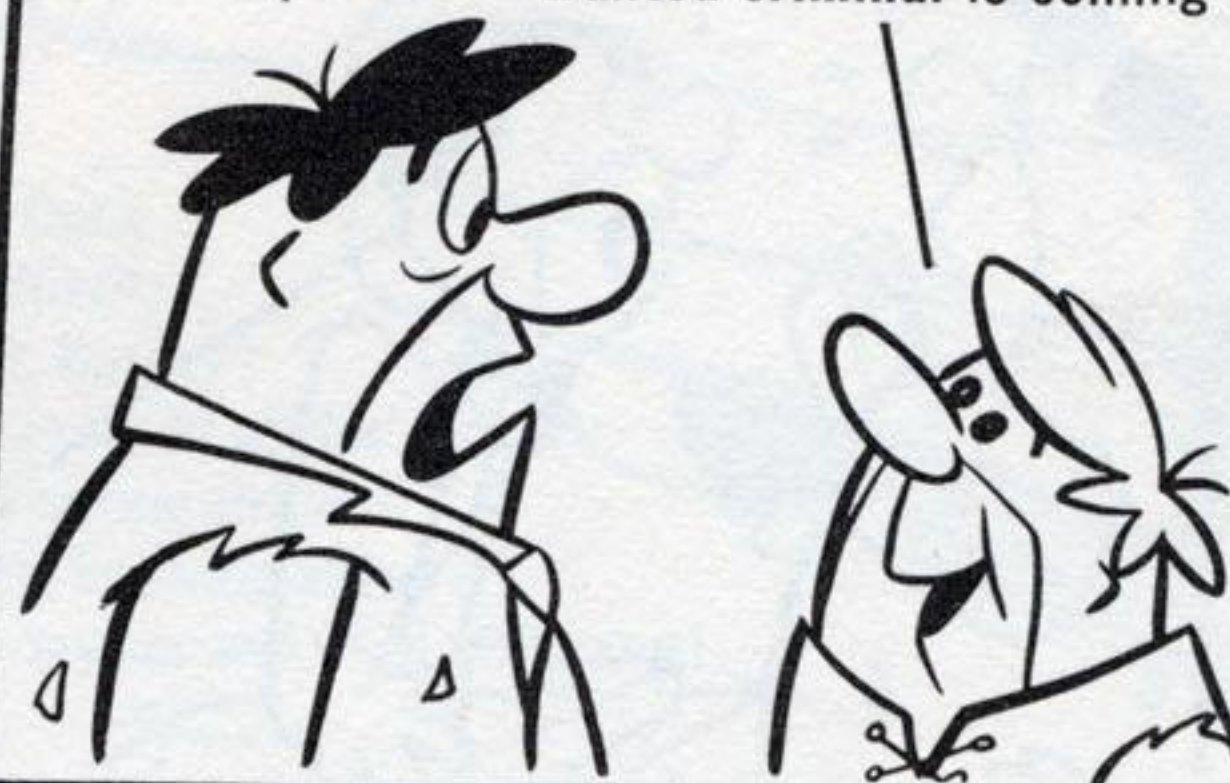
Well, I guess I'll just have to go up and face the music!

When you go in, don't make any false moves or reach in your pockets or anything!



Huh?

Sure! They're bound to have a couple of guards around if they know a wanted criminal is coming up!



Soon...

Don't shoot! Look! I'm giving myself up quietly!

Quietly? You're the noisiest bird we've had in here all day! What's the big idea?



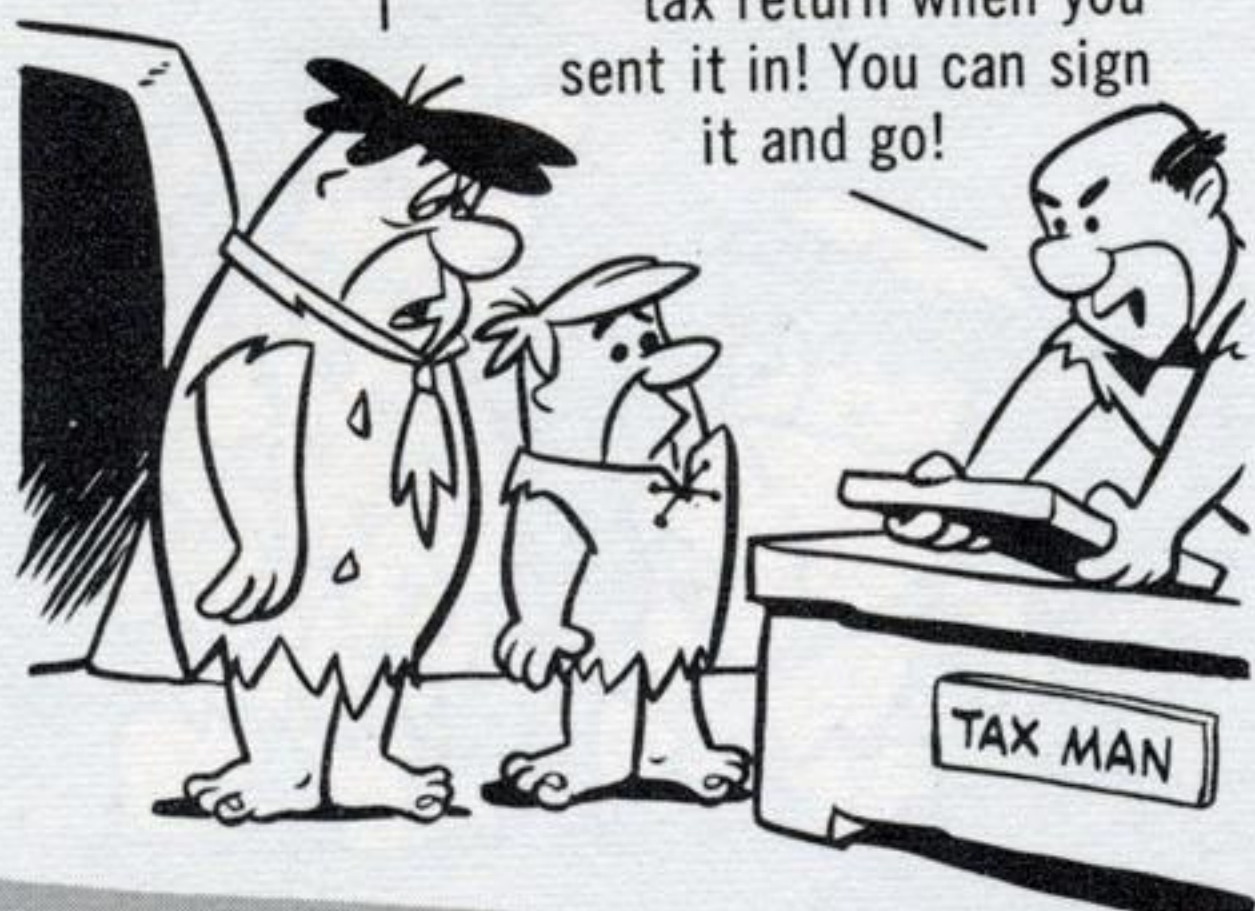
My name's Flintstone... Fred Flintstone! You know me! I'm a wanted man!

You're not wanted around here... Oh, wait a minute! I remember!



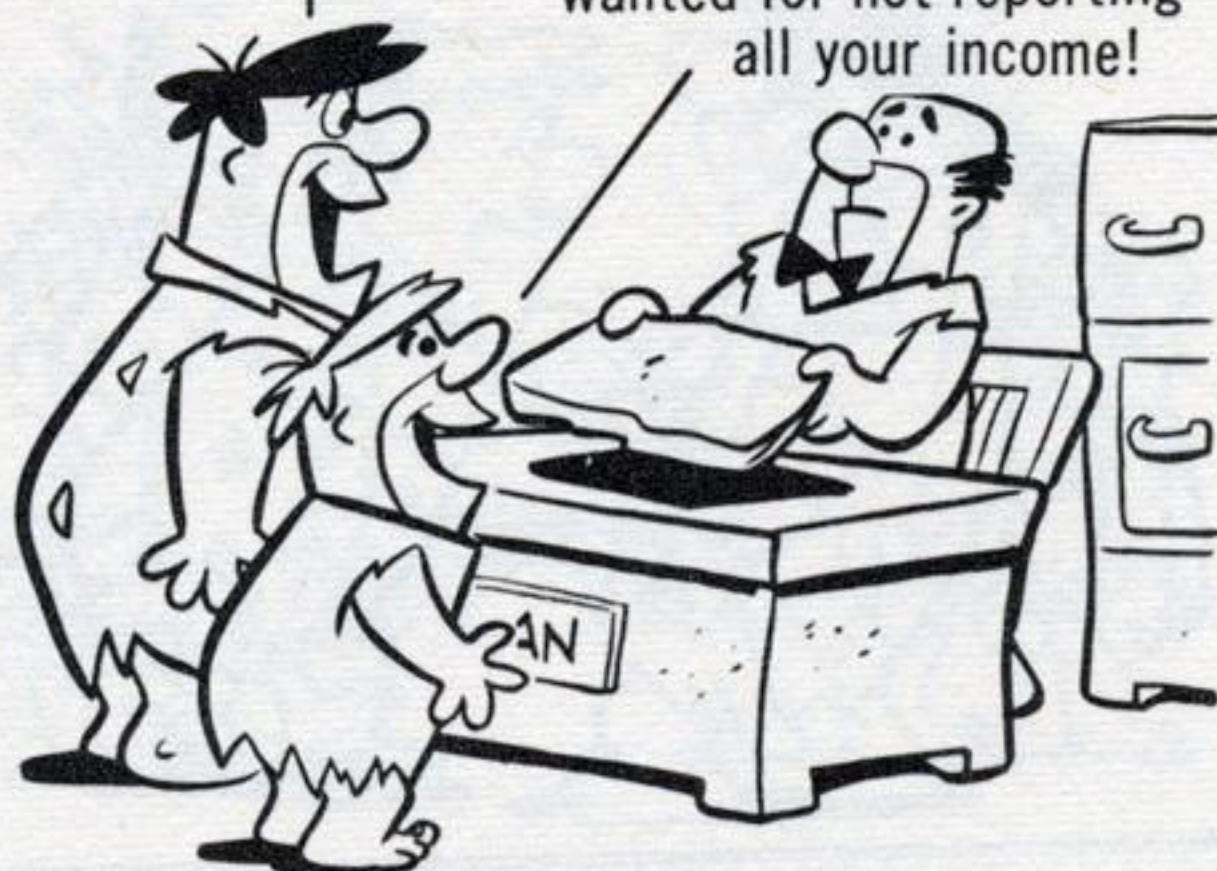
I'm ready to hear the worst!

You forgot to sign your tax return when you sent it in! You can sign it and go!



Y-Y-You mean... that's all you wanted me for?

Hooray! You're not wanted for not reporting all your income!



What's this about unreported income?

Er... it's only a couple of dollars, sir!



Makes no difference! You'll have to do it all over again, **plus** fill out form 119... send in a duplicate of form 856A, complete this questionnaire... blah... blah... blah...



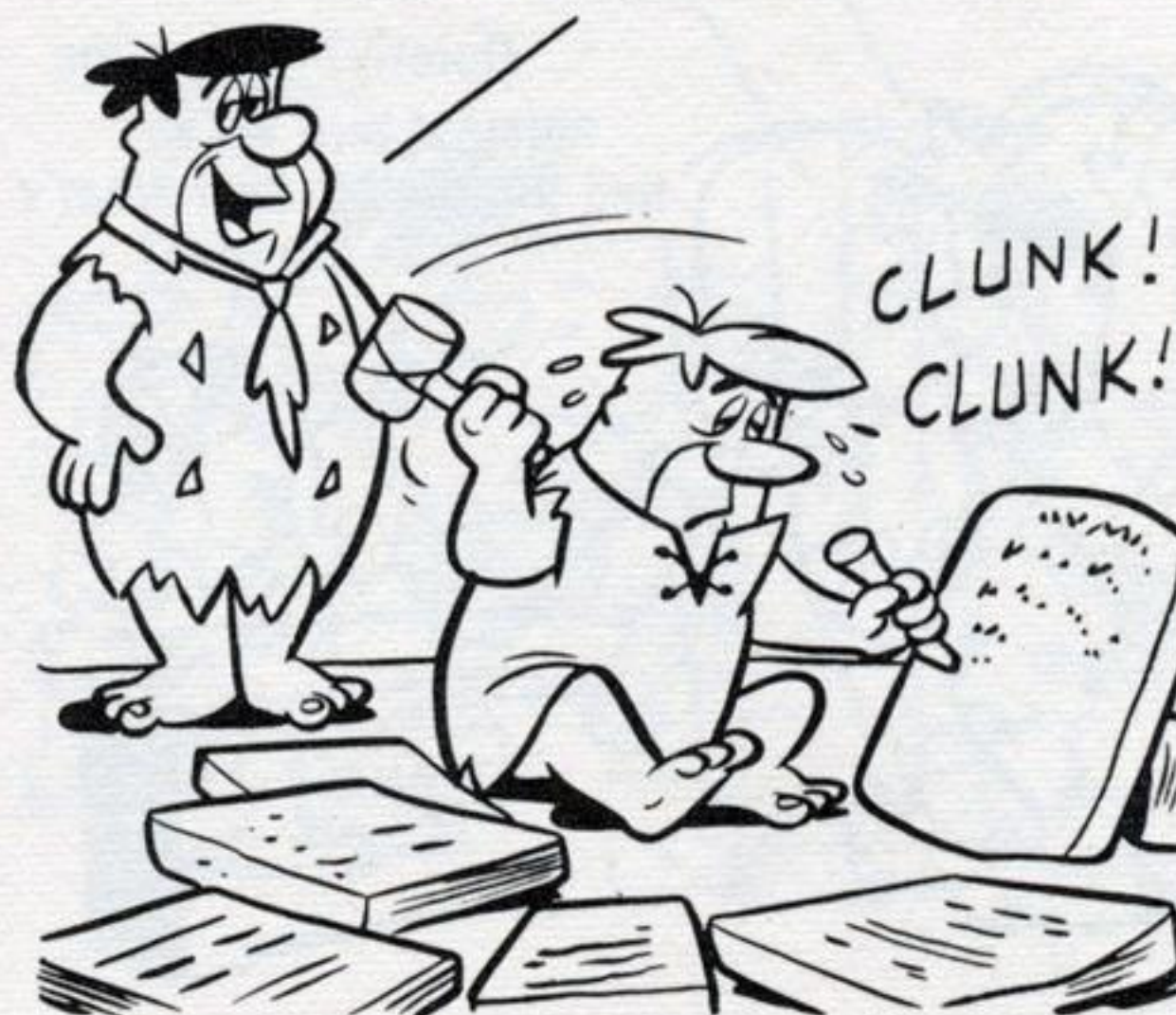
Whew! How are you ever going to do all this, Fred?

I've got news for you, pal!
I'm **not** doing it!



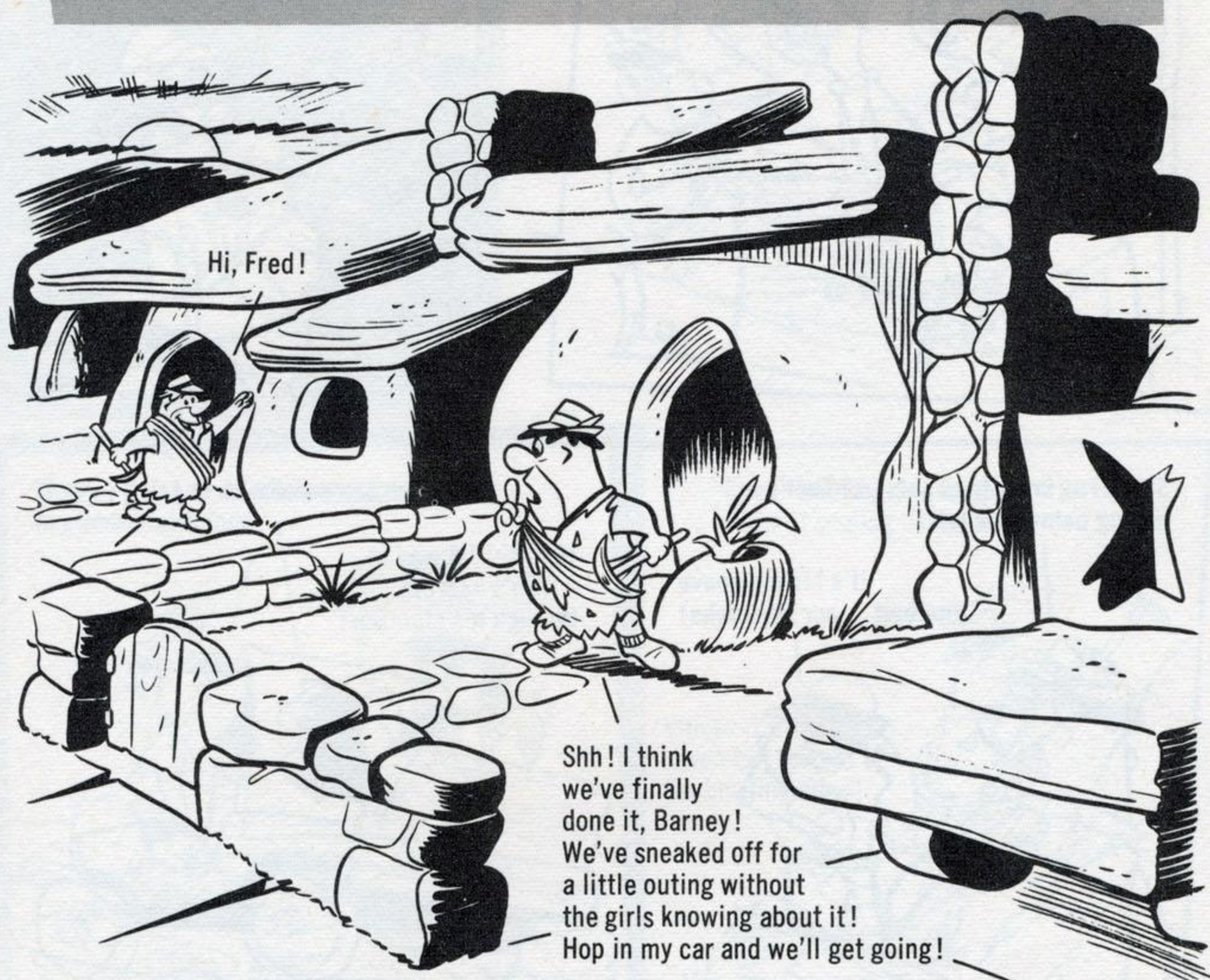
So...

Heh, heh! It sure is fun to watch Barney chisel on my income tax!



the End

Mountain of Trouble



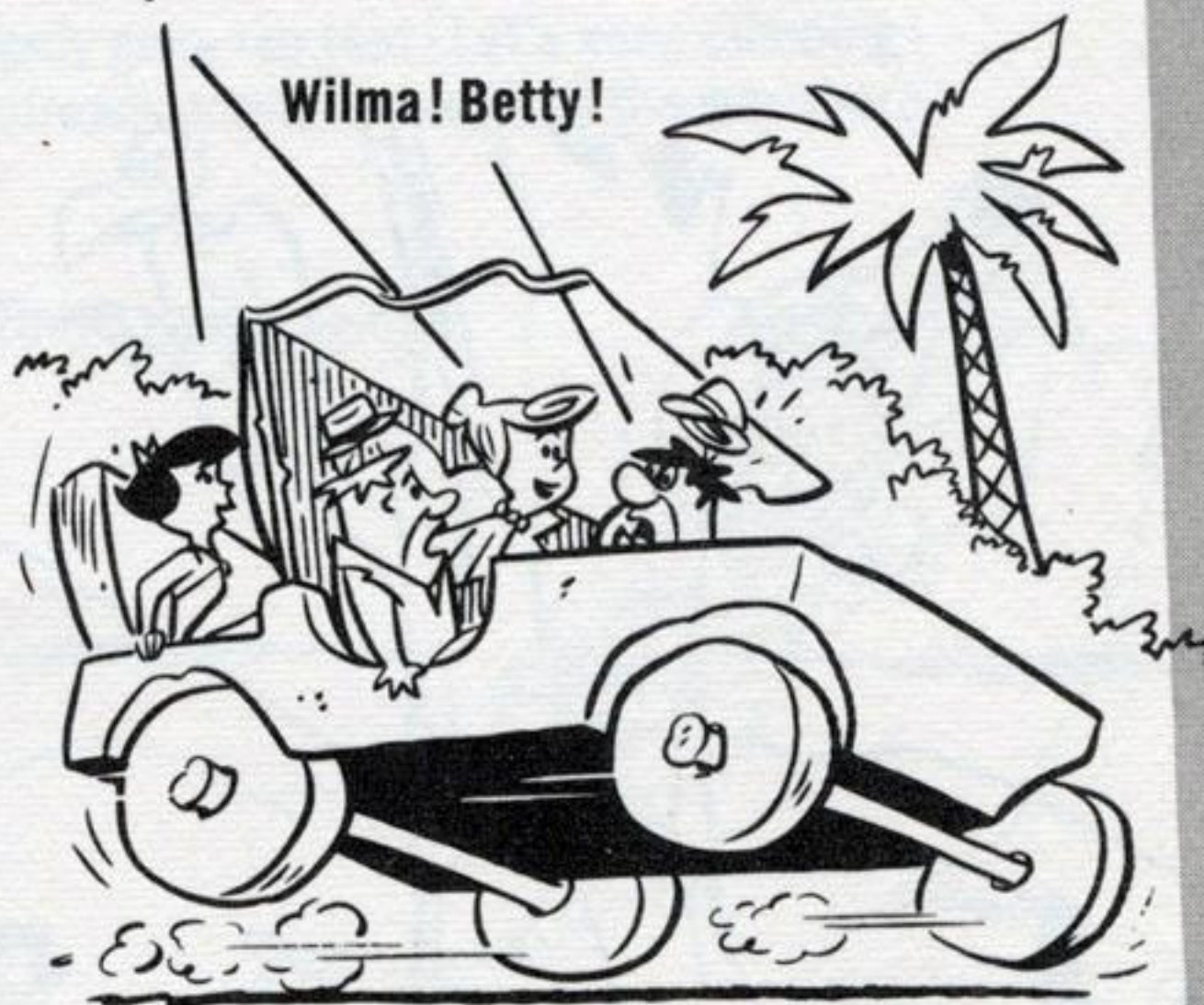
Now, off to do a little mountain climbing!

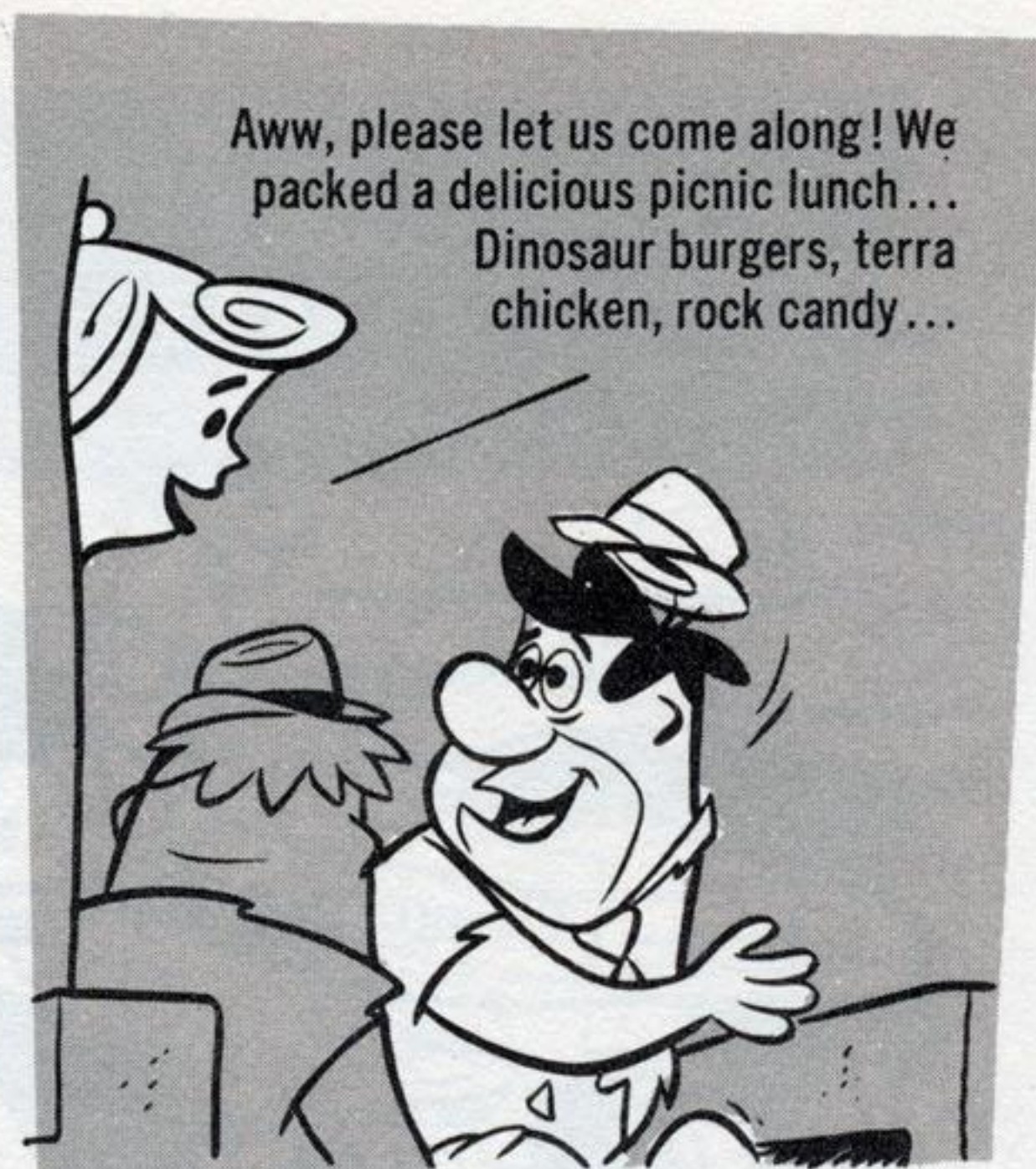
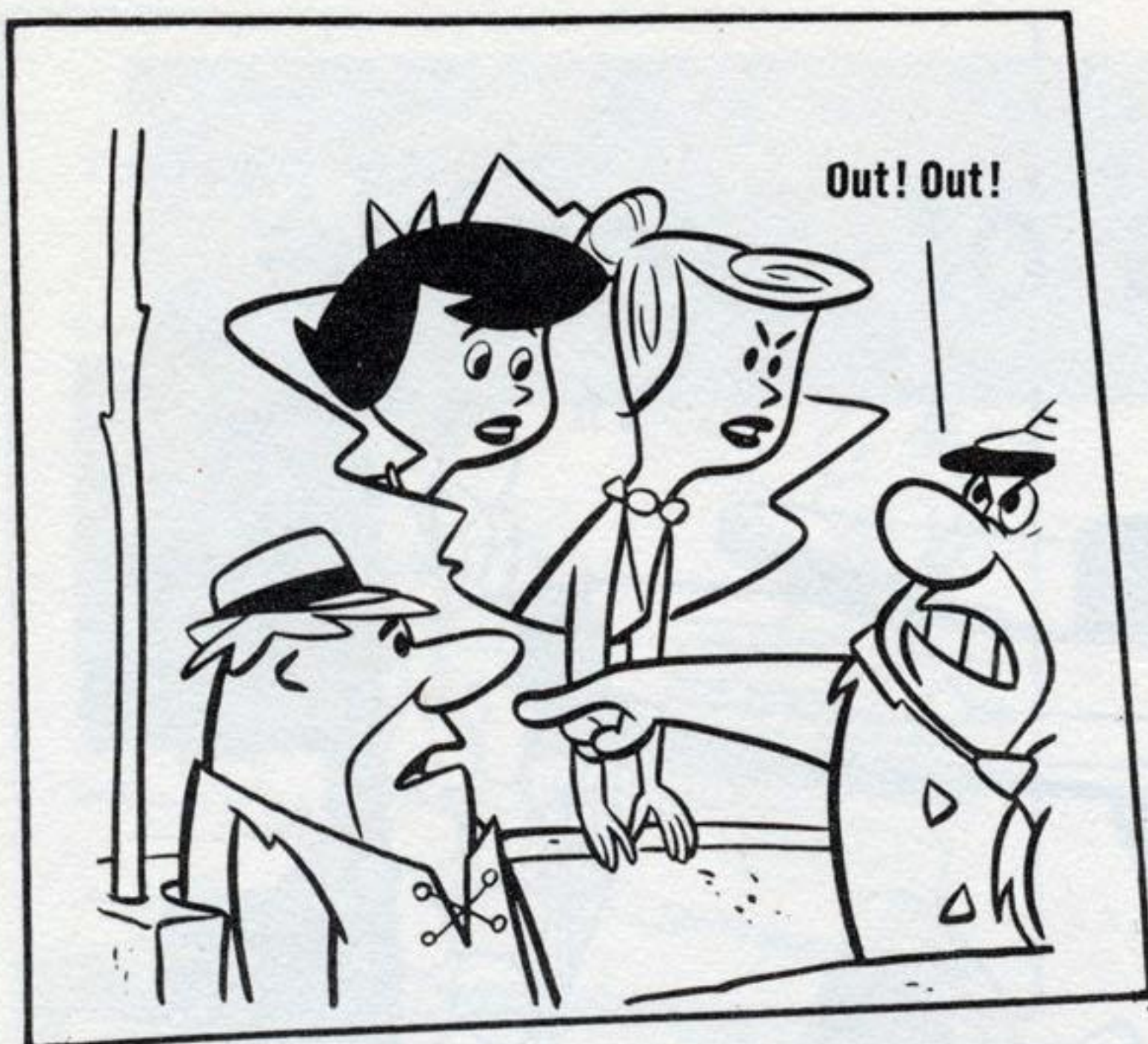
Without the wives!
Har, har!



Surprise!

Wilma! Betty!





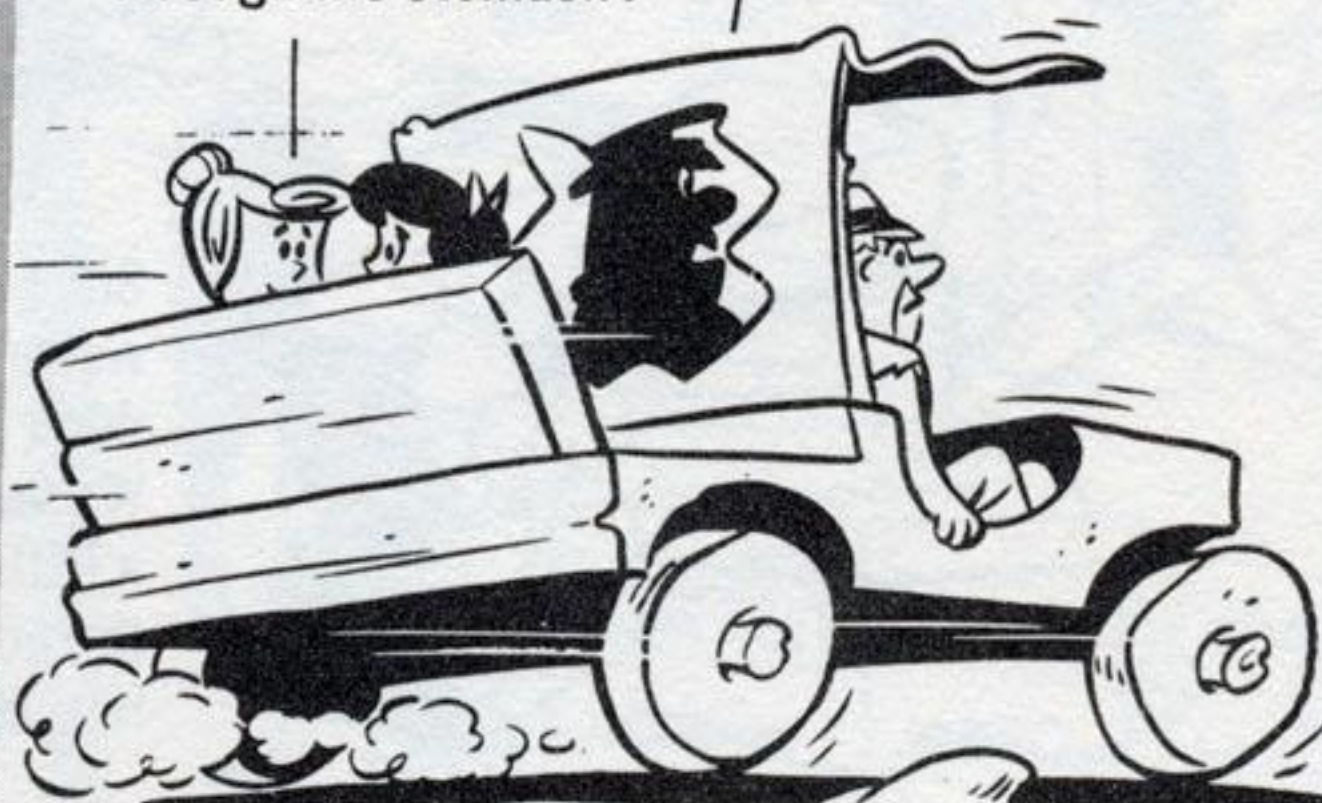
Stop! You know food gets us! That's hitting below the belt!

It's hitting **above** the belt...our **stomachs**!



Okay! You can come with us!

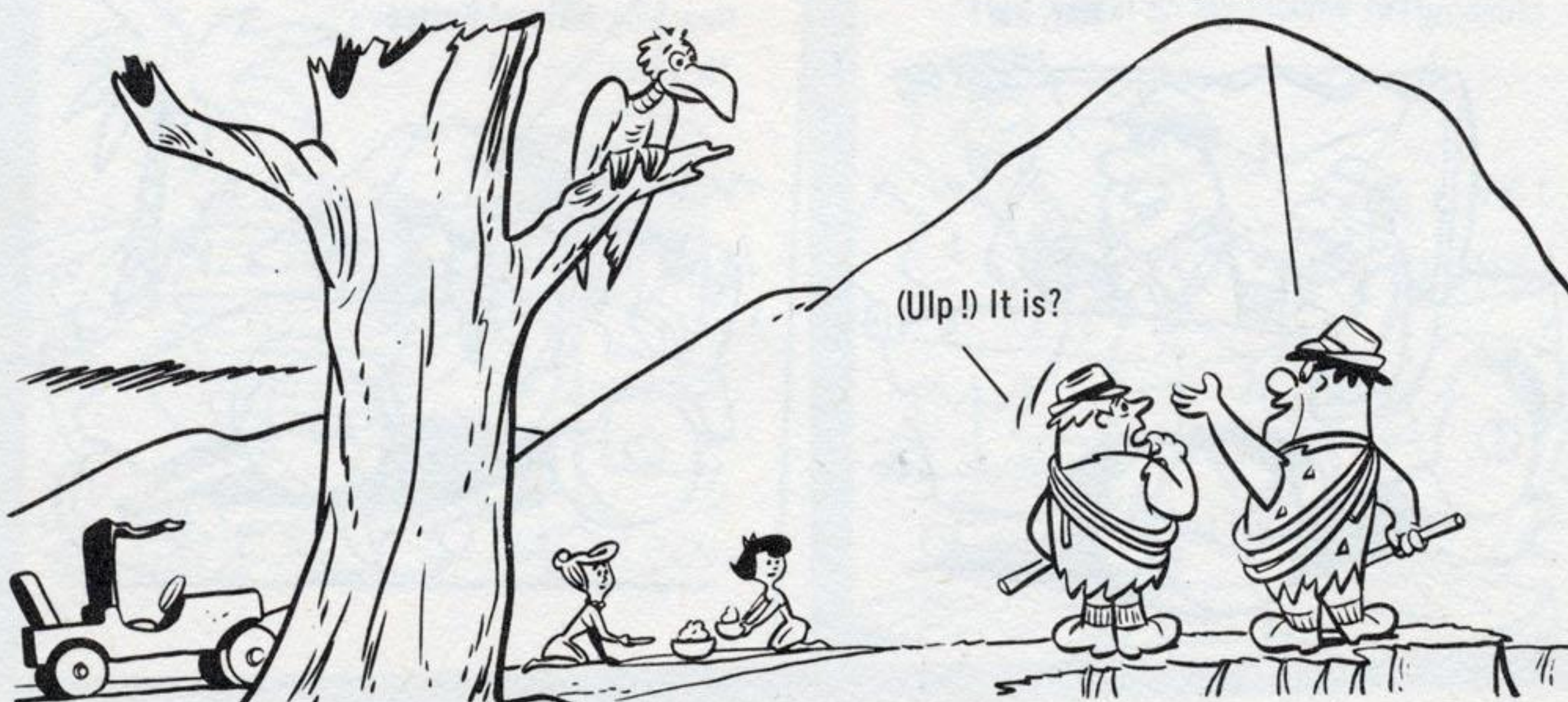
Heh, heh! A way to a man's heart is through his stomach!



Soon...

There it is... Spike's Peak! That's what we're going to climb!

(Ulp!) It is?



Oh, Fred,
Why do you want
to climb that
silly hill?

I do it, dearest,
because
it's there!



Now, let's mount the mount, my trusty aide!

How come, all of a
sudden, I'm an aide?



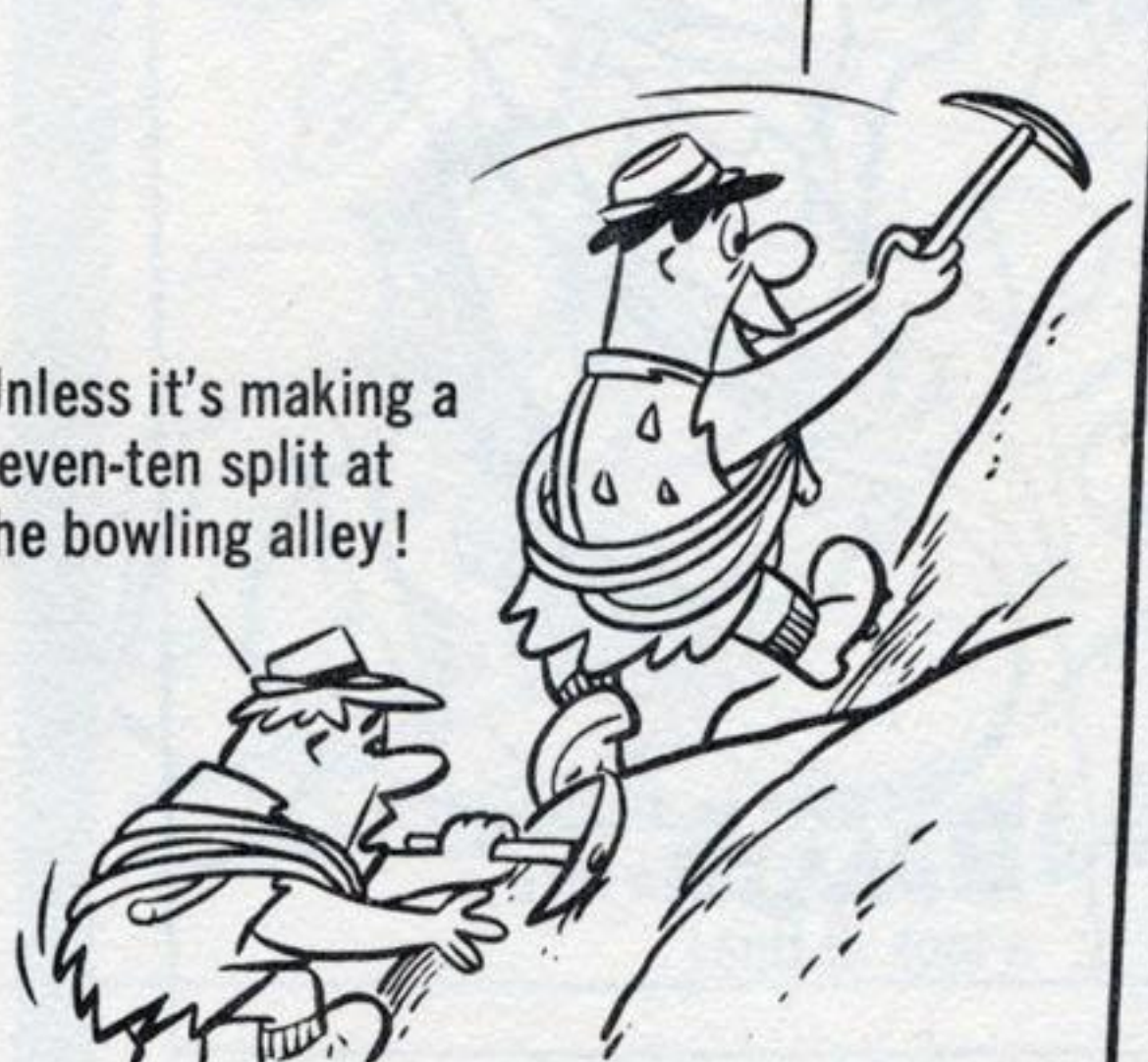
They're going to need plenty of aid
to climb that thing!

And more **first** aid
when they come down!



Egad! Nothing can compare with the
thrill of scaling mountains!

Unless it's making a
seven-ten split at
the bowling alley!



Later...

Whew! I'm
beat, Fred!

Beat?
Already?



We've only gone ten feet! Let's keep climbing!
We're already one-thousandth of the way there!

That's encouraging!

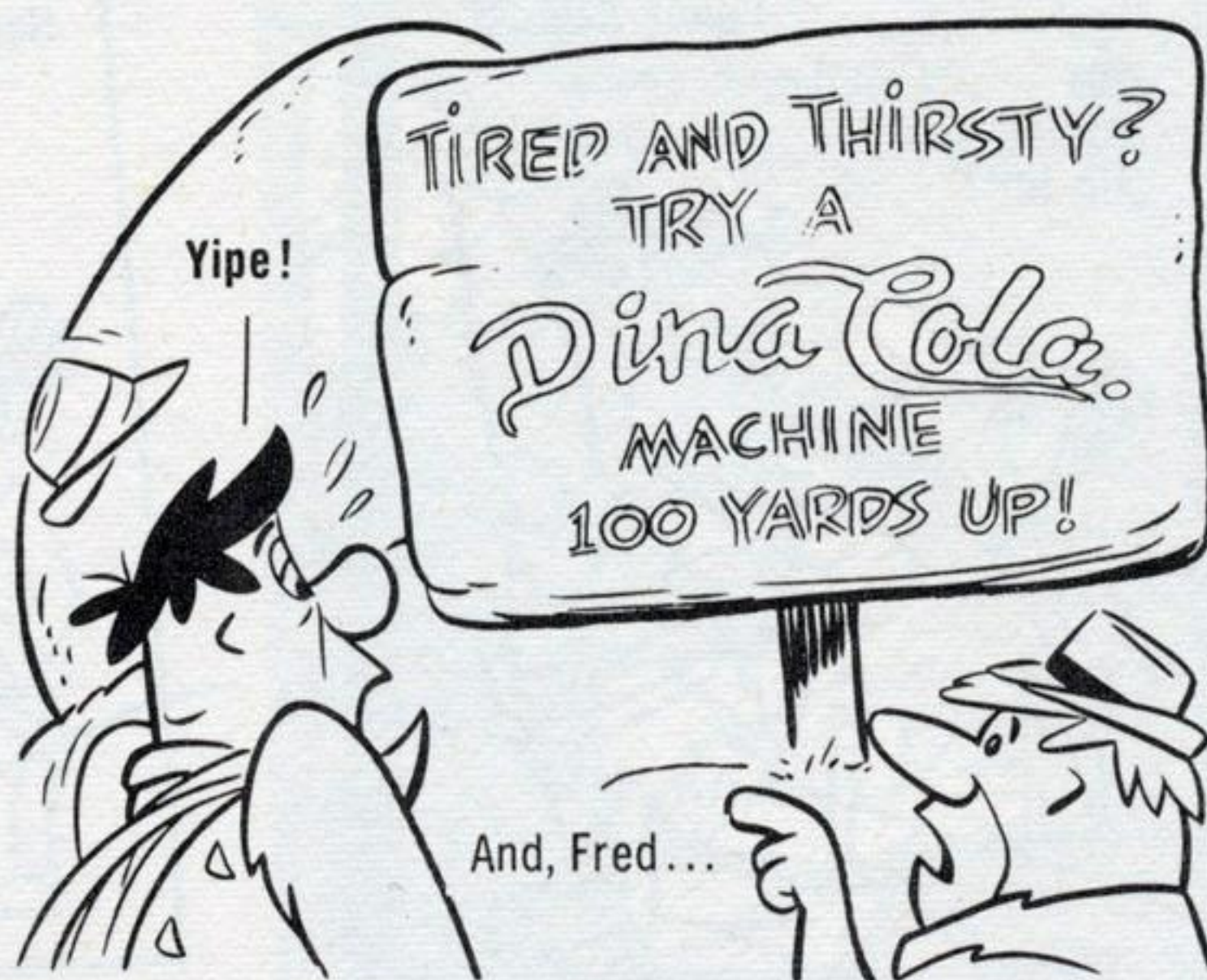


Several weary hours later...

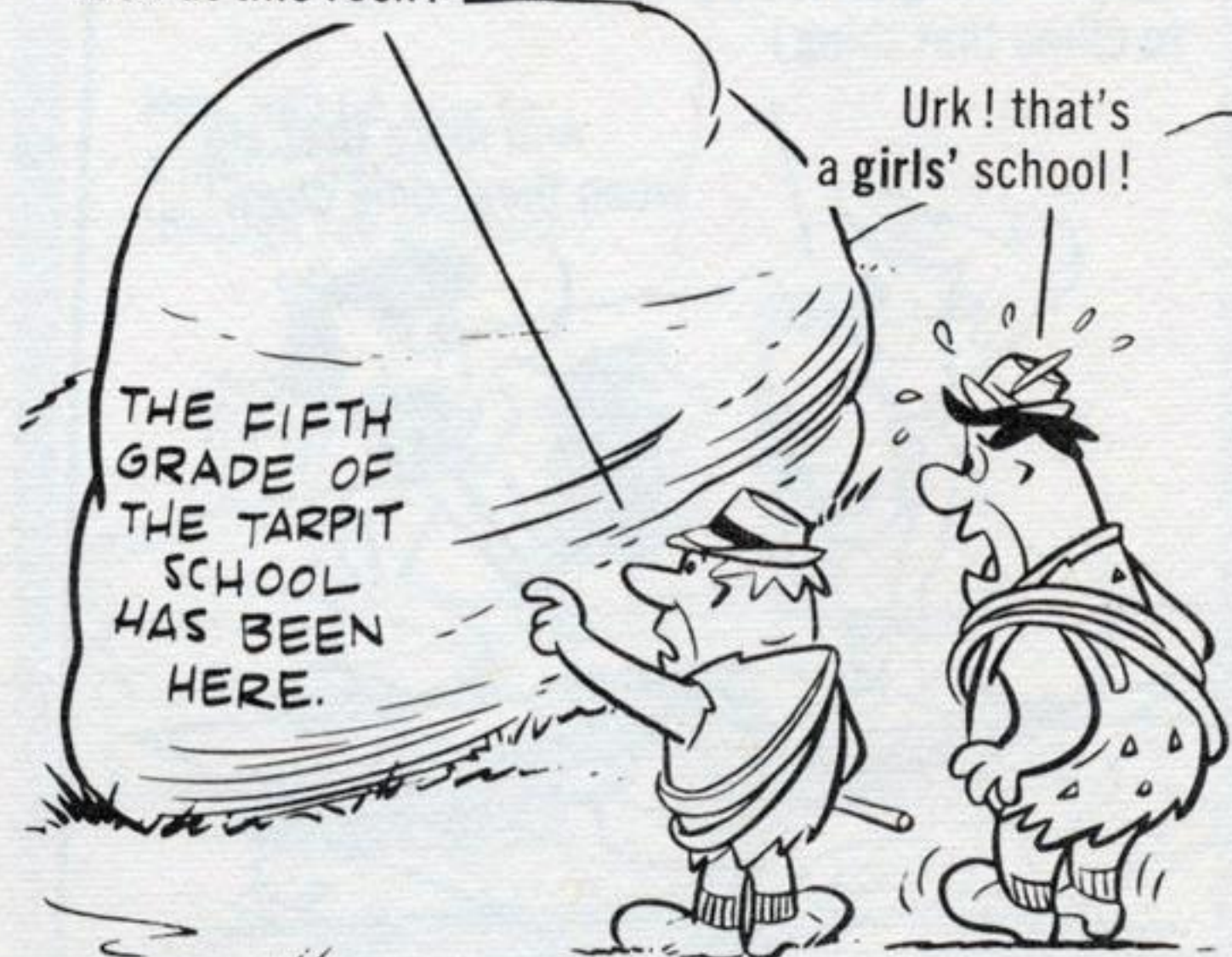
Ah! Here we are! I'll bet we've already come up higher than any human being!



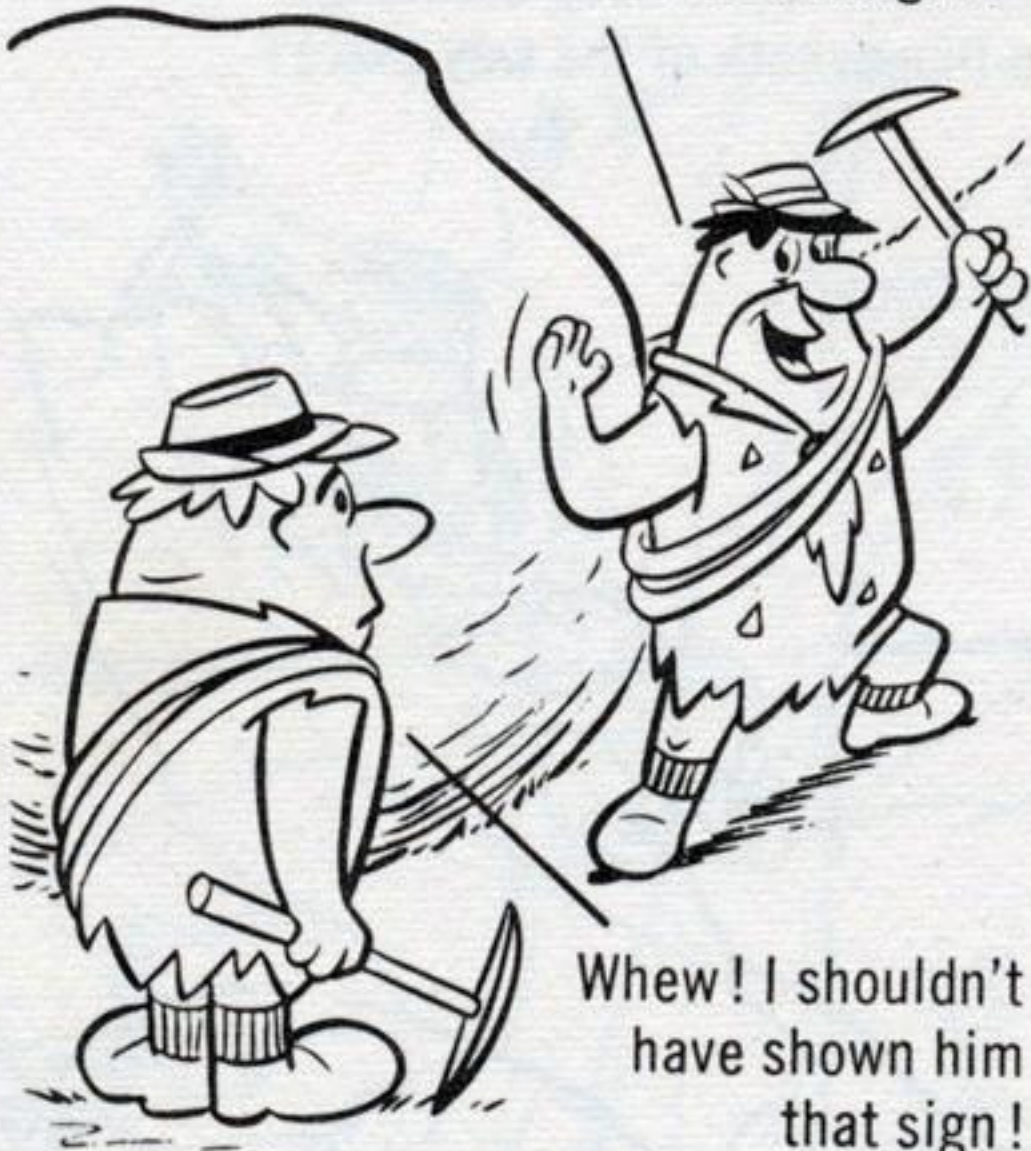
Er... I hate to disappoint you, Fred! Come take a look at this!



Look at this rock!



Come! We must press onward, ever onward, until we reach a new height!



Whew! I shouldn't have shown him that sign!

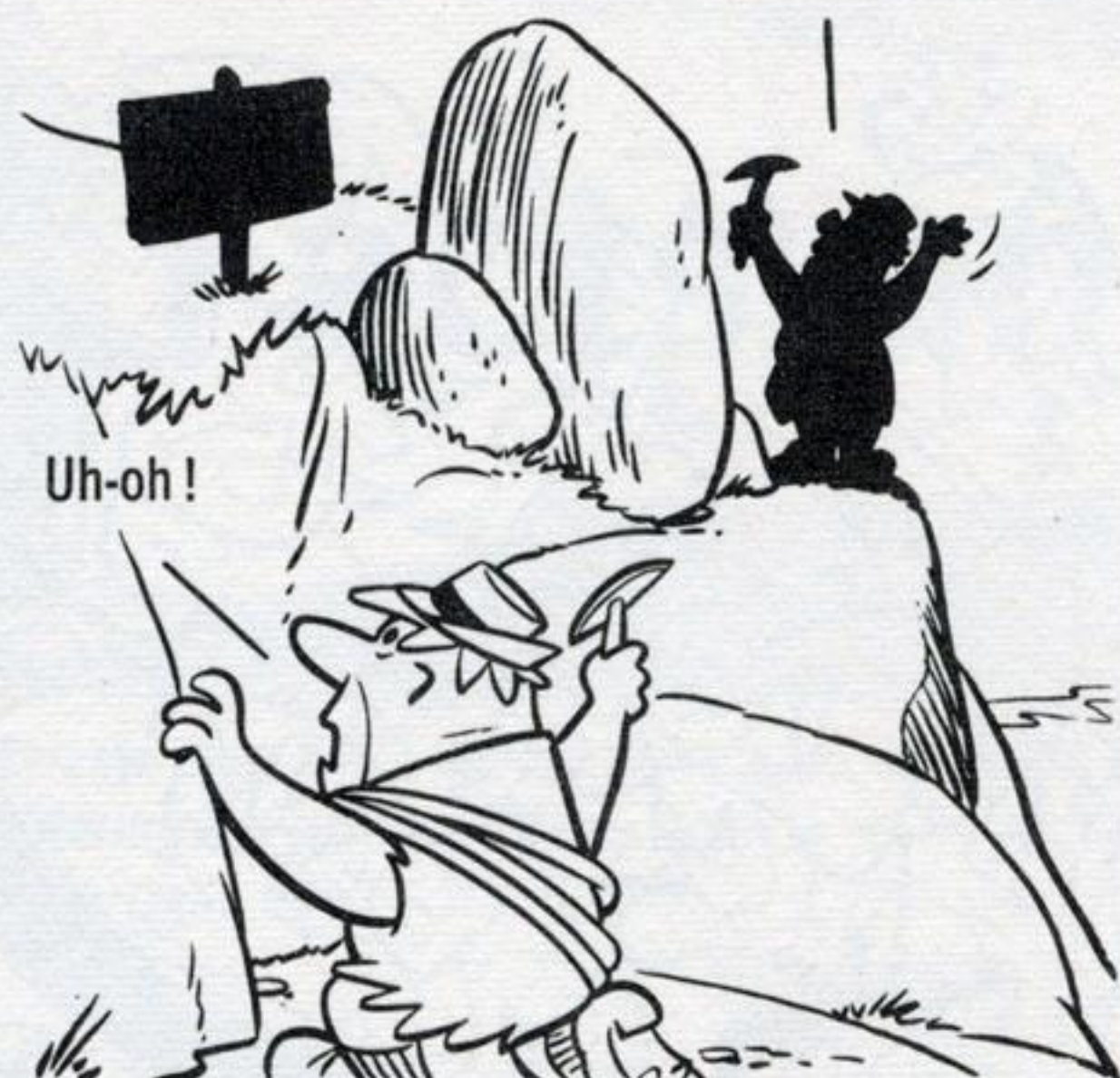
Okay! Here we go again!



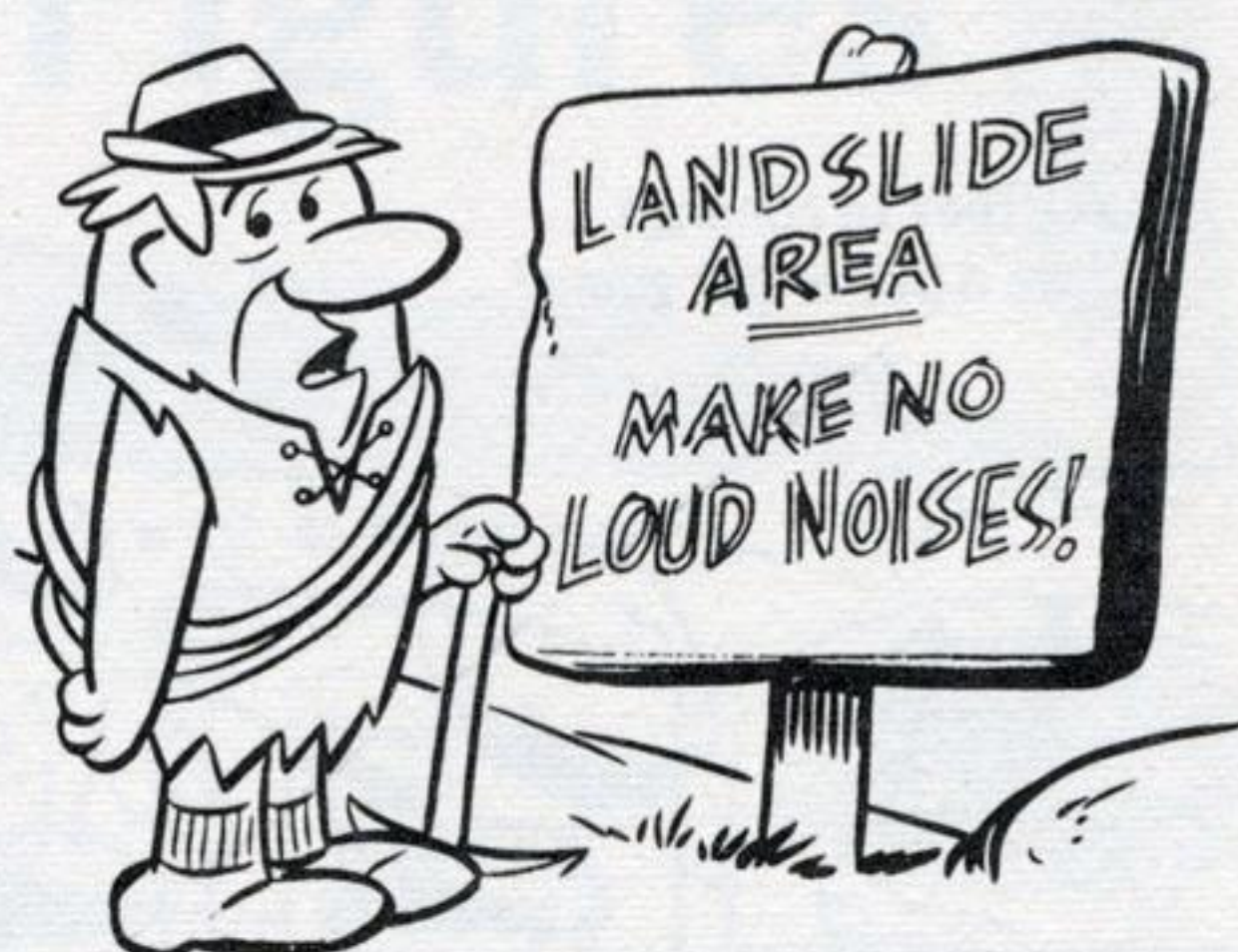
That's the spirit, pal!

Still later...

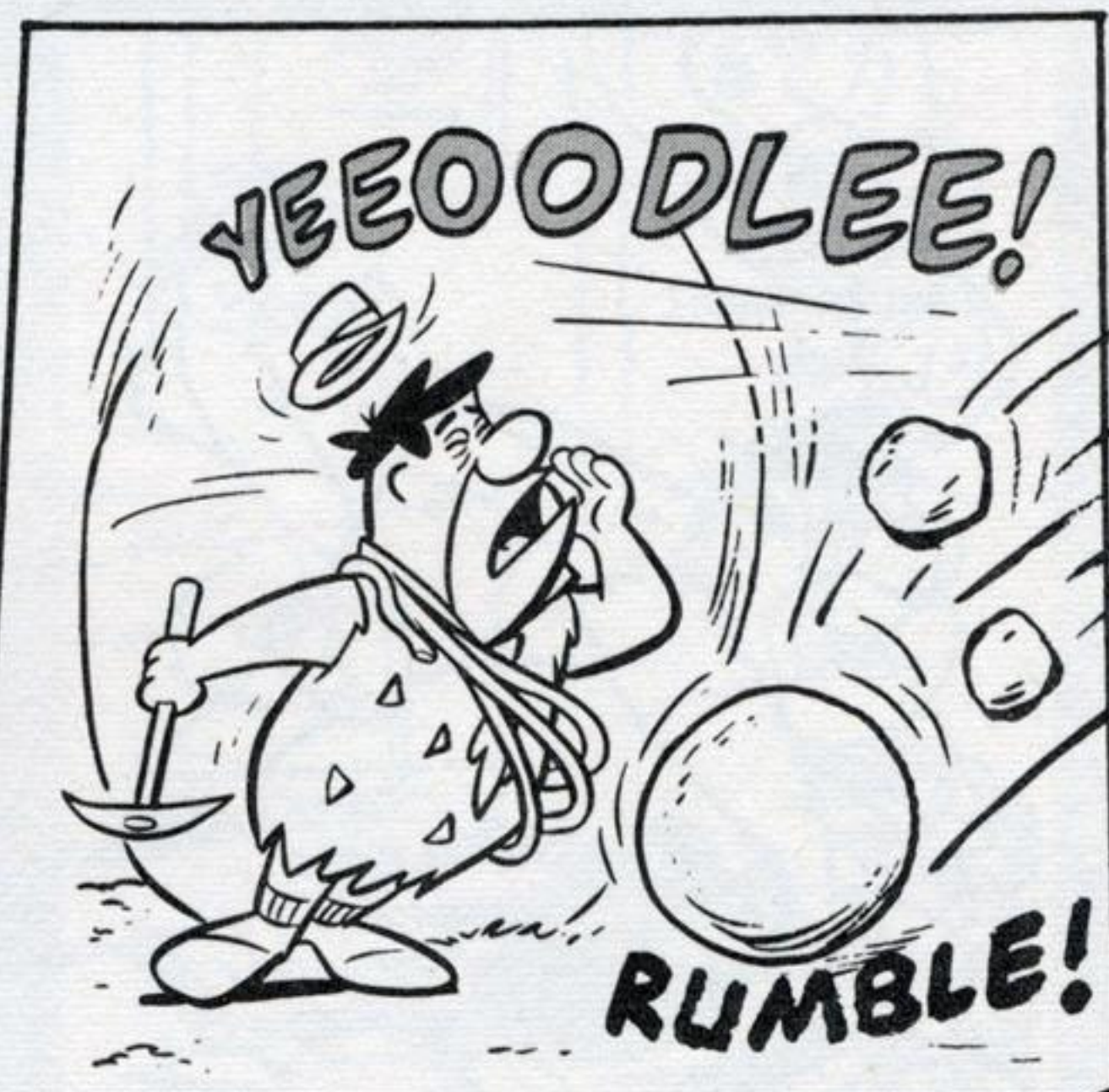
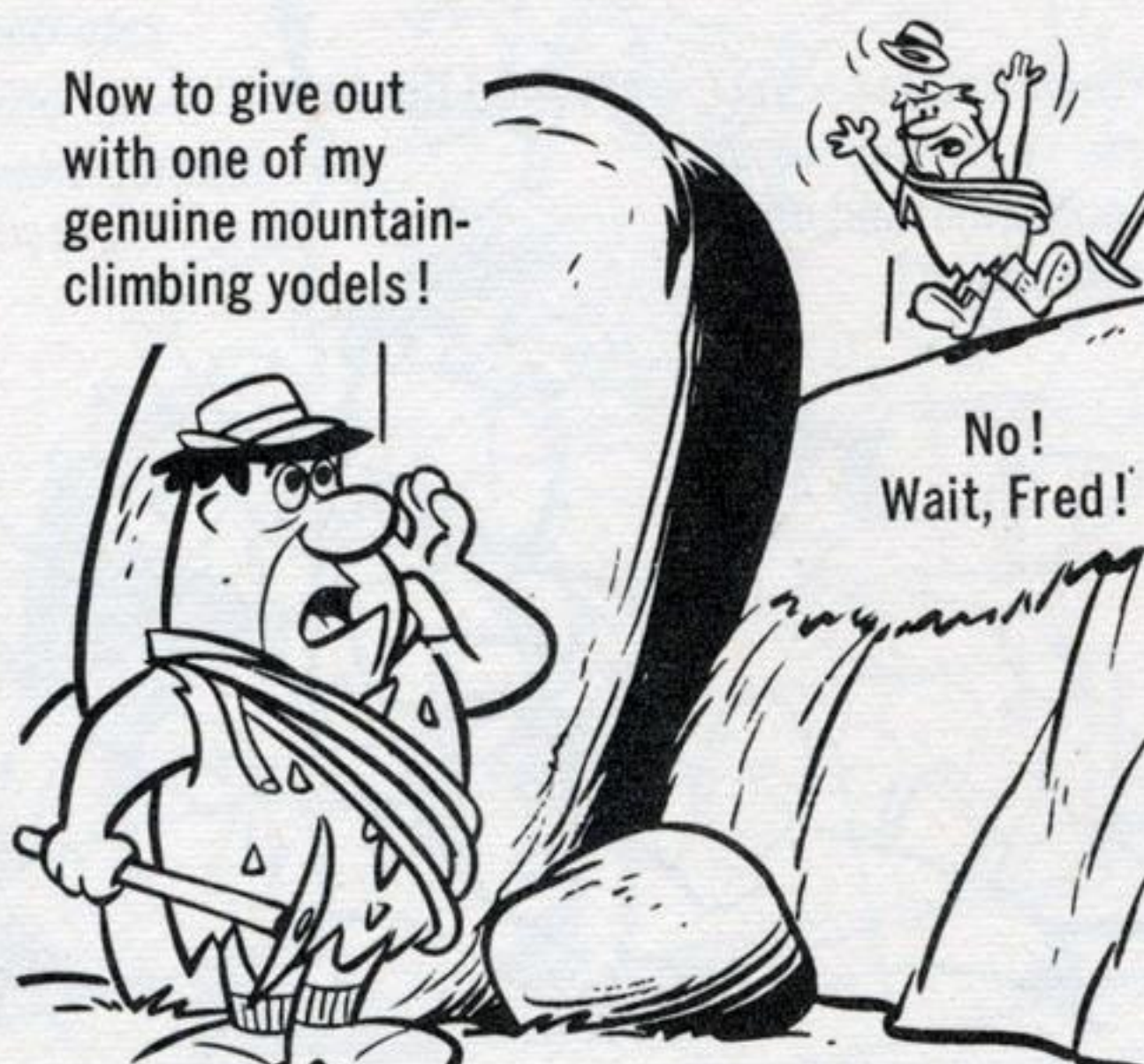
Ah! Surely nobody has ever been up here!



No sense telling Fred someone's been here, too! It would spoil his fun, and then he'd want to climb higher!



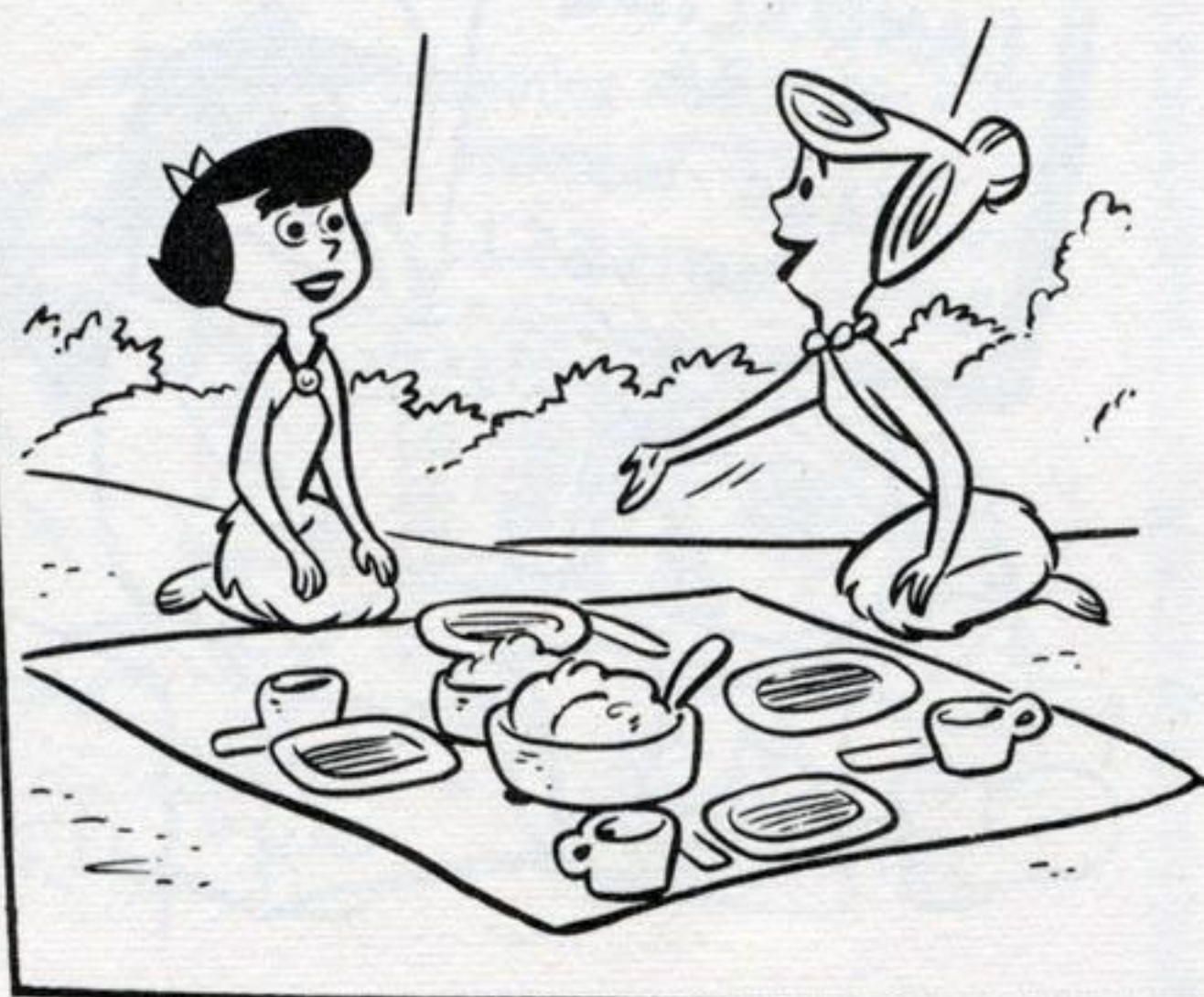
Now to give out with one of my genuine mountain-climbing yodels!



Meanwhile...

I wonder where the boys are! We can't wait much longer to eat!

Don't be worried! I know a way to bring them on the run!

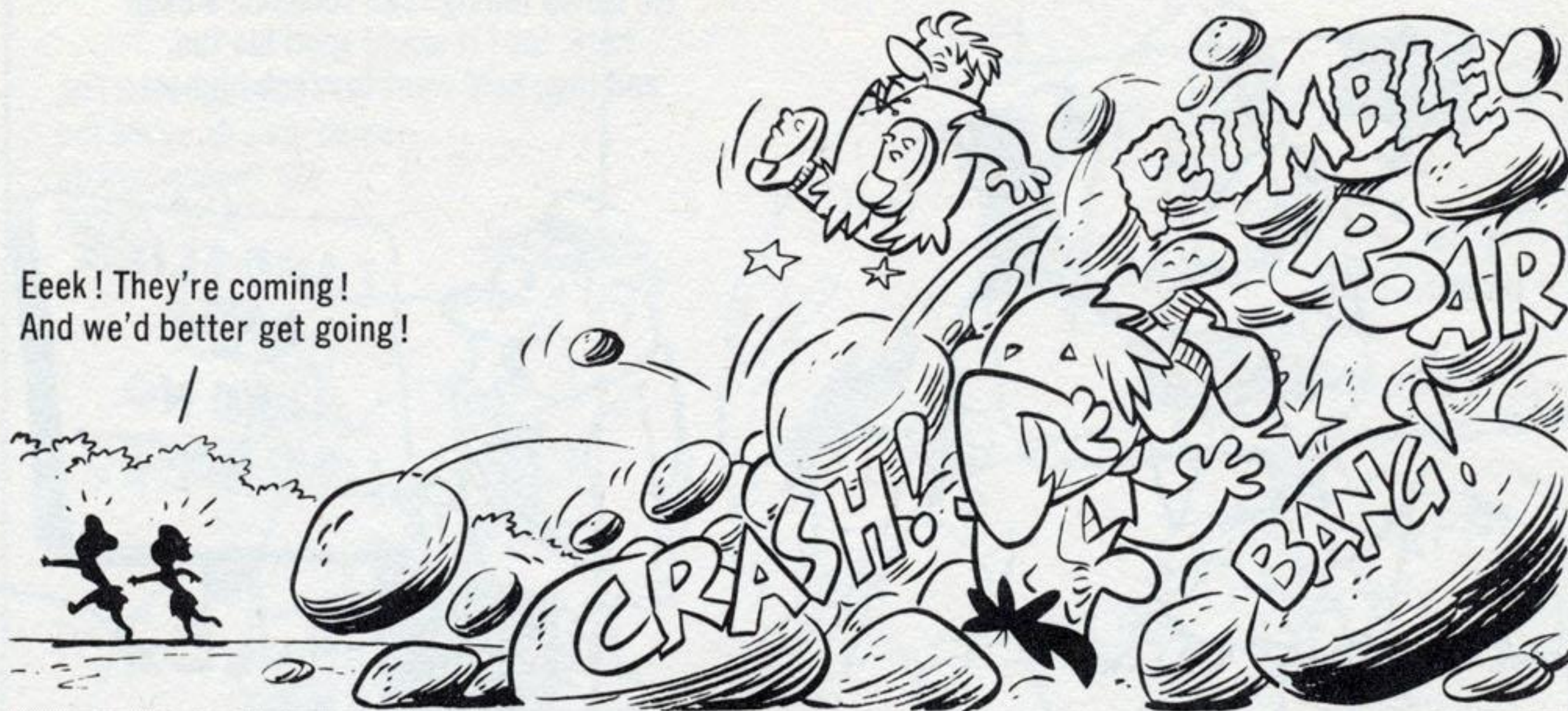


Fred! Barney! Soup's on!

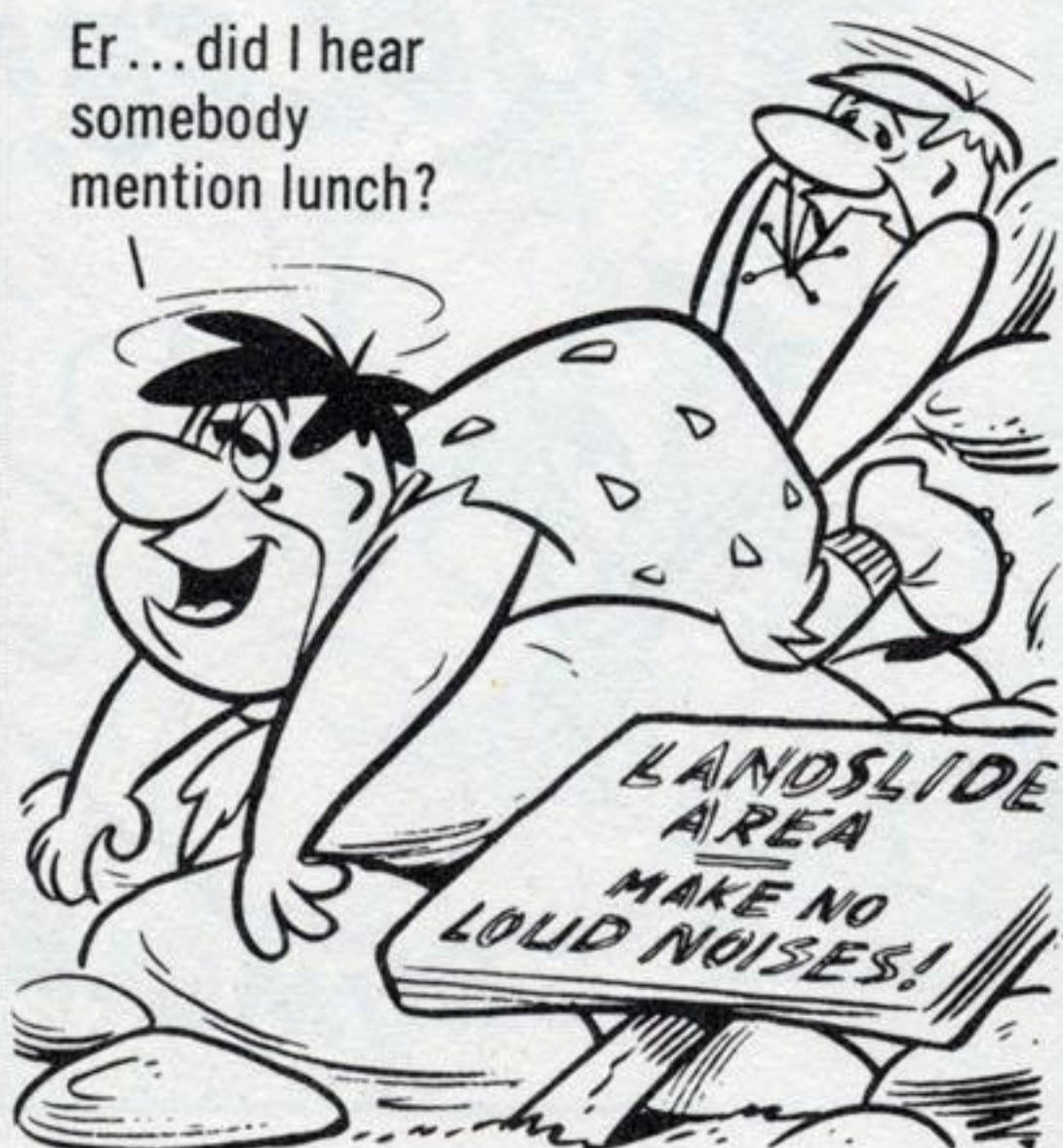
That should bring them!



Eek! They're coming!
And we'd better get going!



Er... did I hear
somebody
mention lunch?

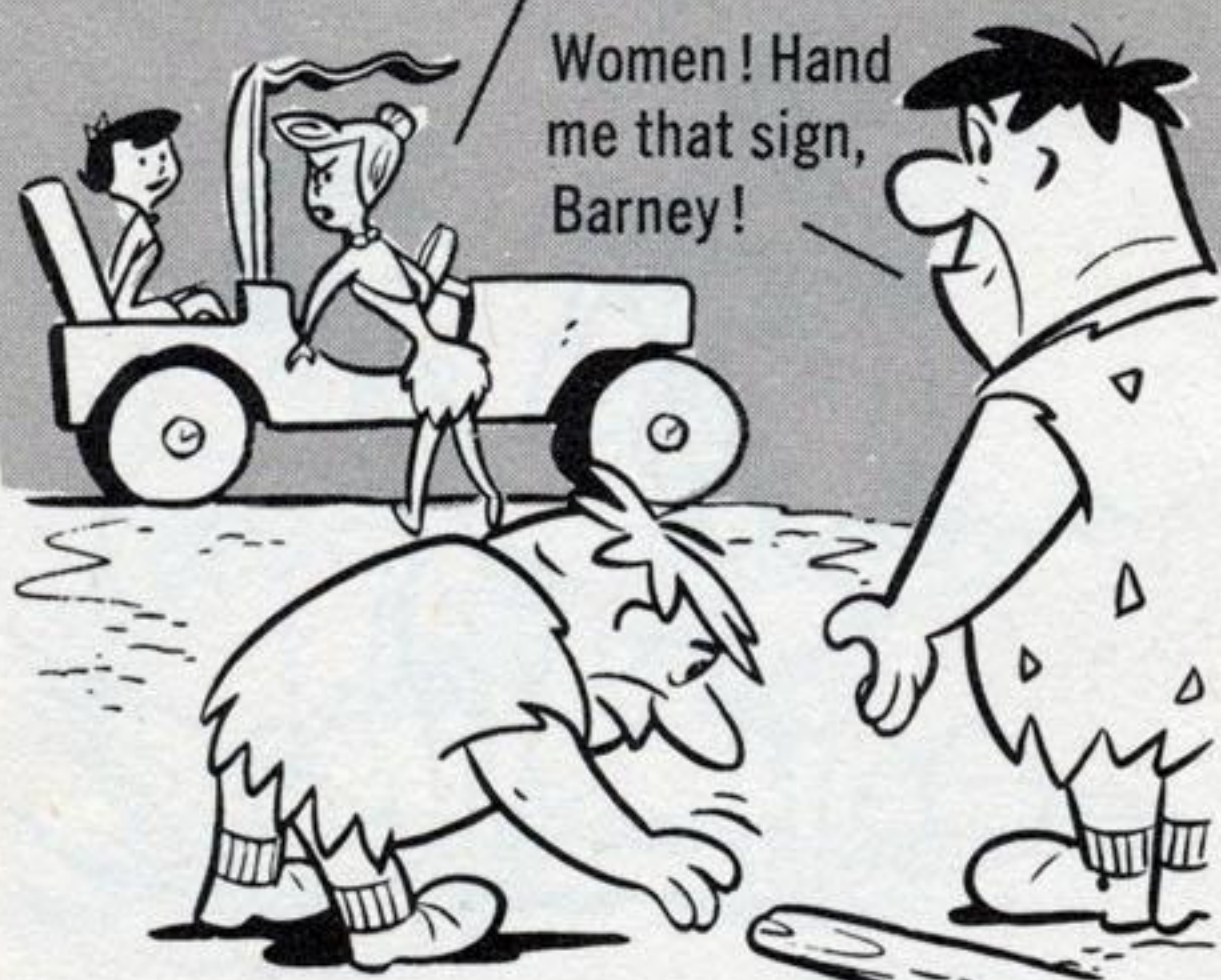


Fred Flintstone, you've crushed the lunch,
you've ruined our day,
you've messed up
everything!



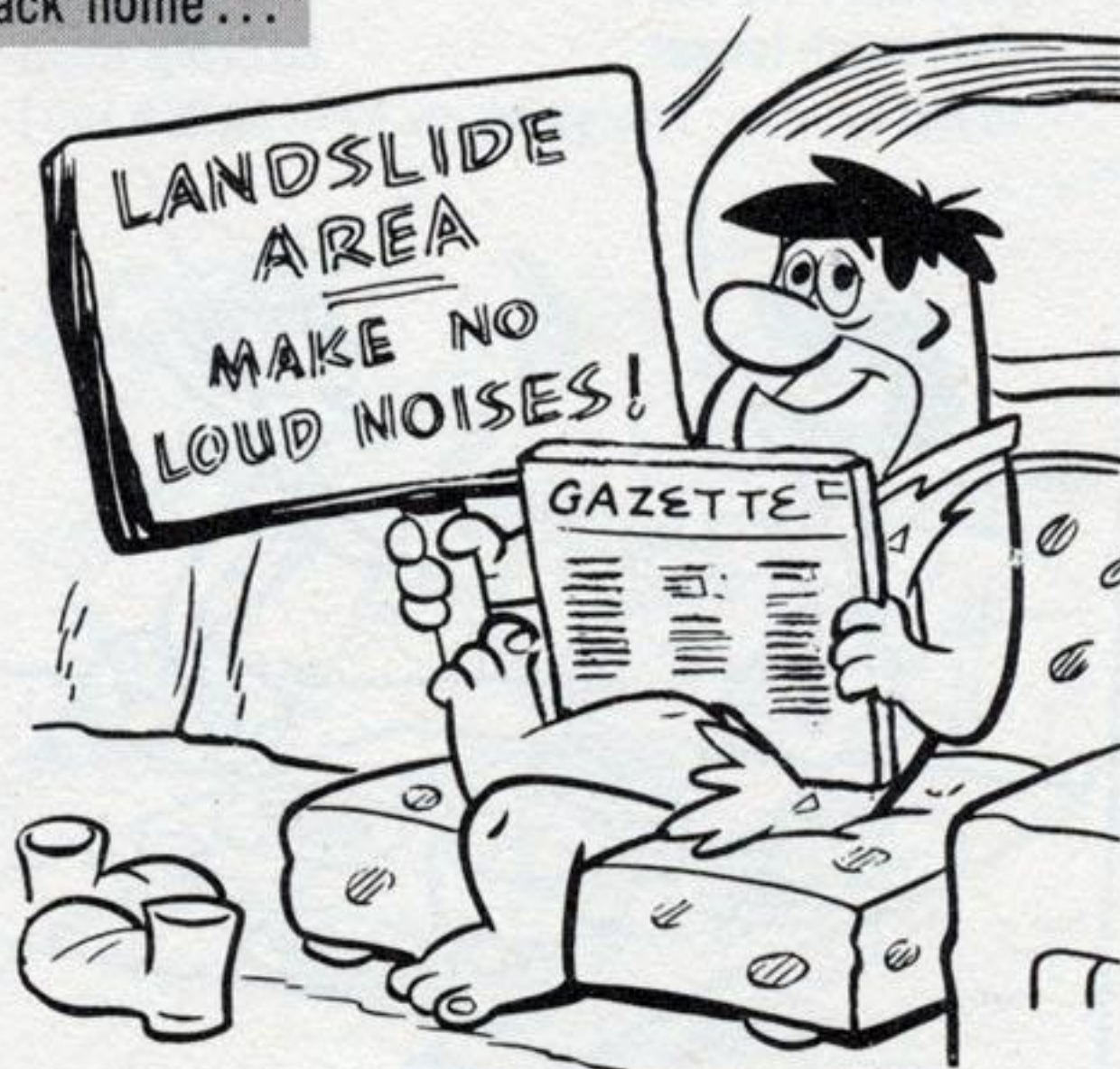
The same goes for you,
Barney!

Just wait till we get home! I'm
really going to tell you off!



Women! Hand
me that sign,
Barney!

Back home...

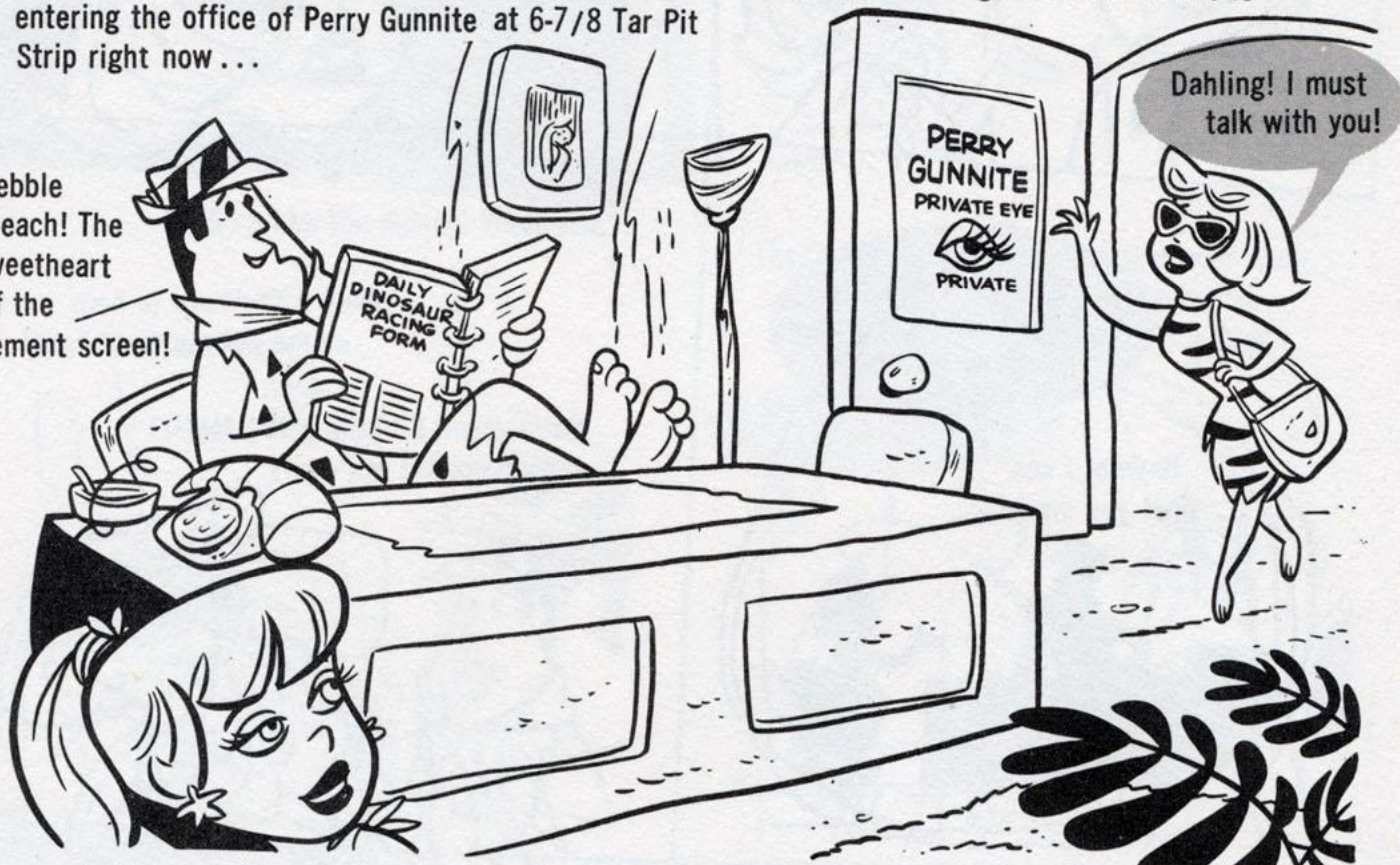


the end

Facts and Figures

Private Eyes don't always make a lot of money, but there are a lot of fringe benefits ... one is entering the office of Perry Gunnite at 6-7/8 Tar Pit Strip right now ...

Pebble Bleach! The sweetheart of the cement screen!



What's the problem, Miss Bleach?

Something of mine has been stolen! Oh, it's too awful for words!



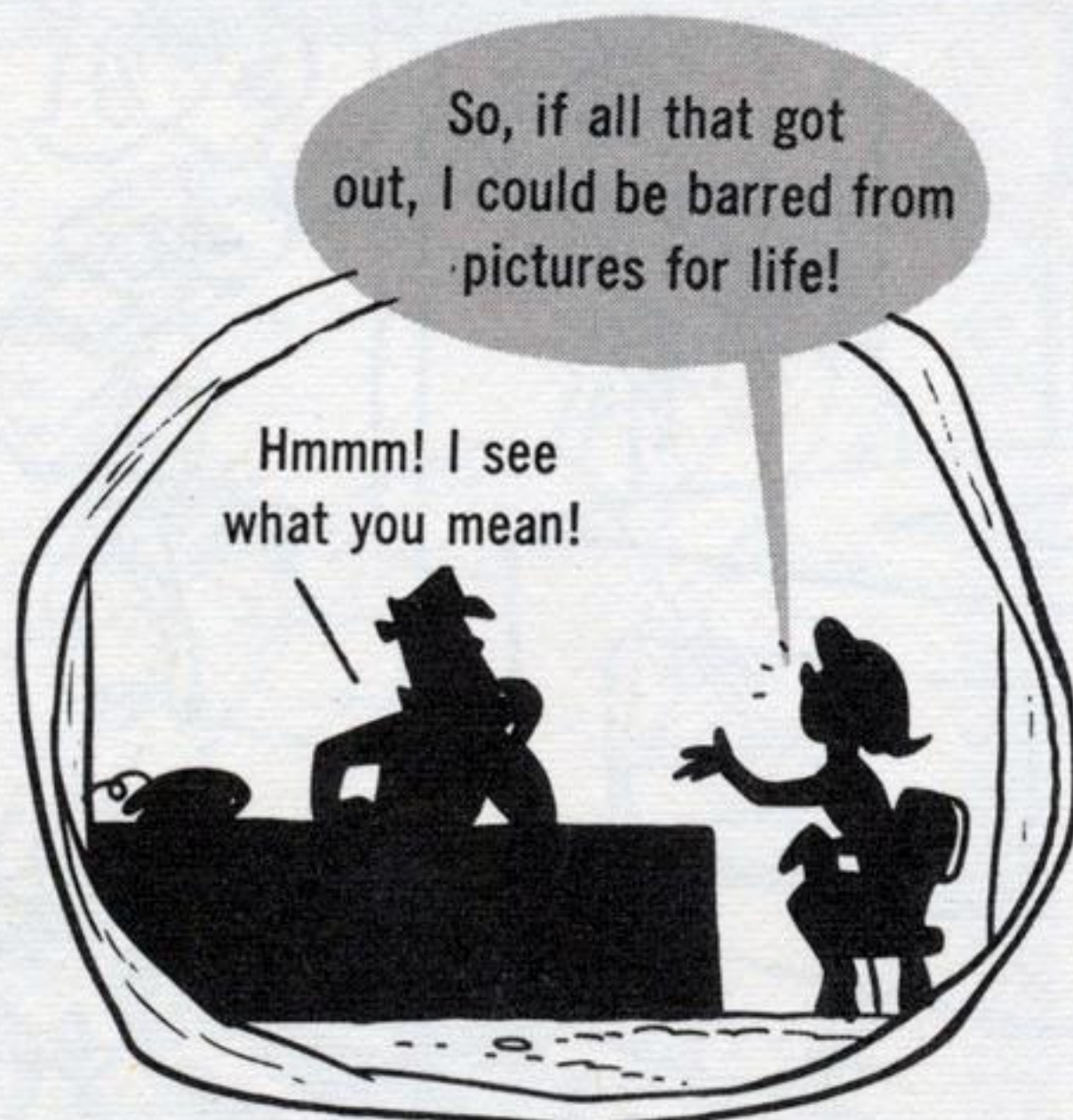
Gee, it must be something valuable! Your car? Jewels? Furs? Poodle?

No! (Sob!) Worse than any of those!





That's because you haven't seen my diary! I write everything I know about Hollyrock in it! It's all about famous directors, writers, and my leading men!



(Sniff!) You have to help me get my diary back!

Calm down! I'll take your case! Your worries are over!



Shortly, at Pebble's penthouse apartment in the Rocky Arms ...



Ouch! I think I've stumbled
onto an important clue!

Stumbled is right! It's
some kind of note!



Hmmm! "Meet me at
two in Marble Park with
ten grand, and you can
have your diary back!"

Eek! Blackmail!
What shall I do?



Give him the money! What else?

For this information
I need
a private eye?



That's just to make sure you get your diary
back! Once it's safe in your hands,
I can go about tracking down the thief!

I guess you're right!



Naturally! You don't
want to risk his giving your diary to the
wrong people! It's best not to try and
nab him until we have the diary!



Gee... but, ten thousand dollars!
I guess I'll have to cancel my
beauty shop appointments
for a month!

Tough! But you'll get your money
back as soon as I track
down the crook!



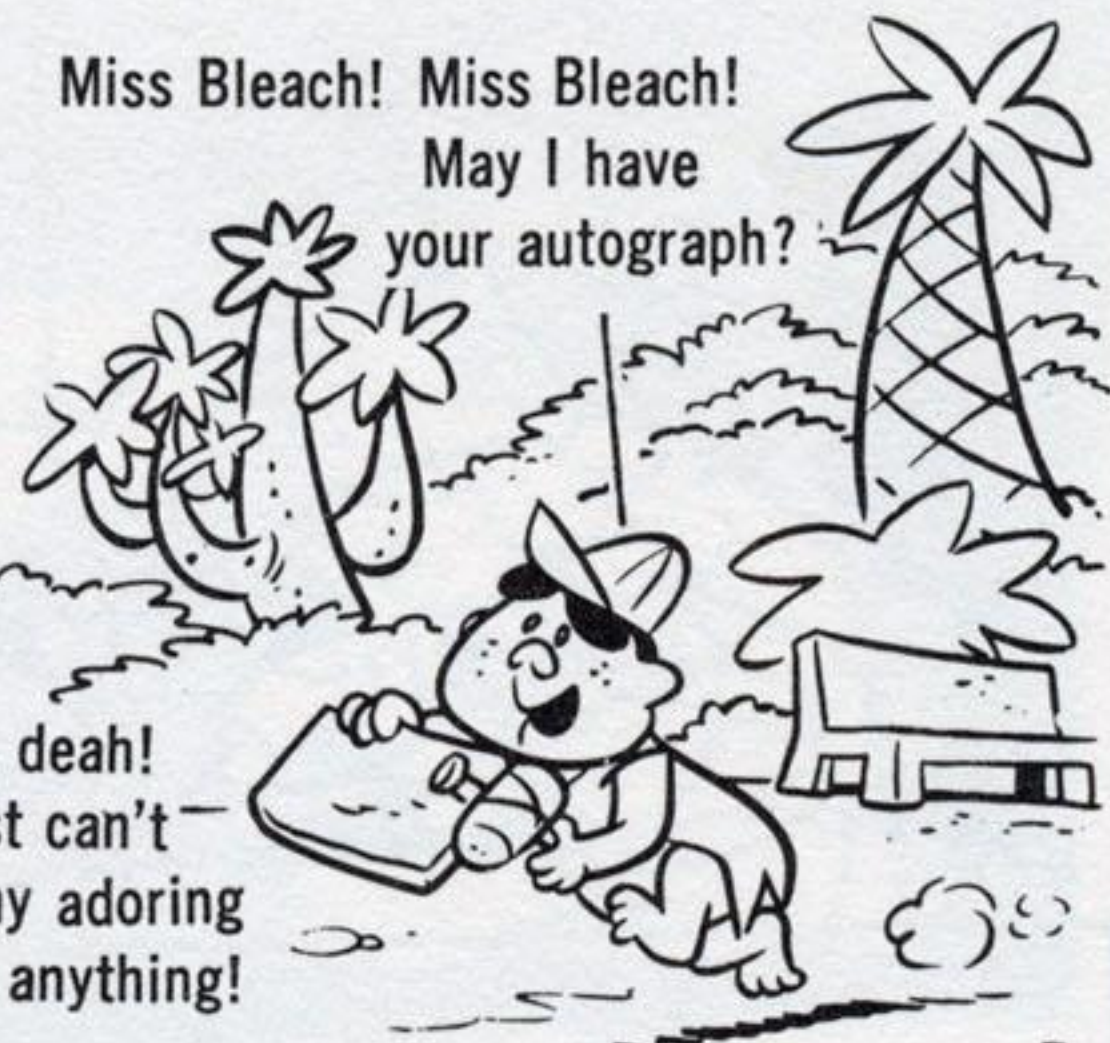
Soon, Pebble and Perry are on their way to Marble Park with ten thousand smackeros . . .

We'd better hurry! It's almost two!



Miss Bleach! Miss Bleach!
May I have
your autograph?

Oh, deah!
I just can't
deny my adoring
public anything!



Best of luck to a sweet
young man . . . Pebble Bleach!

Wow!

TAP!
TAP!
TAP!



Er . . . are you sure that's
what it says?

Of
course!



Do you always
write like that?

Naturally!
The bigger the star,
the less you can read
her writing!
It's practically a rule
of show biz!



Heh, heh! I have a
feeling your troubles are over! You can keep
your money in your purse!

Whatever do
you mean?



I'll explain later! Now, I wonder where that diary-napper is!



Right here!
Don't move!

I've got the diary!
Have you got the dough?

No! We just came to tell you to do
what you want
with the diary!
We're not
giving you
a cent!



Give a guy a break! Make it
five grand!

Nope! Show it
to the
world!



A thousand?

No!

Five hundred?

No!

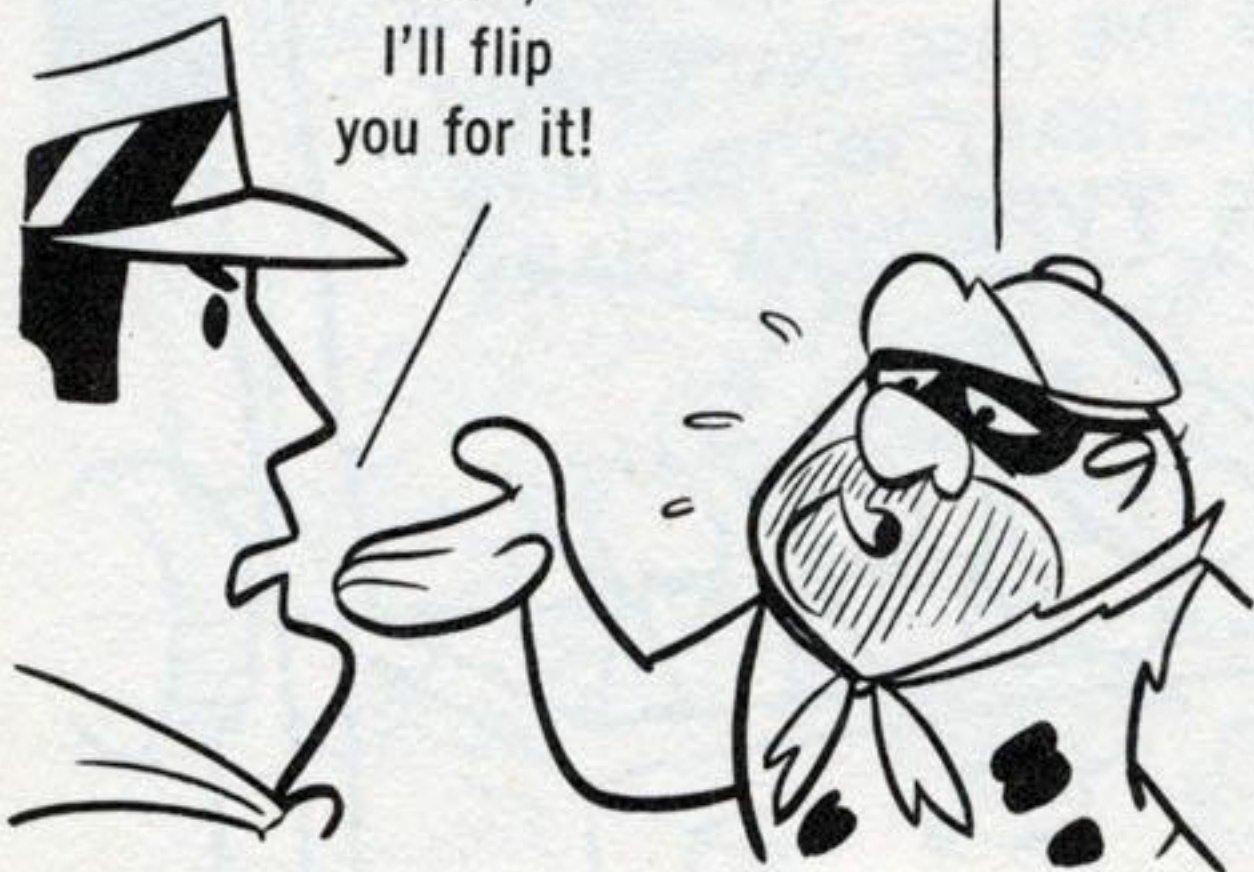
Ten bucks?

No!



Look, I spent my last cent
getting down here!
Give me bus fare and
you can have the diary!

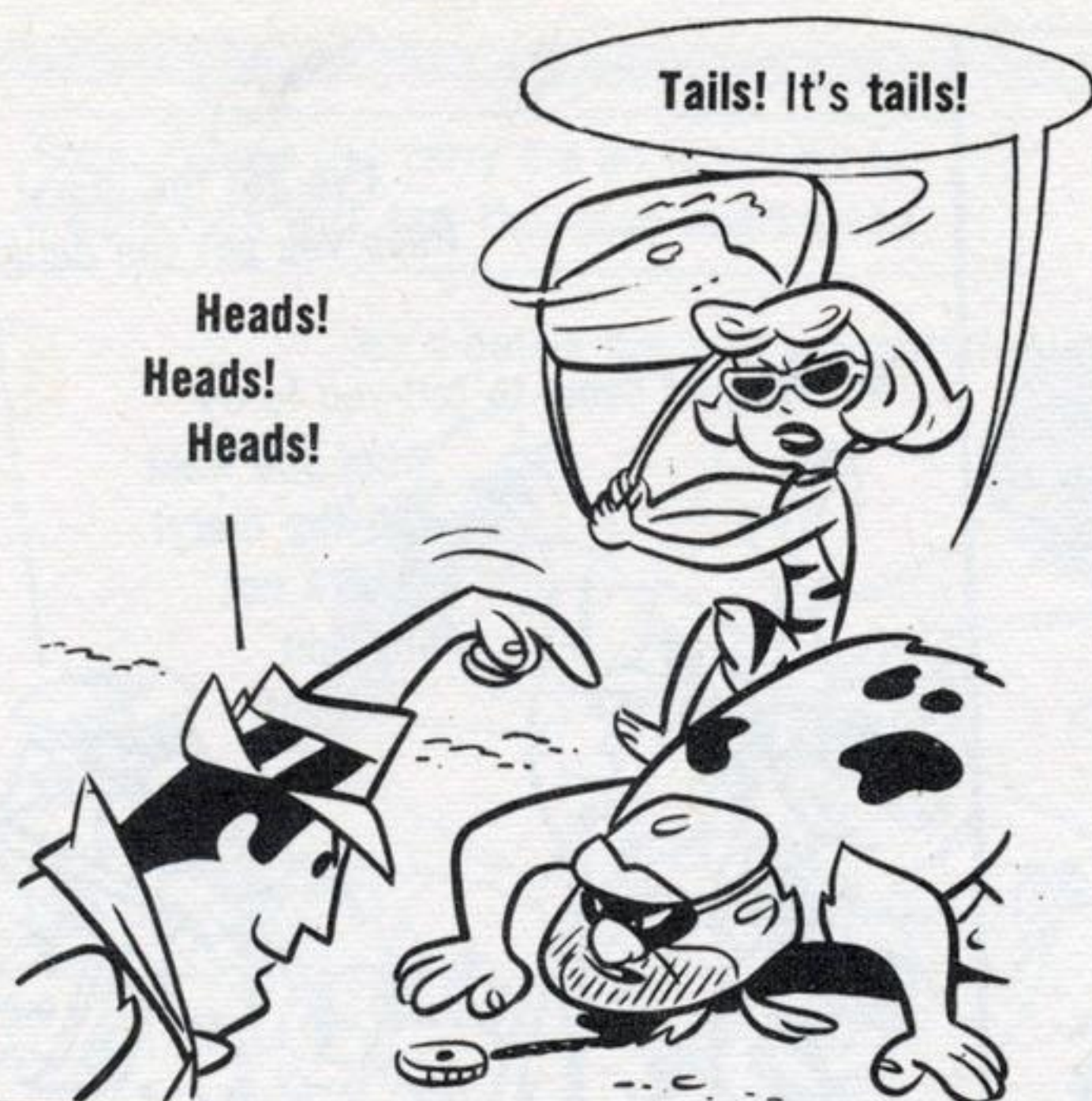
Well,
I'll flip
you for it!



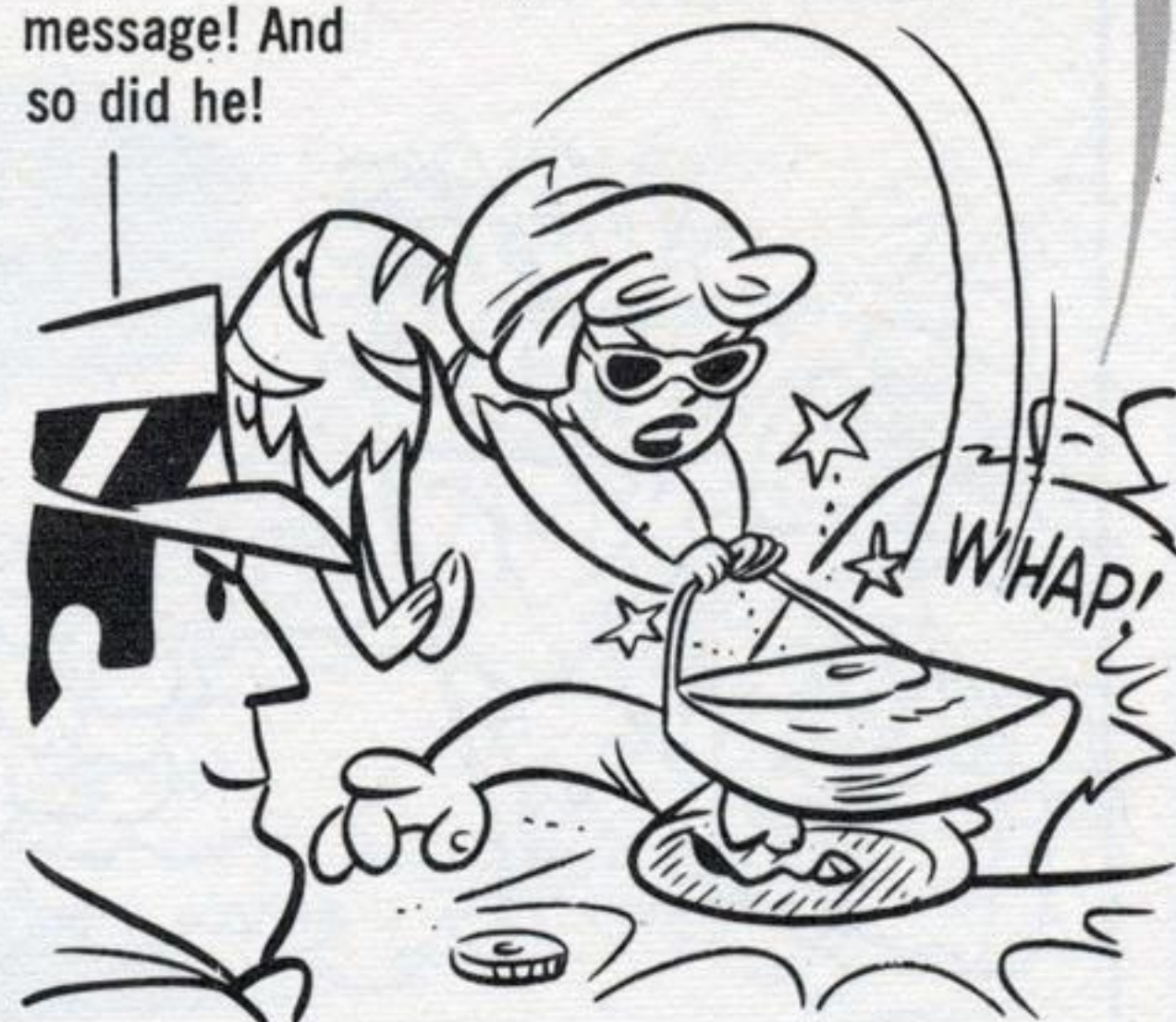
It's a deal! Tails!

Sorry, it looks like heads!





Heh, heh! I see you got the message! And so did he!



You saved my money and the diary, but weren't you taking an awful chance not giving him the money? He might have taken the diary to some paper or something!

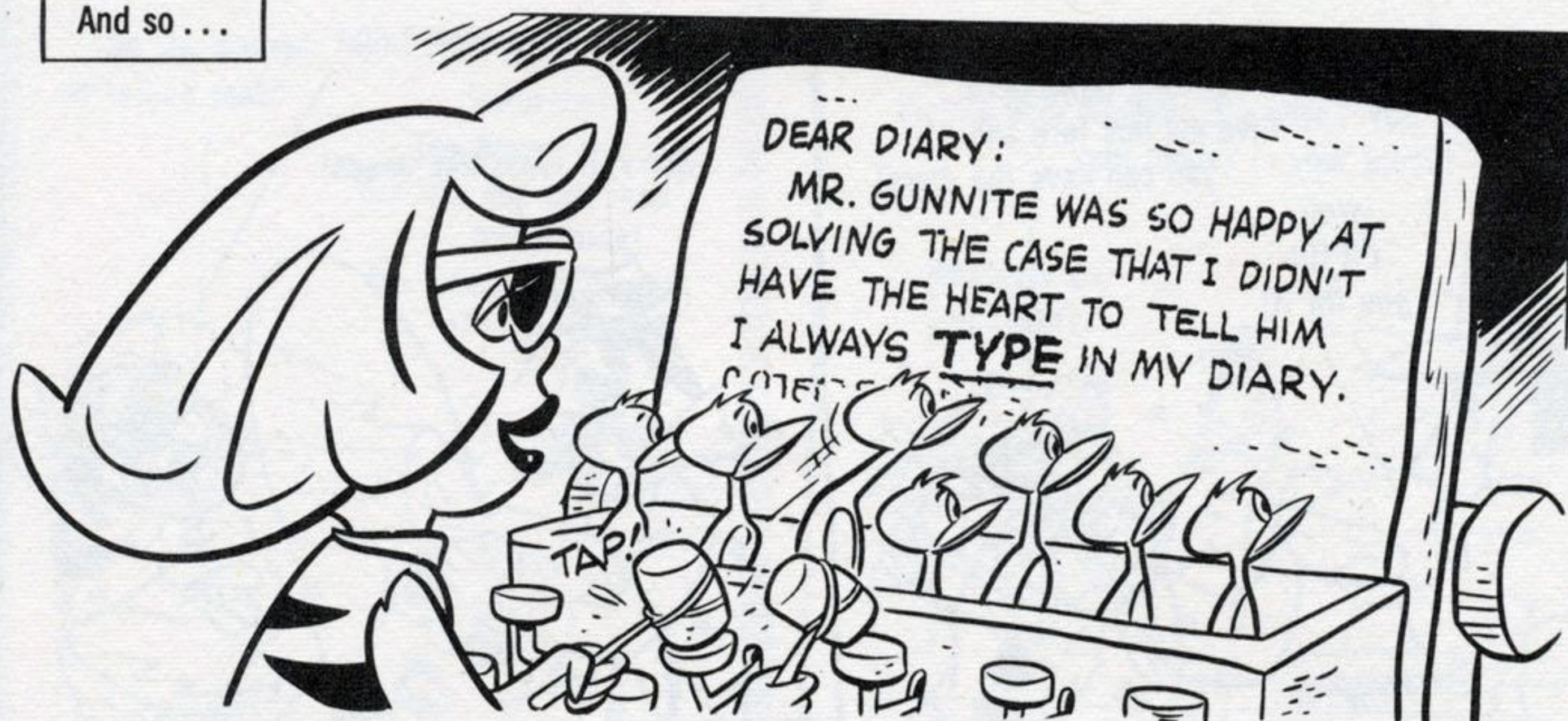
It would make no difference!



One look at your handwriting convinced me that nobody could ever read what you wrote in there, anyway! Pretty keen, eh? I should have my own television show!



And so ...



the End

by Wilma Flintstone

A black and white cartoon illustration. On the right, a cavewoman with a large, ornate hair bun and a necklace is riding a dinosaur. She is holding a spear and a net. The dinosaur is running towards the left with a determined expression. On the left, a caveman with a small tuft of hair and a loincloth is running away from the dinosaur, looking back over his shoulder with a worried expression. There are motion lines around both characters to indicate they are running quickly.

Fred's choice of neckties
was a dastardly disgrace!



But now, he thinks the good fairy changes
them at night!



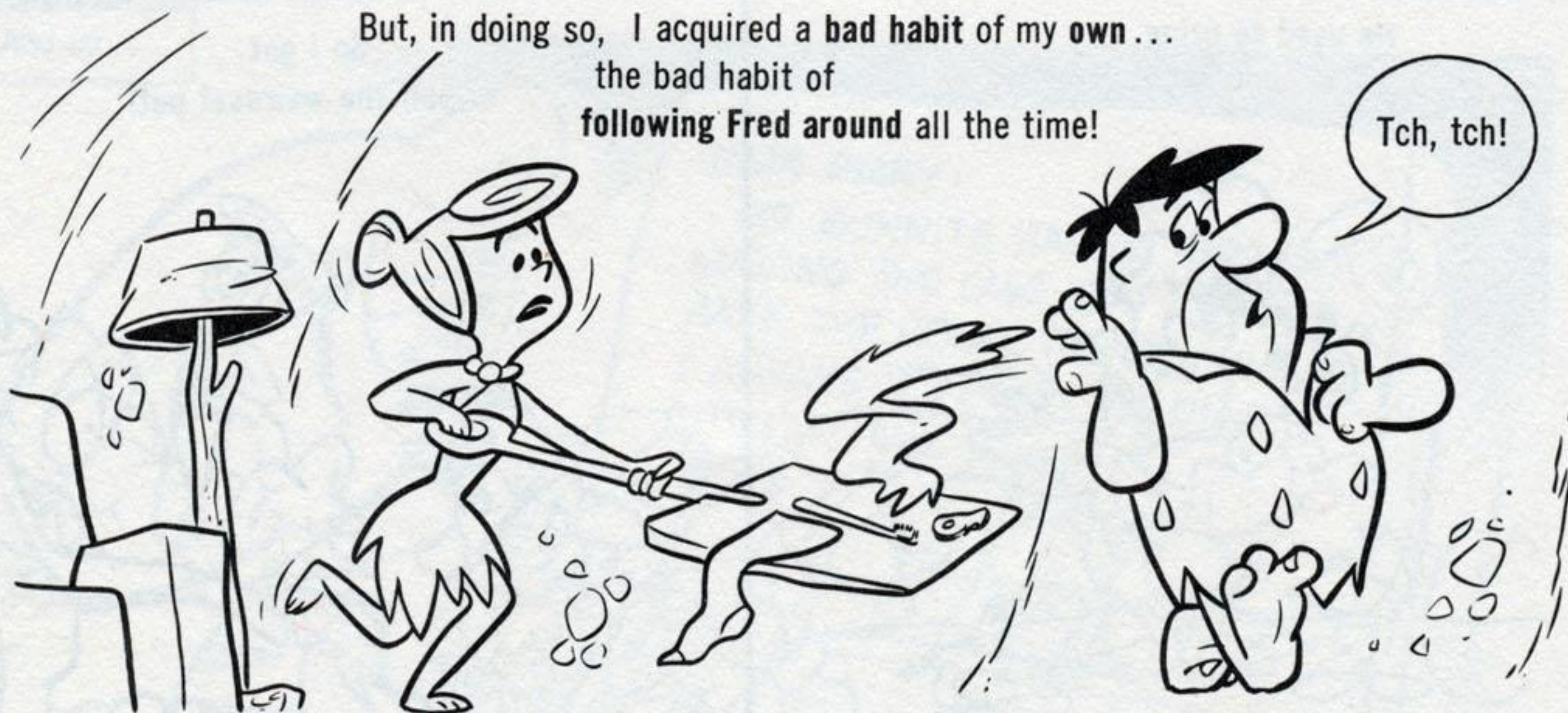
But, worst of all, he used to drop
things all
over the cave!



Well, naturally, I was able to
think of a way to break
that bad habit!...



But, in doing so, I acquired a **bad habit** of my own...
the bad habit of
following Fred around all the time!



Buying A LEMON

WHAT YOU AUTO-KNOW
ABOUT BUYING
AN ABUSED CAR!

1

Flash cash and you're sunk!
Hide it out of the salesman's
sight and you're safe!



2

Don't act too eager to buy!
Play hard-to-get-onto-the-lot!



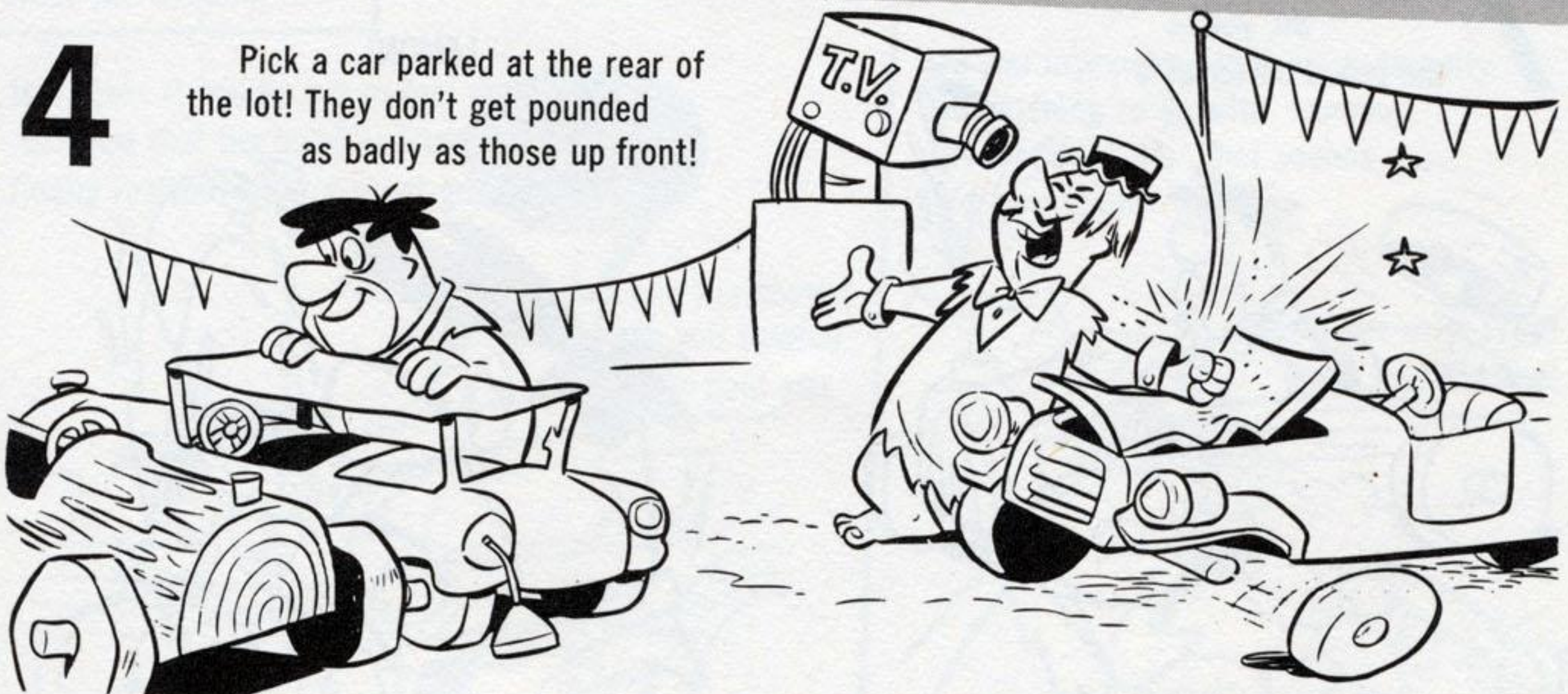
3

Then, beware of the shiny models!
They blind you to the car's faults!



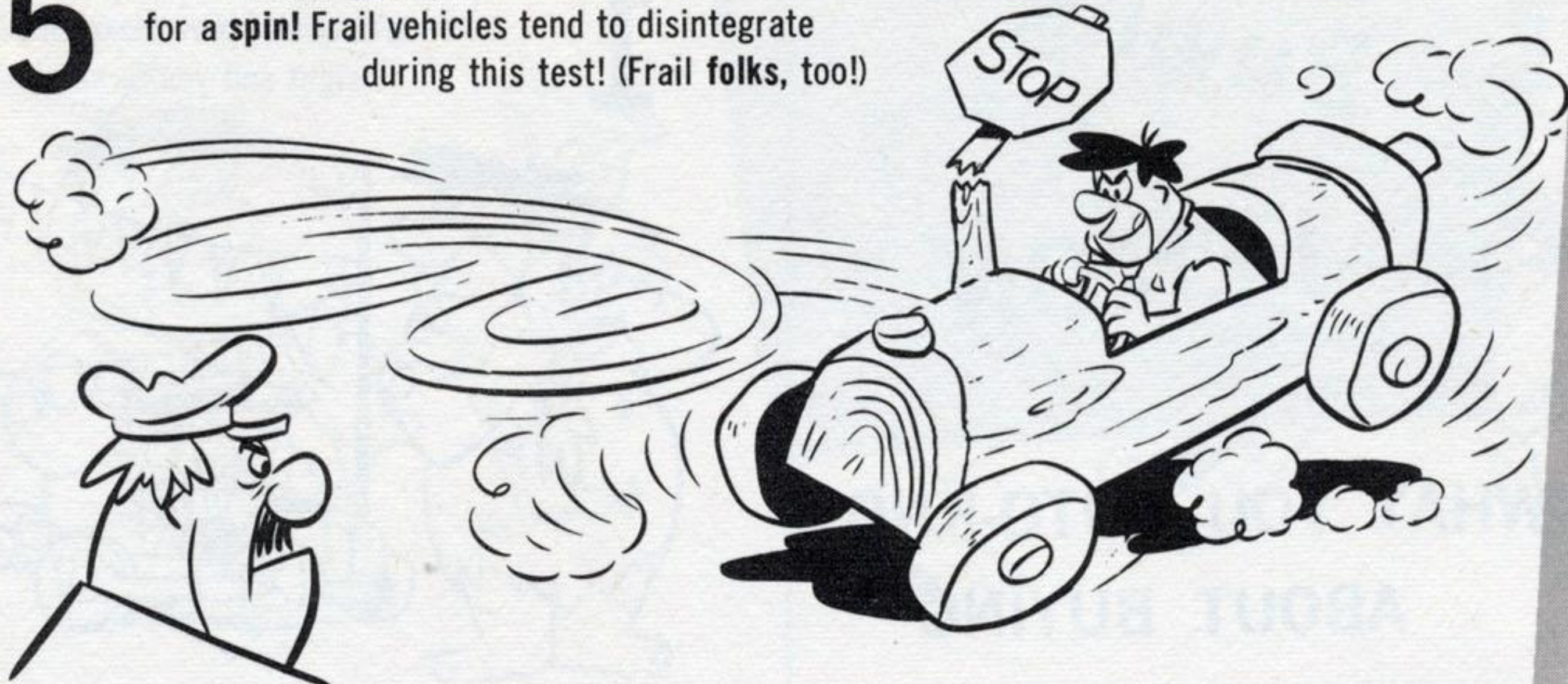
4

Pick a car parked at the rear of
the lot! They don't get pounded
as badly as those up front!



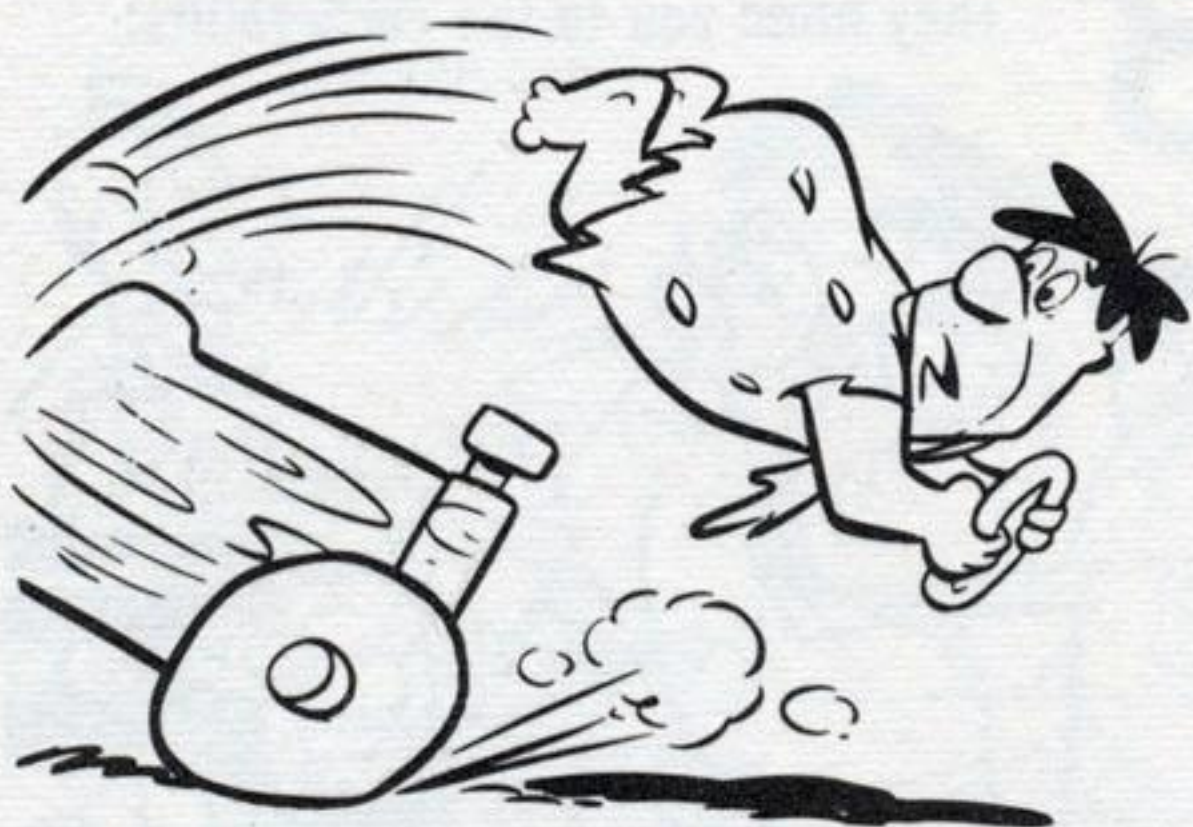
5

Finally, take it
for a **spin**! Frail vehicles tend to disintegrate
during this test! (Frail folks, too!)

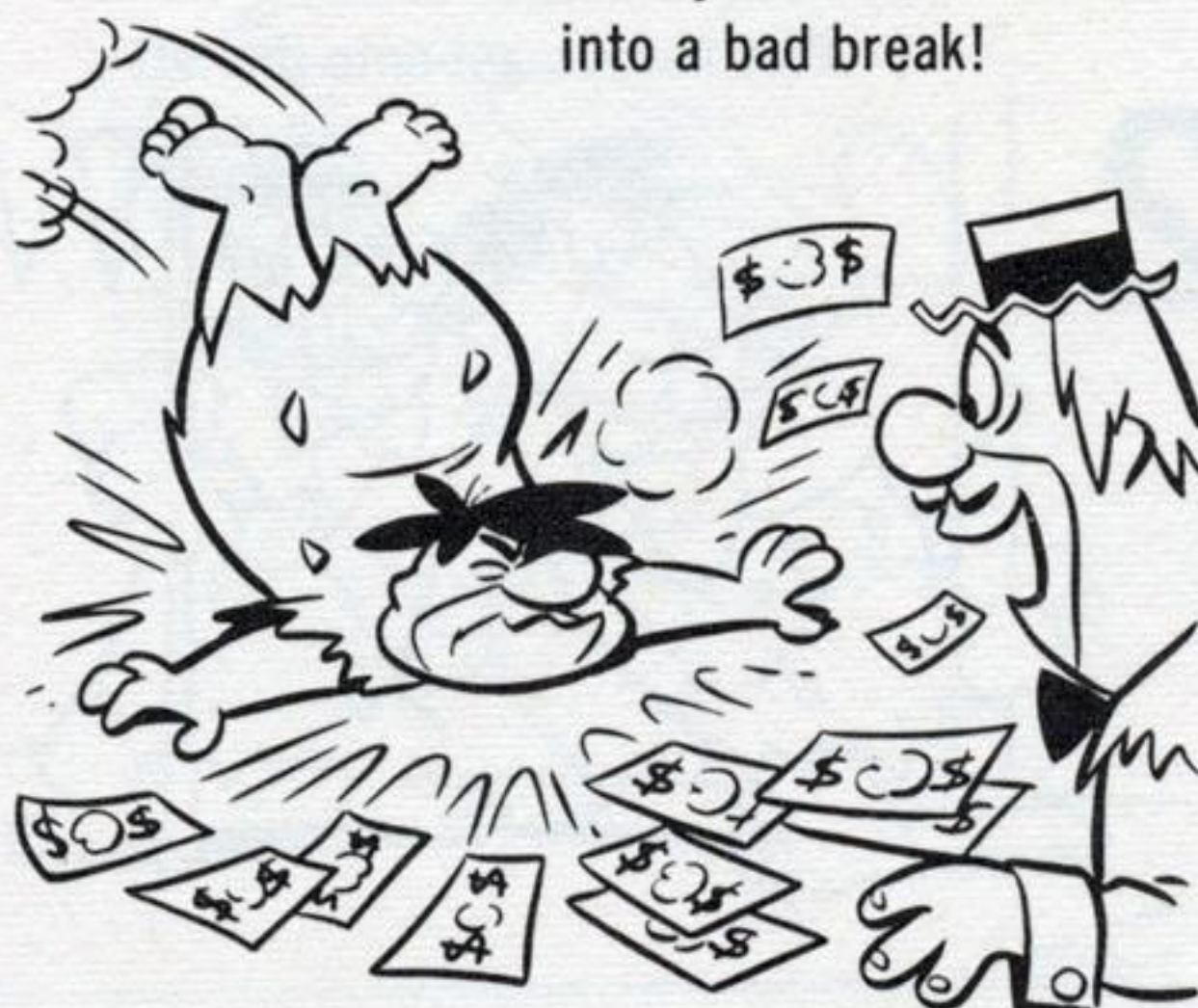


6

Good brakes
are important...

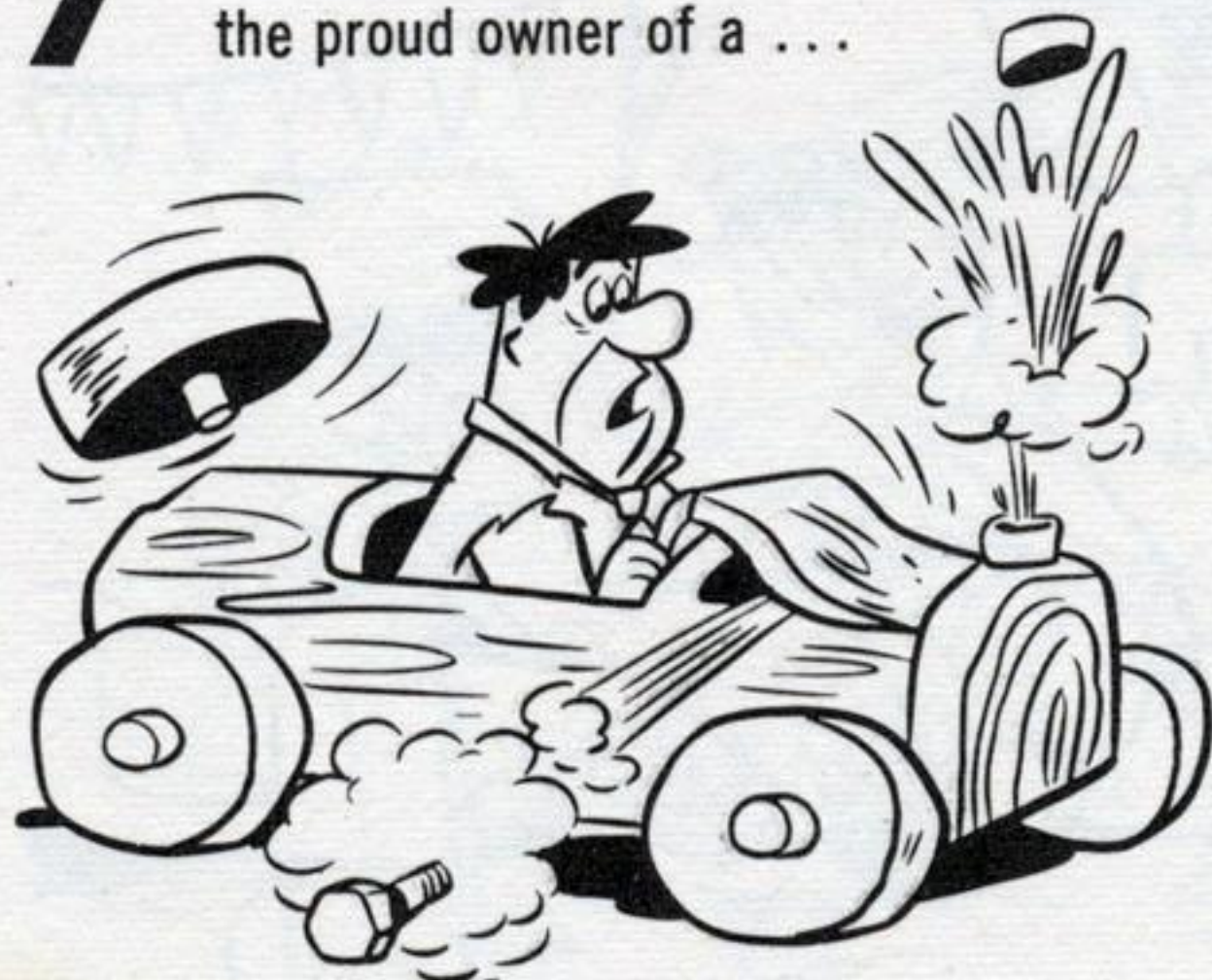


But they can turn
into a bad break!

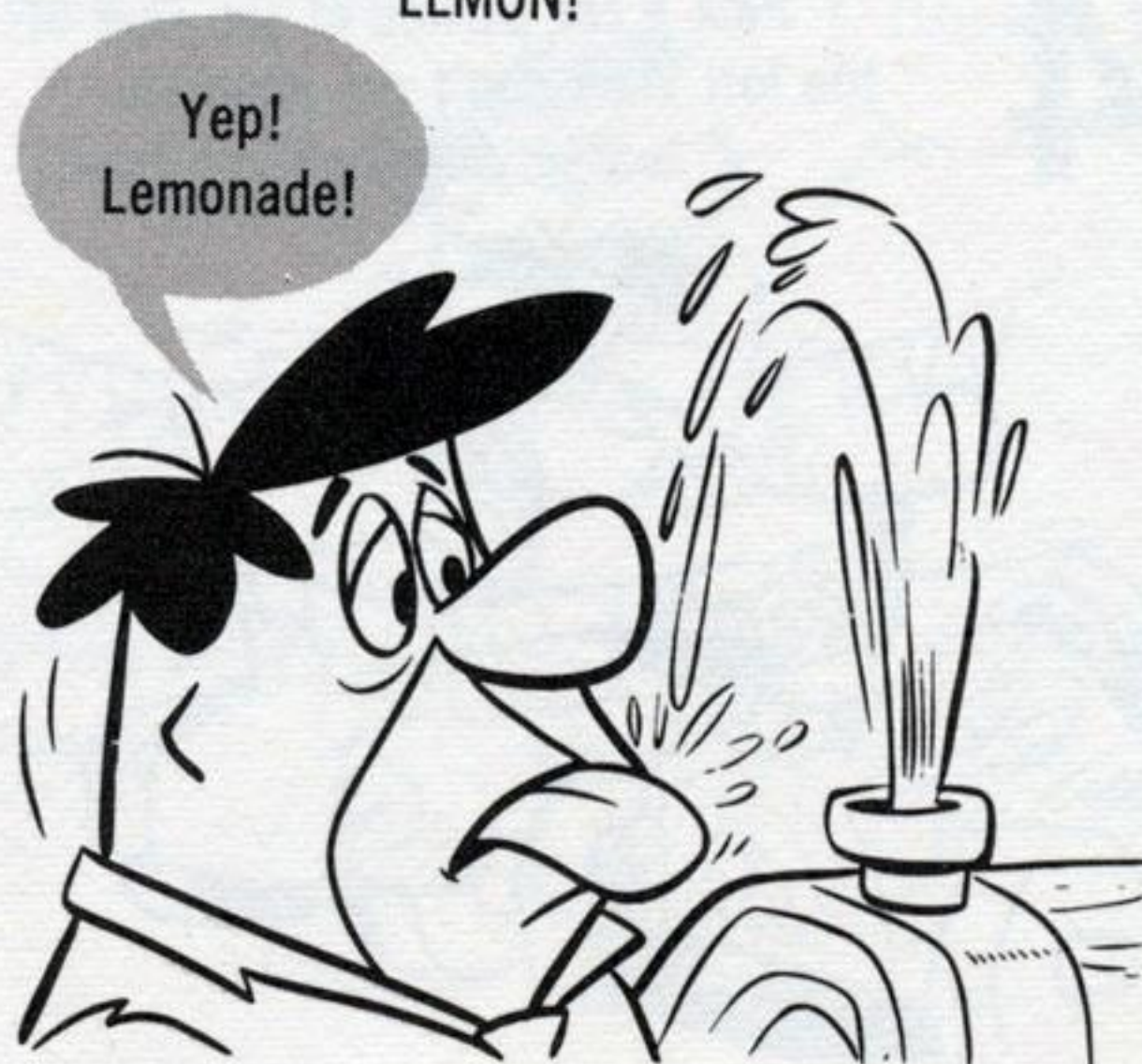


7

So, you're
the proud owner of a ...

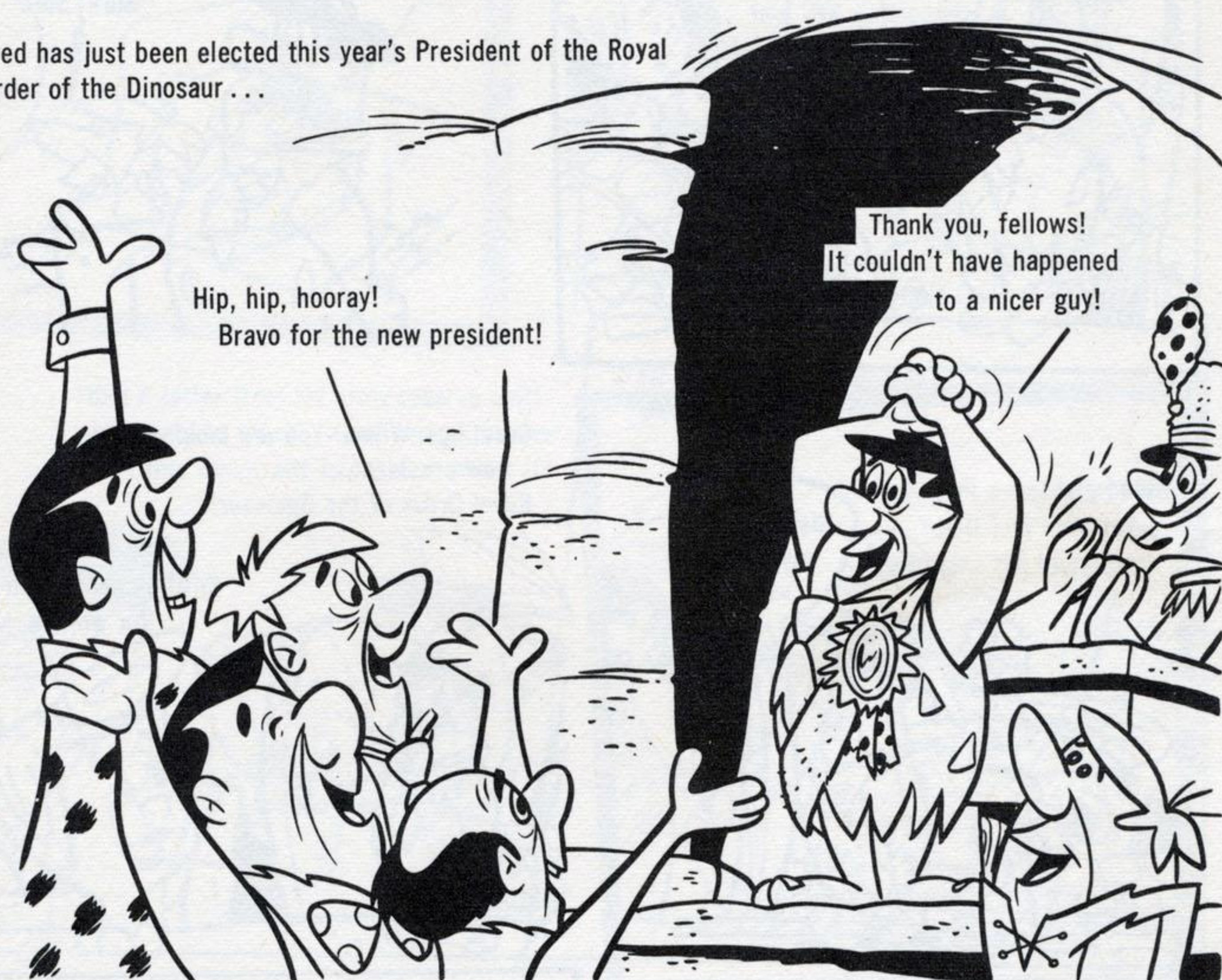


LEMON!



Three stripes and you're OUT

Fred has just been elected this year's President of the Royal Order of the Dinosaur . . .



After the meeting . . .

Heh, heh! It makes a man feel good to know that his buddies have finally realized what a great guy he is!

Yeah! All those lunches you bought and bowling games you treated to really paid off!

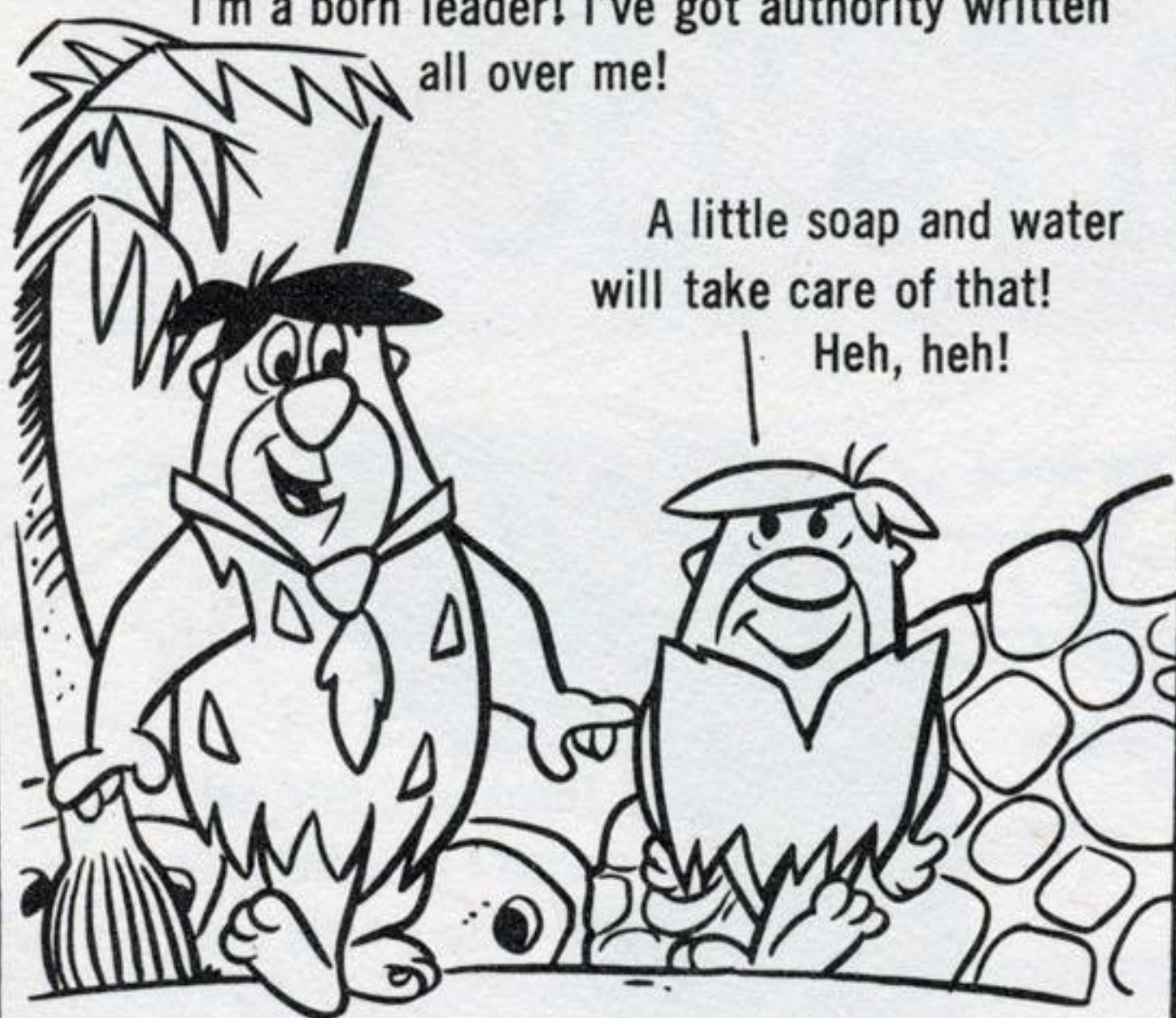


Are you insinuating that my generosity had anything to do with winning the election? Ha! That sounds like sour grapes to me!

Don't get sore, Fred! I was just kidding!

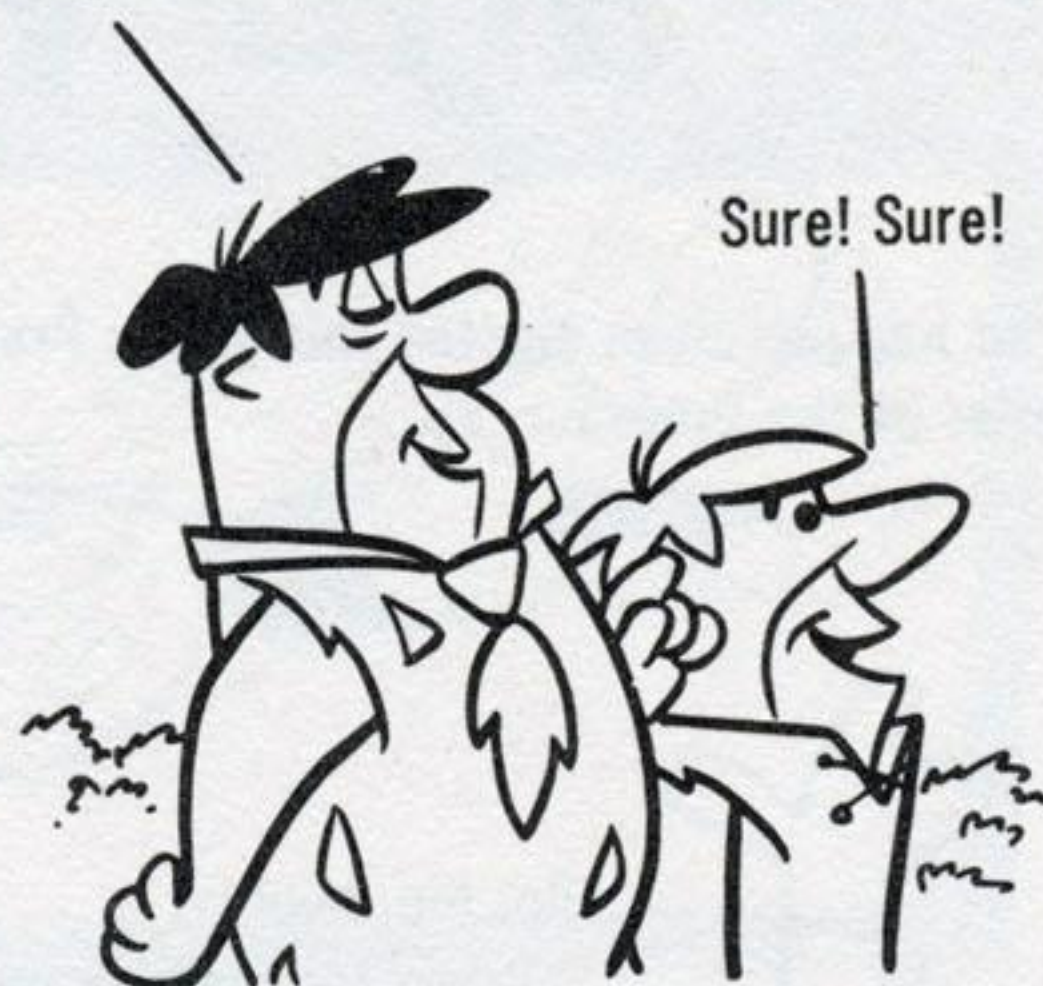


You see, pal, you don't understand
the natural superiority and command of some men!
I'm a born leader! I've got authority written
all over me!



A little soap and water
will take care of that!
Heh, heh!

Go ahead and laugh!
I know how you must feel!
It's always tough for followers
like you to accept the
authority of us leaders!



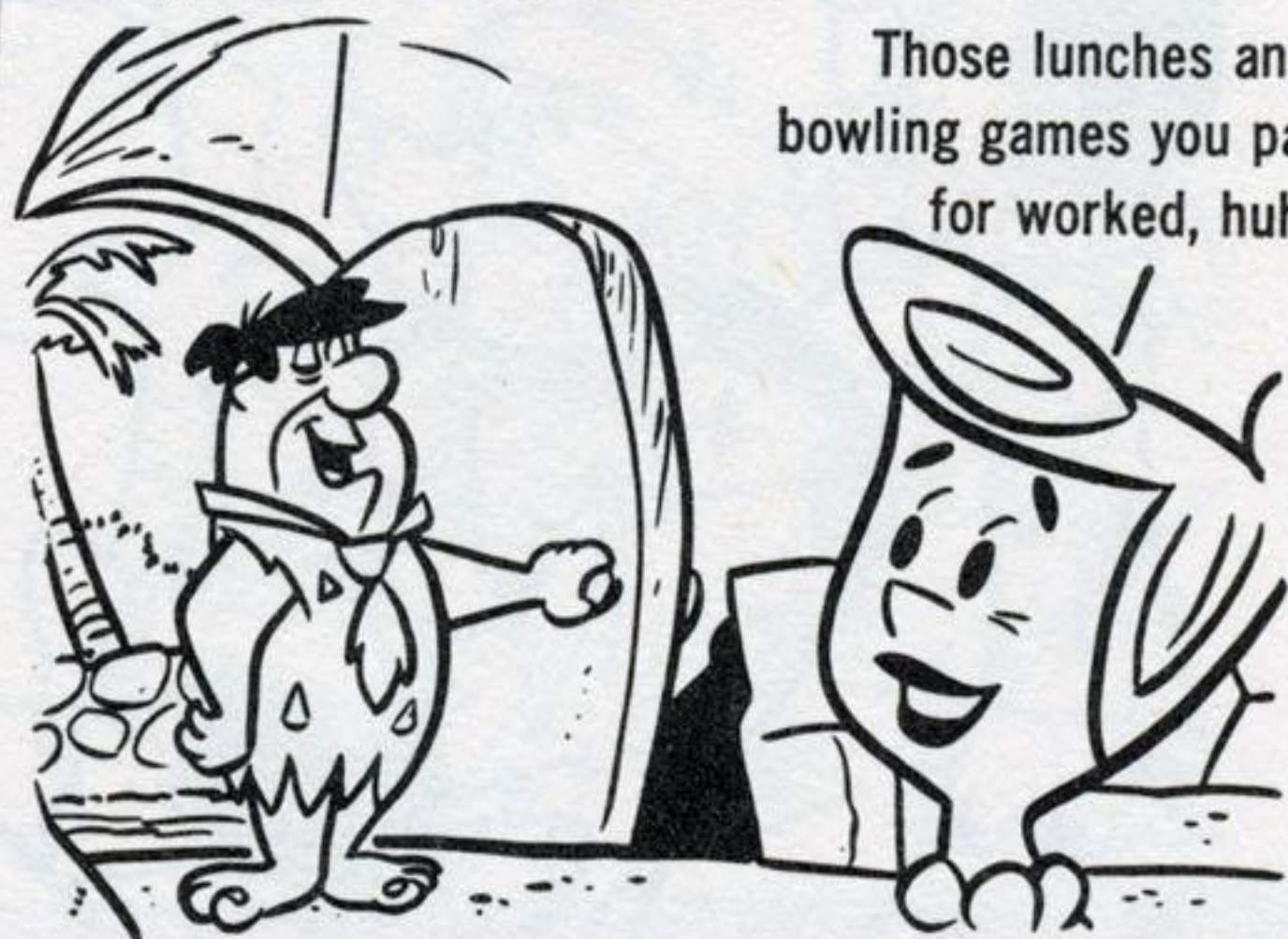
Sure! Sure!

Good night,
Your
Majesty!



Sleep well,
my humble
subject!

Greetings, Wilma! You are looking at the
new president of the
Royal Order of the Dinosaur!



Those lunches and
bowling games you paid
for worked, huh?

Bah! You and Barney
are just alike! You
don't recognize leadership
when you see it!

How would I know?
I've never seen it!



Oh, come on, honey!
I was just kidding!
I'm very proud
and happy
that you won!

Well! That's a
little more like it!



Next morning . . .

Wilma! I think I'll celebrate my first morning as president with a little breakfast in bed!



That doesn't look like breakfast to me!

I don't think you'll feel like eating after you've read it!



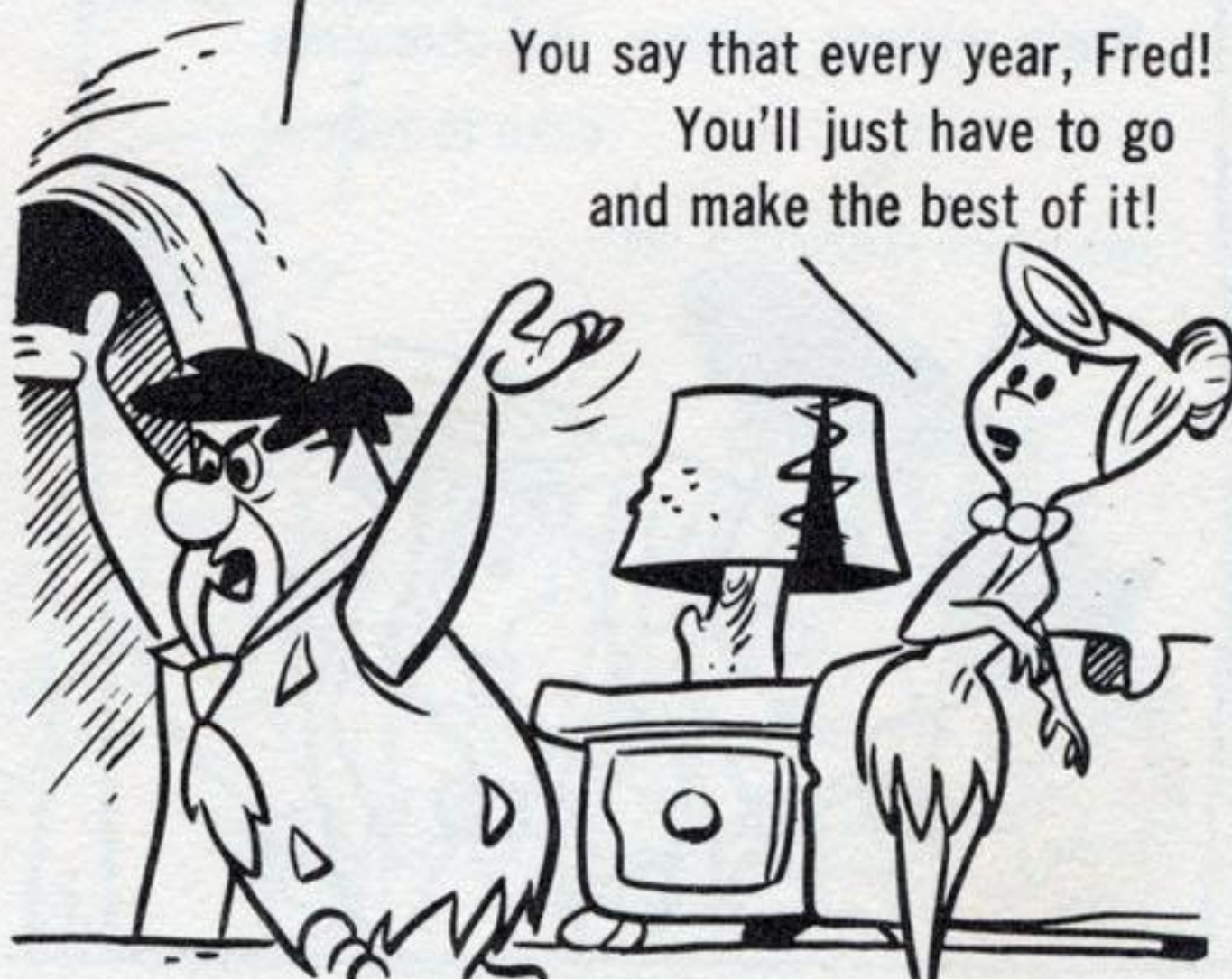
Yipe! A letter from my army reserve unit! I've got to report to our annual summer camp tomorrow! I forgot all about it!

You always do!



Drat! Two weeks of camping and K.P. ! I can't take it!

You say that every year, Fred! You'll just have to go and make the best of it!



Barney and I are in the same reserve unit! I'm going to see if he got his notice, too!



Private Joke reporting to General Confusion!

Ah ha! Misery loves company! Come in, company!

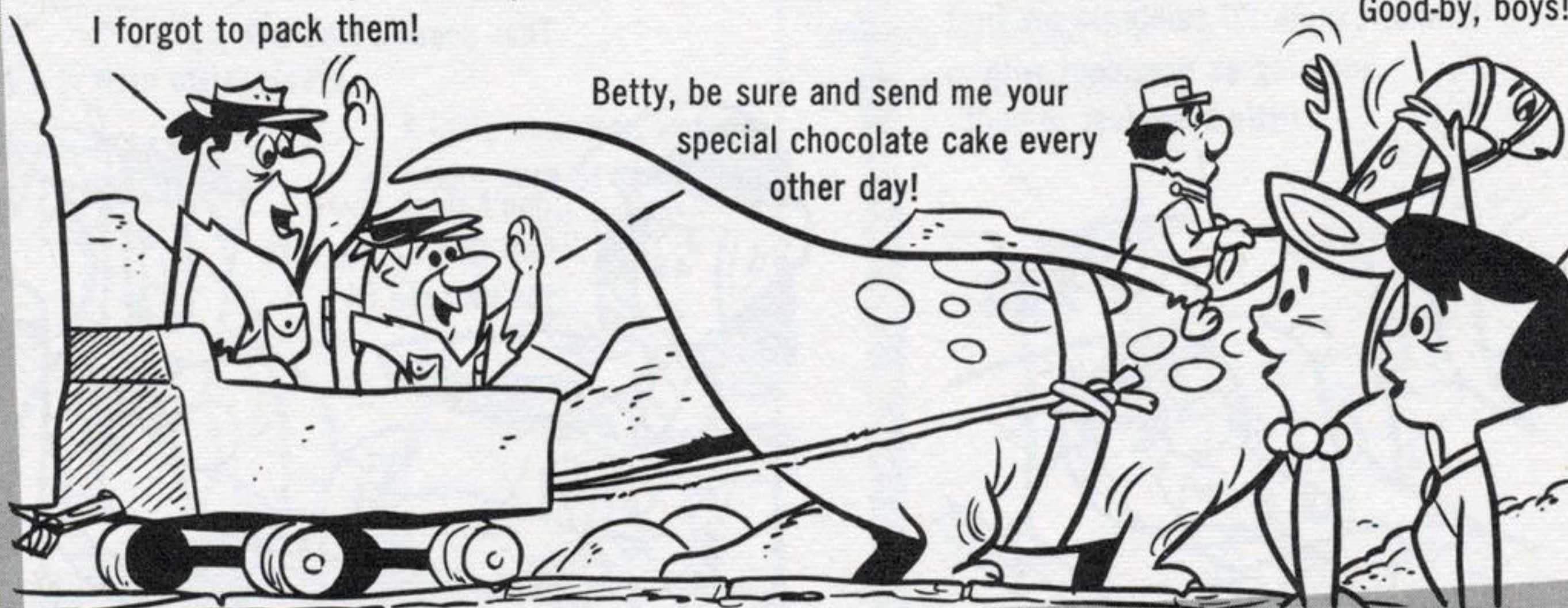


Shortly, Fred and Barney are rail bound for Fort Fossil . . .

Good-by, Wilma! Don't forget to send me my warm mittens and my favorite pillow!
I forgot to pack them!

Betty, be sure and send me your special chocolate cake every other day!

Good-by, boys!



There go our two brave soldiers!
Warm mittens, pillows, and chocolate cake to follow!



It's not the hard work that gets me at these reserve camps! It's the mean old sergeants!

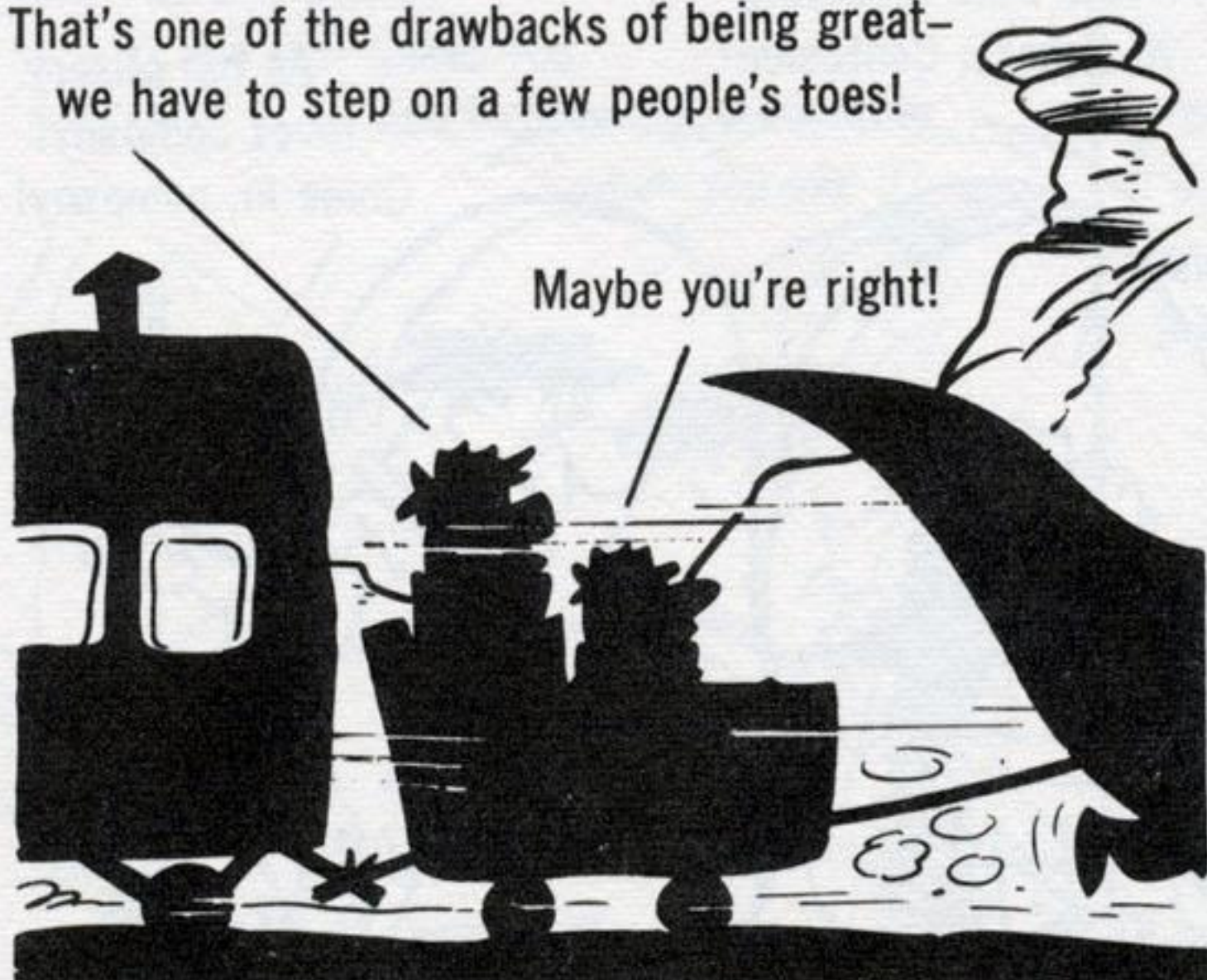
There you go, talking like a follower again!



Being a leader of men, I know that they have to be tough and enforce discipline! (Sigh!)

That's one of the drawbacks of being great—we have to step on a few people's toes!

Maybe you're right!



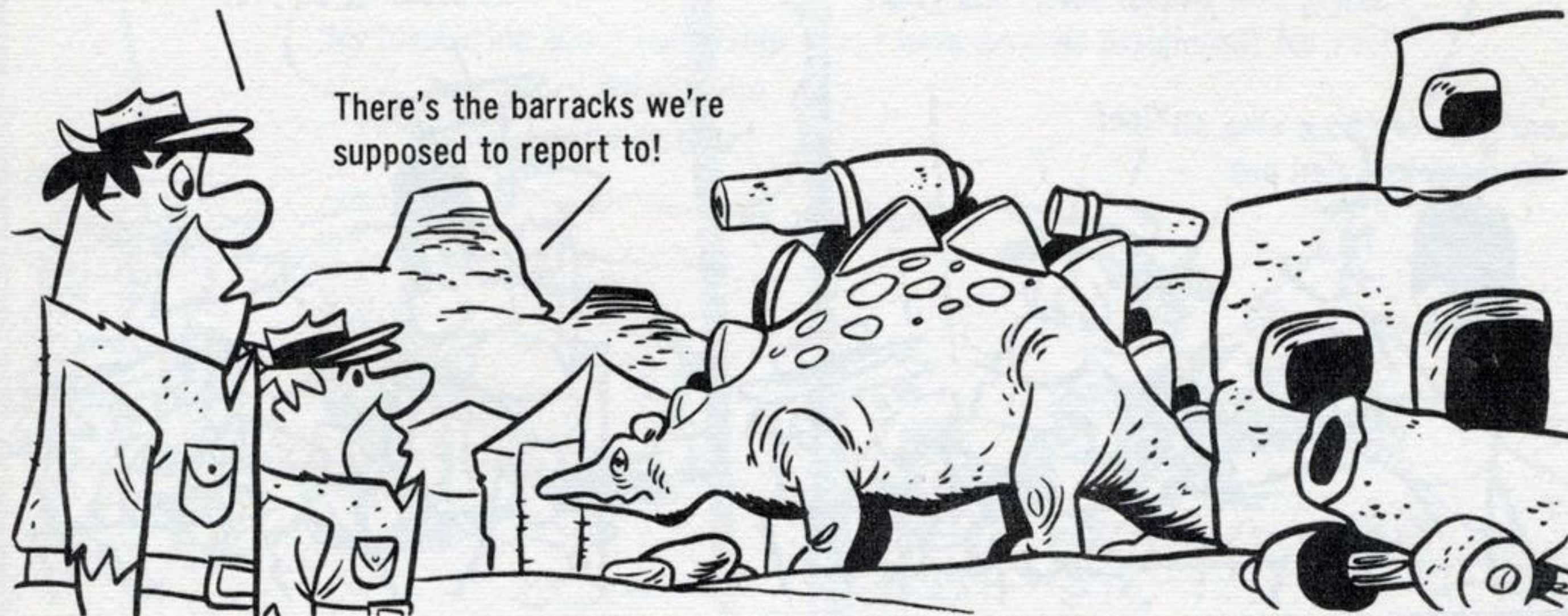
Of course I am! If I were in command, I'd be tough! No special favors! Not even for pals! That's the way things have to be!



The boys arrive at Fort Fossil...

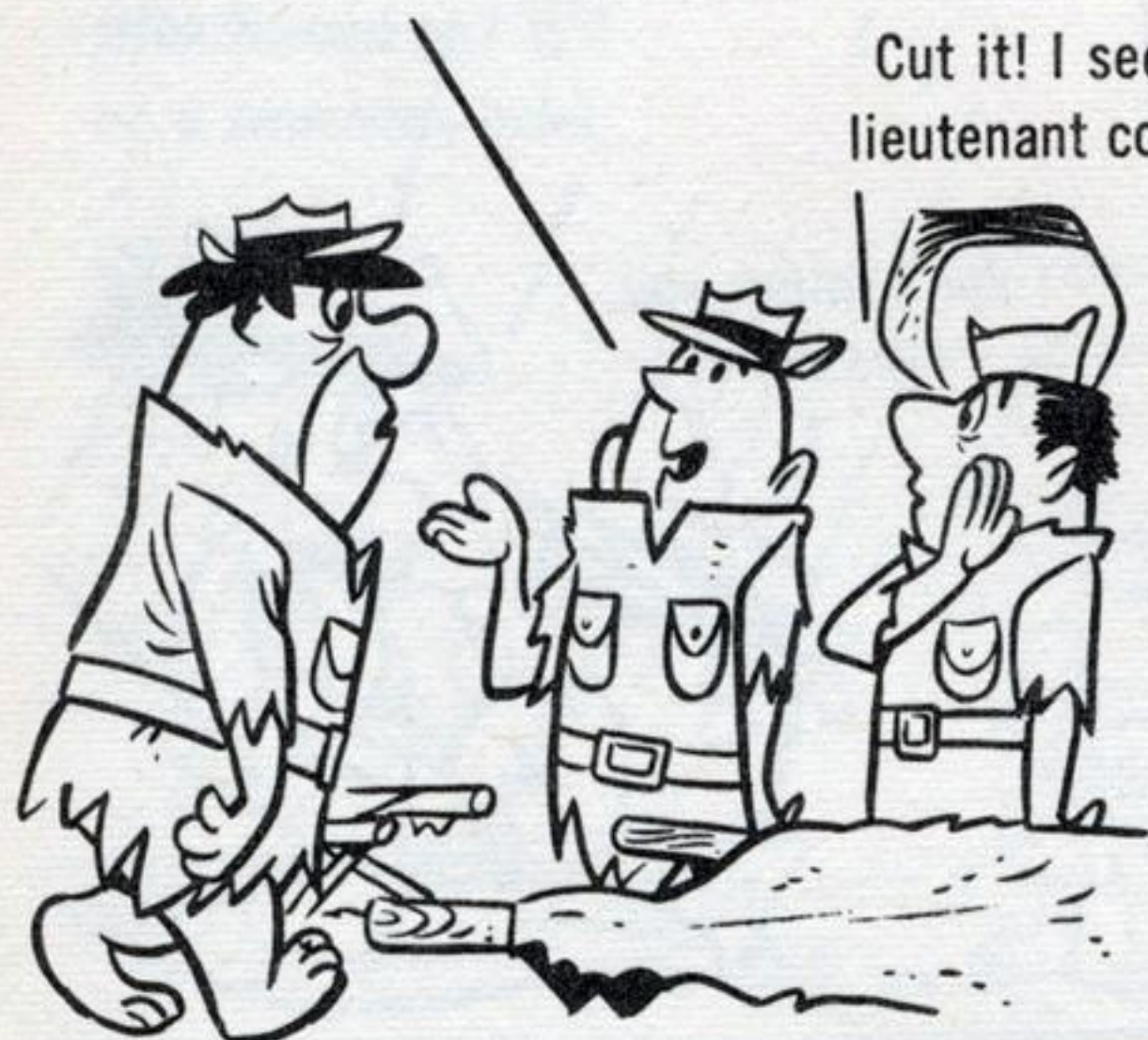
Well, here we are, I'm sorry to say!

There's the barracks we're supposed to report to!



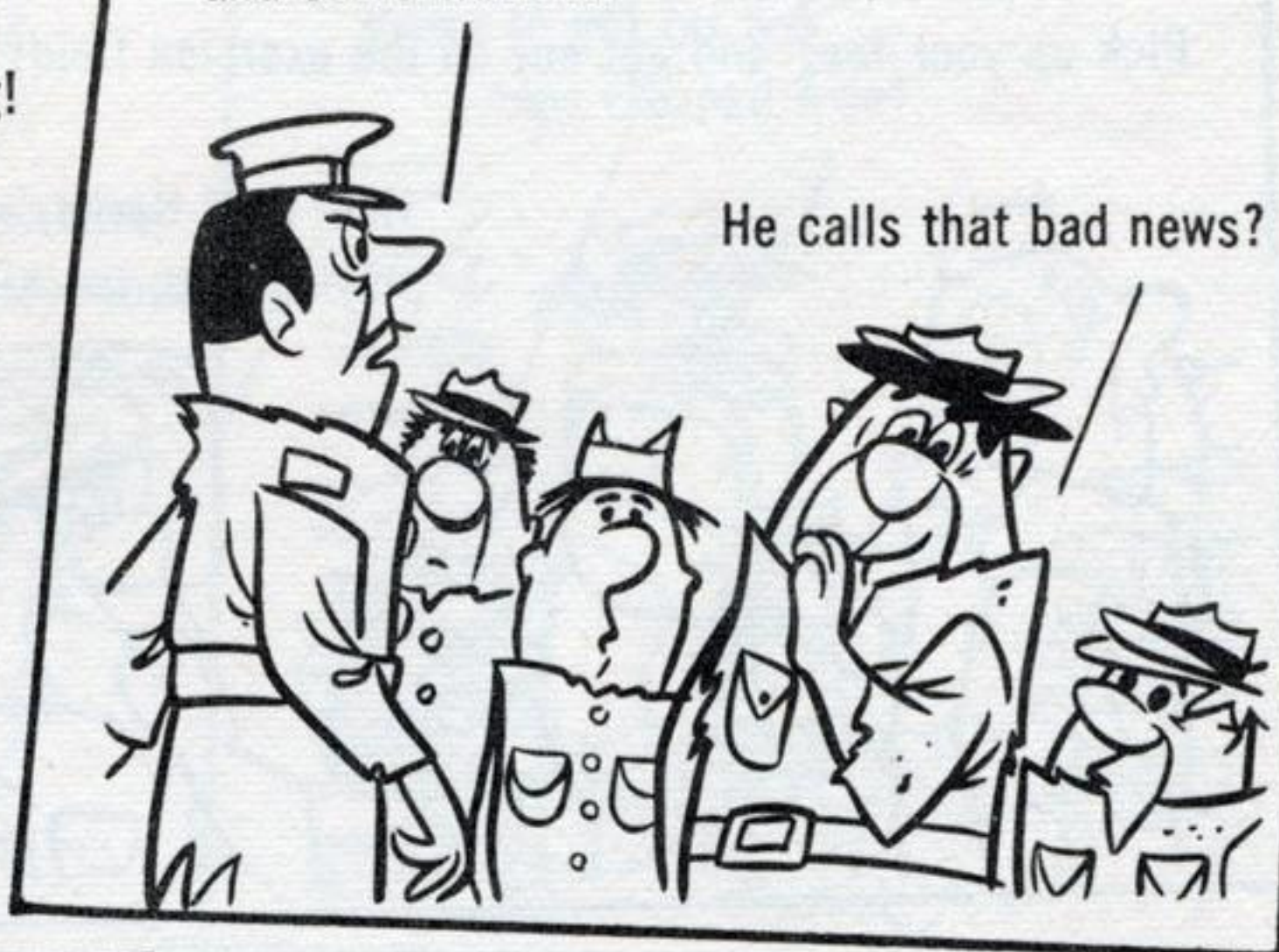
Hey! It's Fred and Barney! I didn't think you two would last another summer camp!

Cut it! I see the lieutenant coming!



Tenn-hutt! I have bad news, men! The sergeant who was supposed to lead this unit got sick and can't make it!

He calls that bad news?



So, I'm going to pick one of you men to be temporary sergeant for the two weeks!

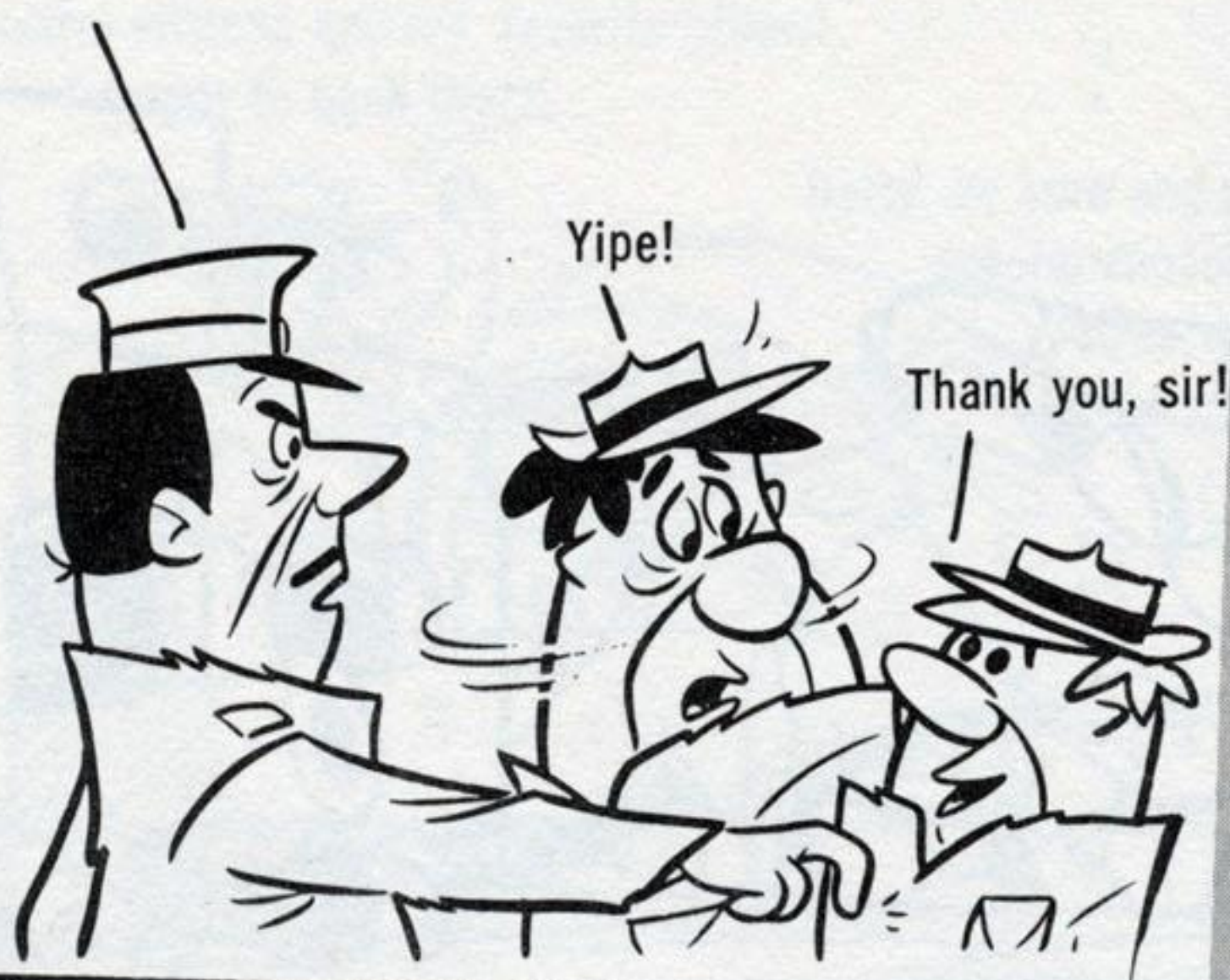
Wow! I'm sure to be picked! Anybody can see that I'm a leader!



I better plan my acceptance speech! "Thank you, fellow officer, for this sacred trust! I will lead the men to victory!"



I'll choose **you** for the job!



Now get the men out and start them on their exercises! The army is counting on you!



All right, you guys! You heard the lieutenant! Pick up your feet and get out on the exercise field!



I don't know how they passed me by, pal, but having you as the sarge is the next best thing! Boy, are we going to have it soft!

I don't follow you, Flintstone!



What do you mean? You can give me all the soft assignments, pal!

The name is **Sergeant Rubble** ... and there will be no special favors!



A wise old soldier told me that to be great, you have to be tough! That's what I am ...**tough**! Now get out there with the rest of the men!

(Ulp!) Yes, sir!



That's it, men! Keep it up!

My blabbering about leadership
has turned Barney into
a little dictator!



So, for several days, Sergeant Rubble puts
Private Flintstone through all kinds of hassles...

Hurry and finish fueling that plane!
I have another assignment for you!

He gets a couple of stripes
and he's a bi-i-ig man!



Fred works in mud...

Whoever heard of digging a foxhole
while it's raining? It'll
be a swimming hole!

So? Even foxes have
to have some kind
of recreation!



He works in suds...

Okay! Who's the wise guy who's
trying to get his hub
caps cleaned free?



He alters duds...

What they won't put in uniform!
He's probably going to
be in intelligence!

Quiet, Flintstone!
Haven't you ever
heard of
gorilla
warfare?



And peels spuds...

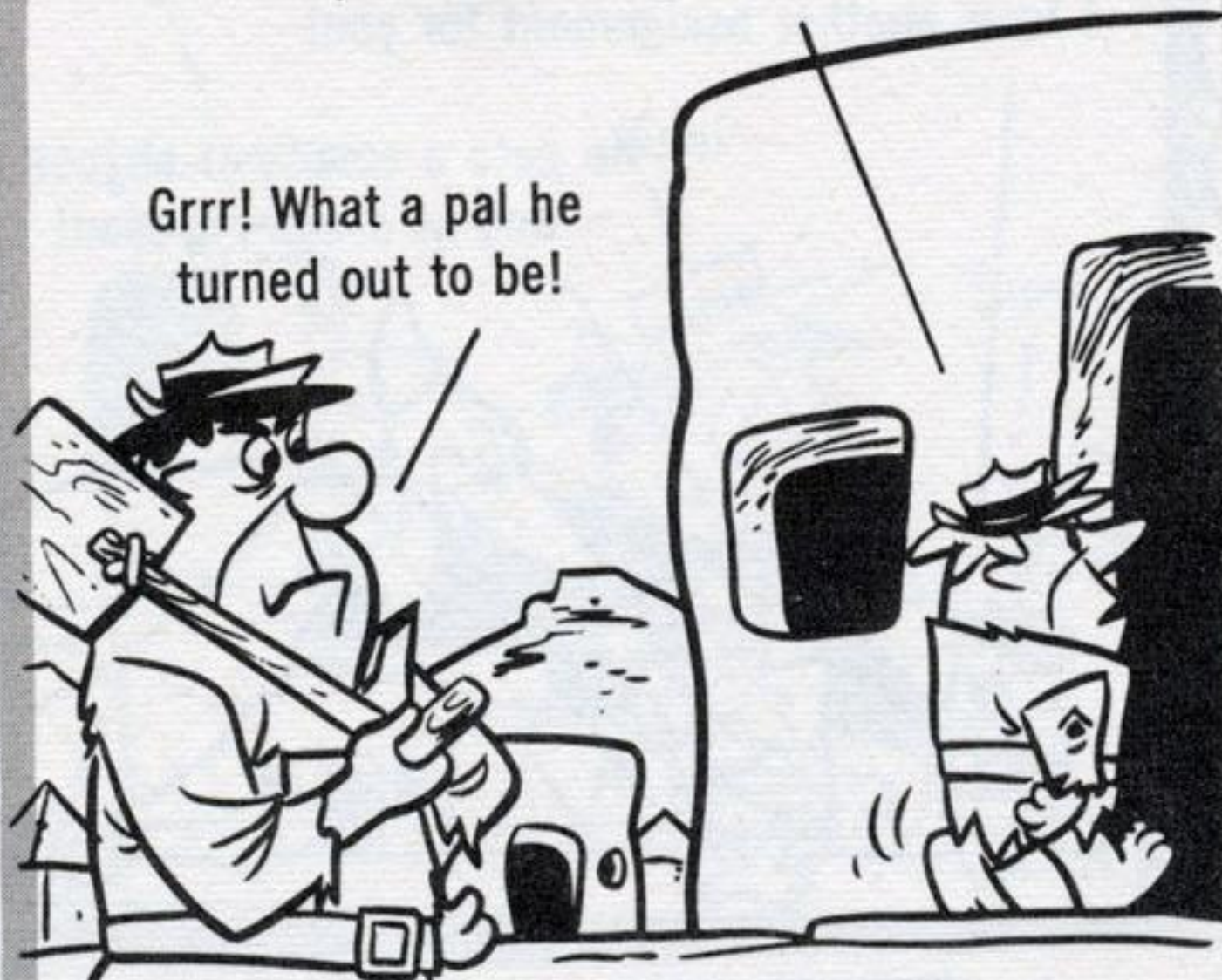
Why doesn't somebody invent
a zipper for these things?



Two days before camp is over...

All right! You can try your camouflage techniques now! I'm going to rest up!

Grrr! What a pal he turned out to be!



Heh, heh! I've just had a great idea for getting even with that striped monster! I'll practice camouflage, all right!...



I'll camouflage this hole so Barney will step right into it! He can't blame me for following orders!



Shortly...

Now to scoot around to the back and wait!

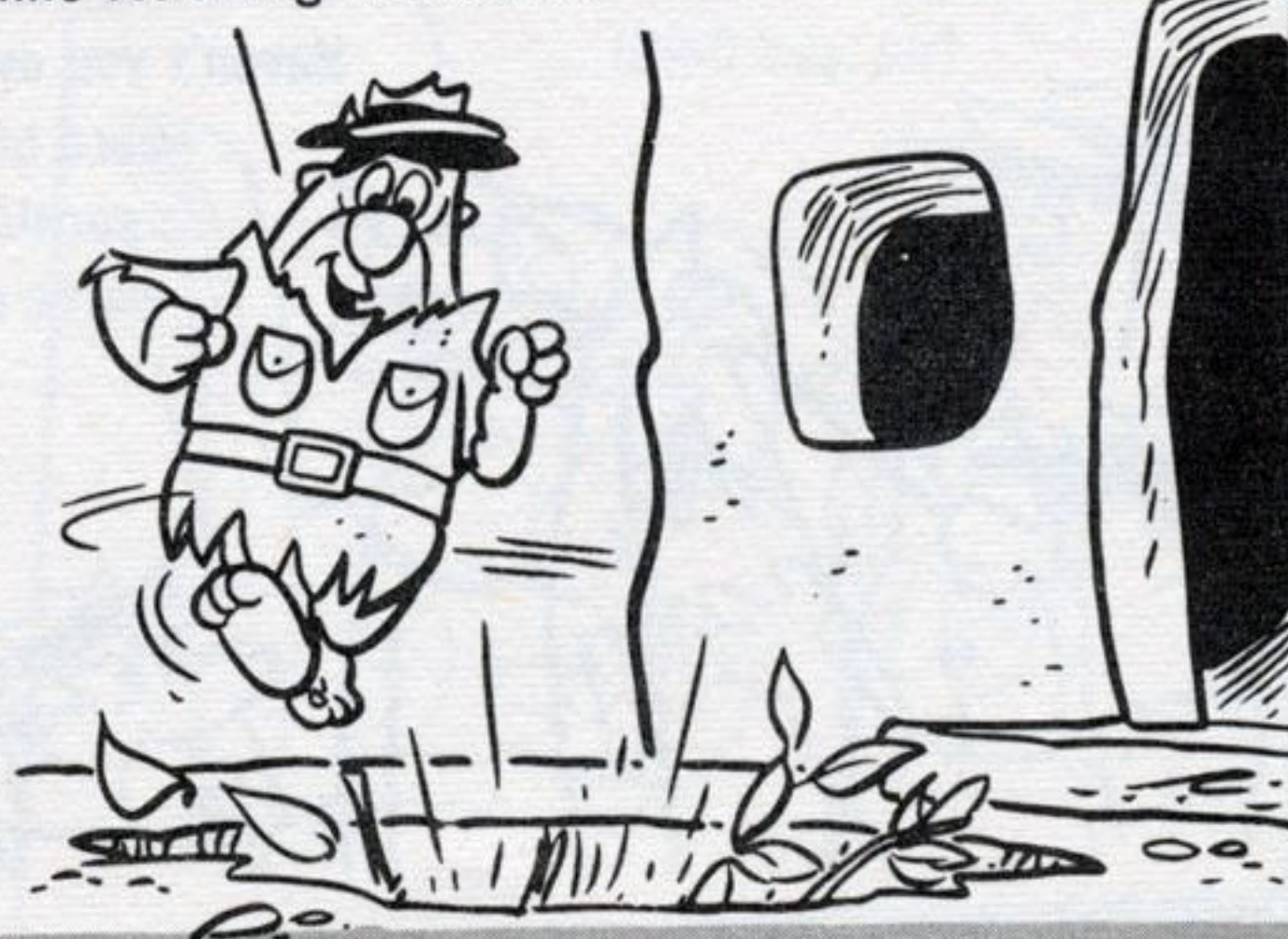


YEOWWW!

Hoo, hoo! That didn't take long! Now to put on the astonished act!



Oh, goodness! Don't tell me that my beloved sergeant has fallen into the hole I camouflaged while following his orders!



Hey! What's going on around here?

Barney! (Ulp!) B-but
if you aren't in the hole
... who is?

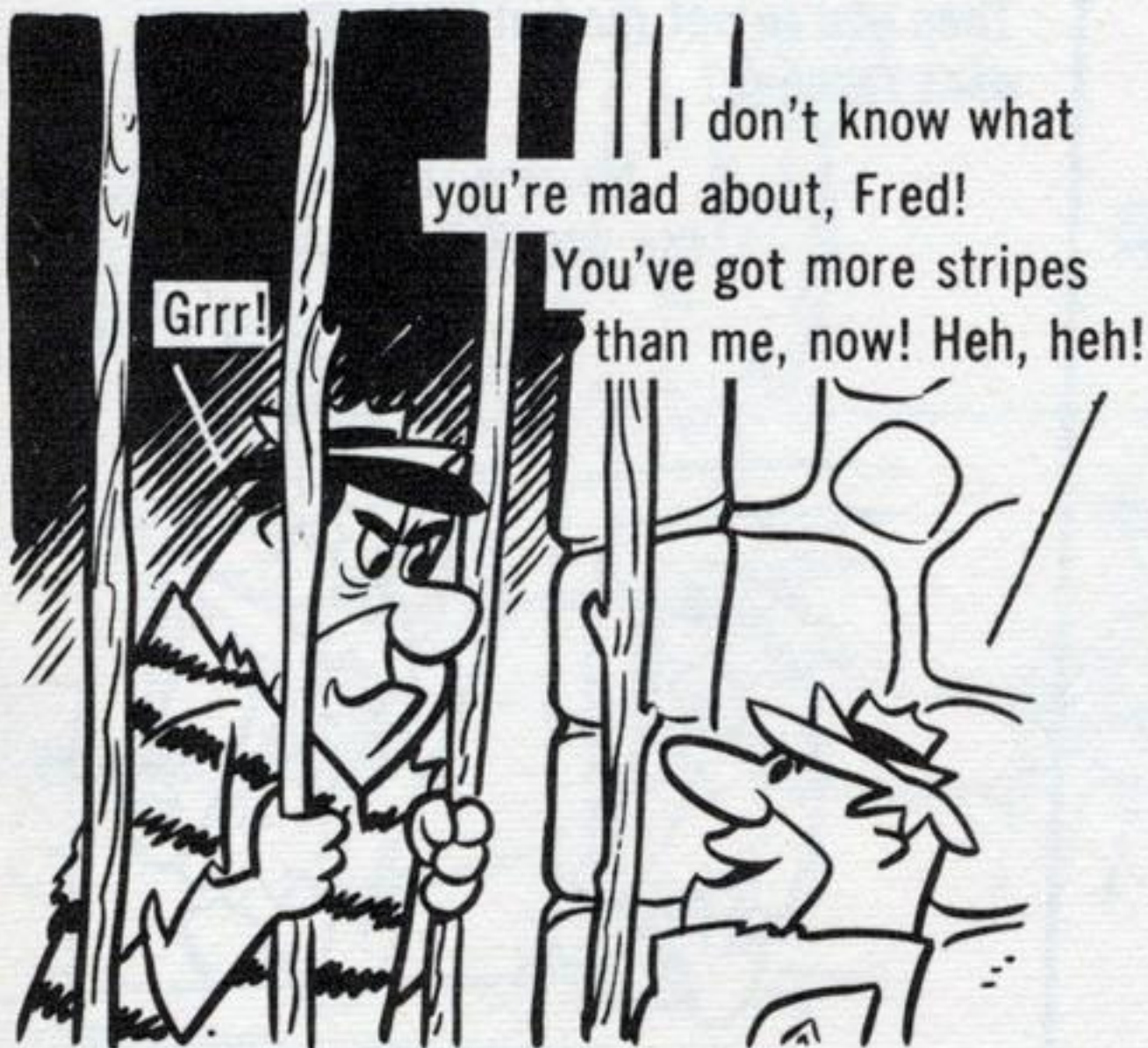


I'll give you three guesses!

Yipe! Lieutenant Topbrass!

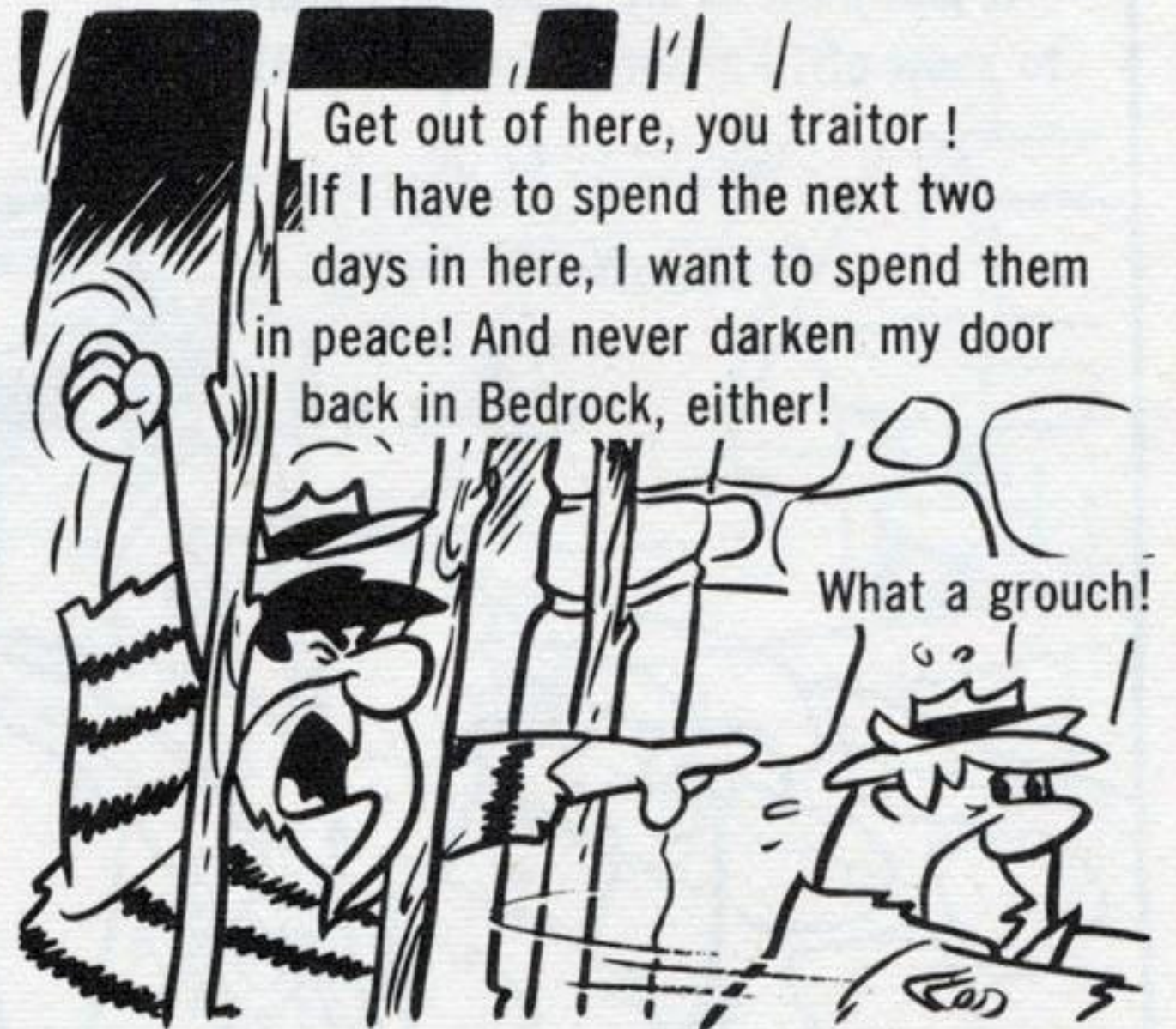


So...



I don't know what
you're mad about, Fred!
You've got more stripes
than me, now! Heh, heh!

Grrr!



Get out of here, you traitor!
If I have to spend the next two
days in here, I want to spend them
in peace! And never darken my door
back in Bedrock, either!

What a grouch!

Finally, Home, Sweet Home...

Remember, Wilma, don't ever let Barney
near this house unless
you want your husband to go
to jail for assault and battery!

Oh, Fred! You two
have had spats
before!



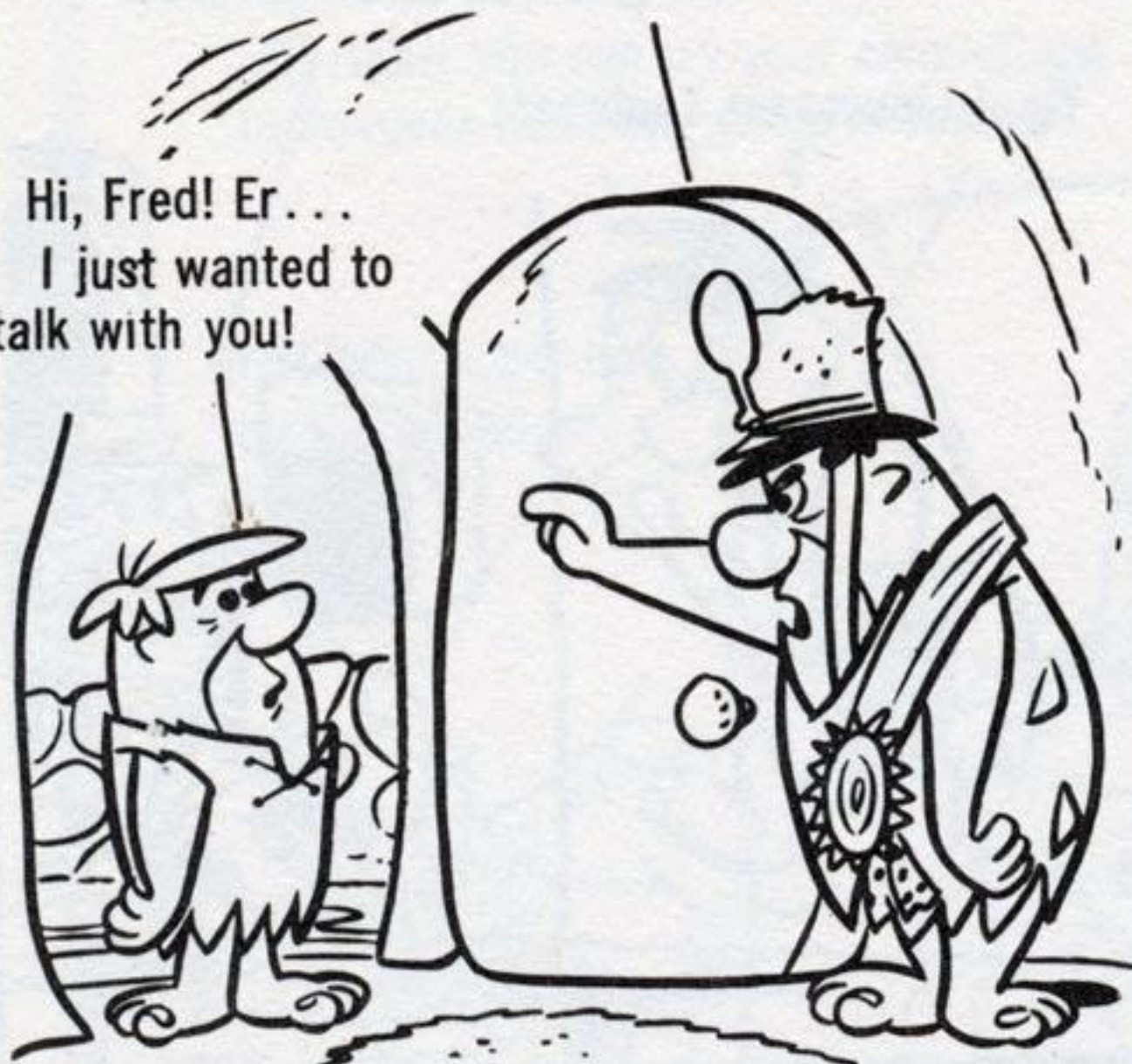
**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

I'll get it on my way out!
I don't want to be late
for my first
meeting as president!

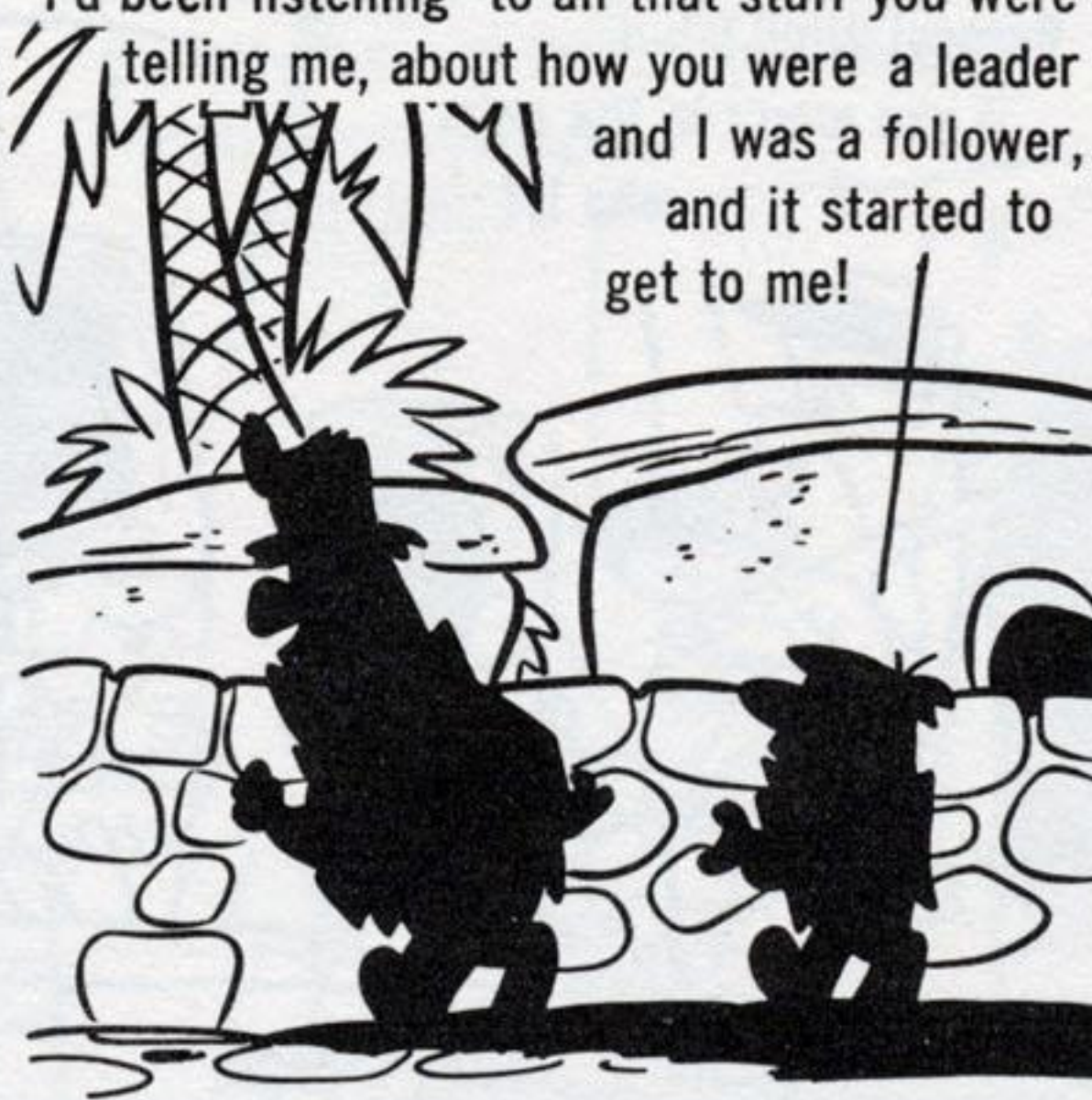


Barney! Scram! Beat it!
Go! Retreat! Vanish!

Hi, Fred! Er...
I just wanted to
talk with you!



Listen, I admit I was a rat! I don't know...
I'd been listening to all that stuff you were
telling me, about how you were a leader
and I was a follower,
and it started to
get to me!



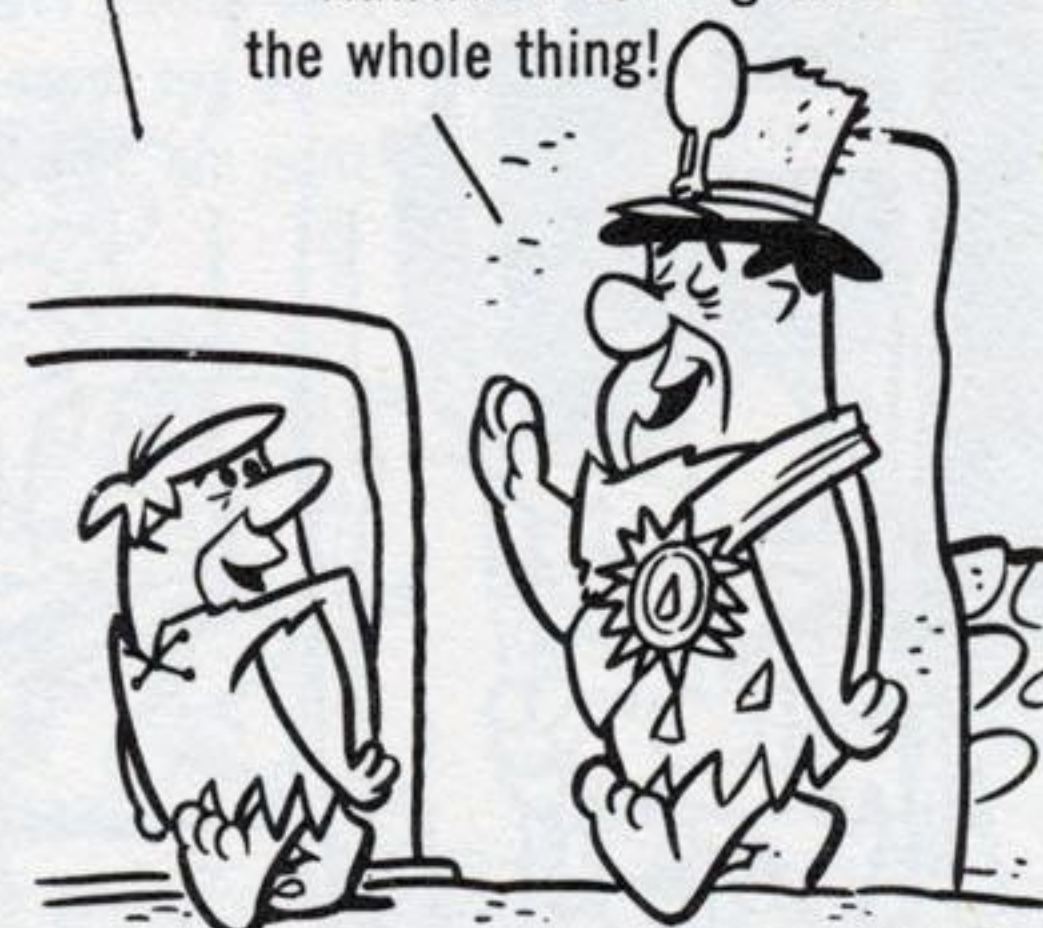
Then, when I got a chance to be somebody,
it just went to my head and I started
to show off! I'm sorry, Fred! Honest!

Well...I guess it
was a little bit
my fault, too!



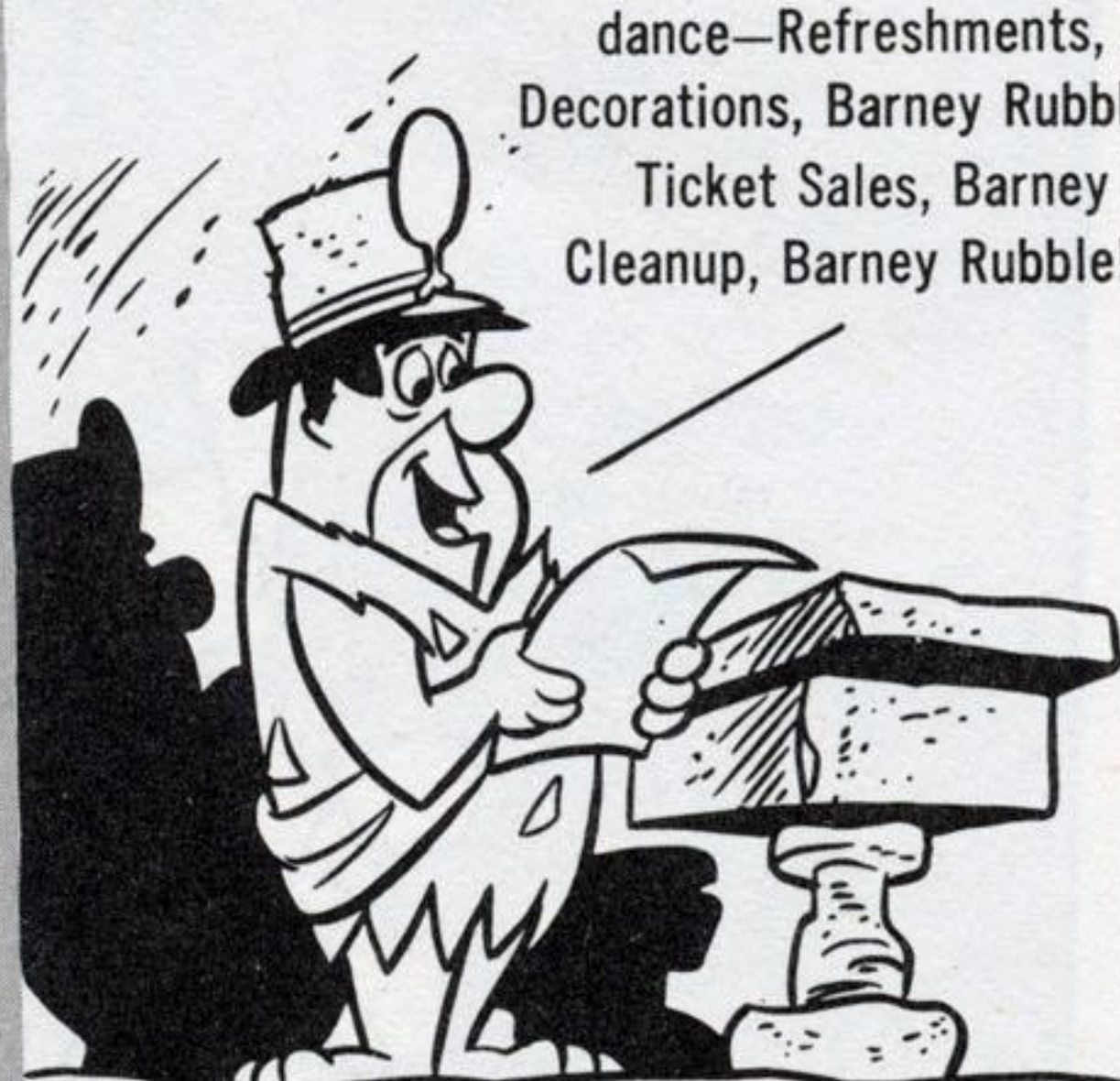
Then you're not mad at me? You don't
want revenge?

Nawww! I've forgotten
the whole thing!

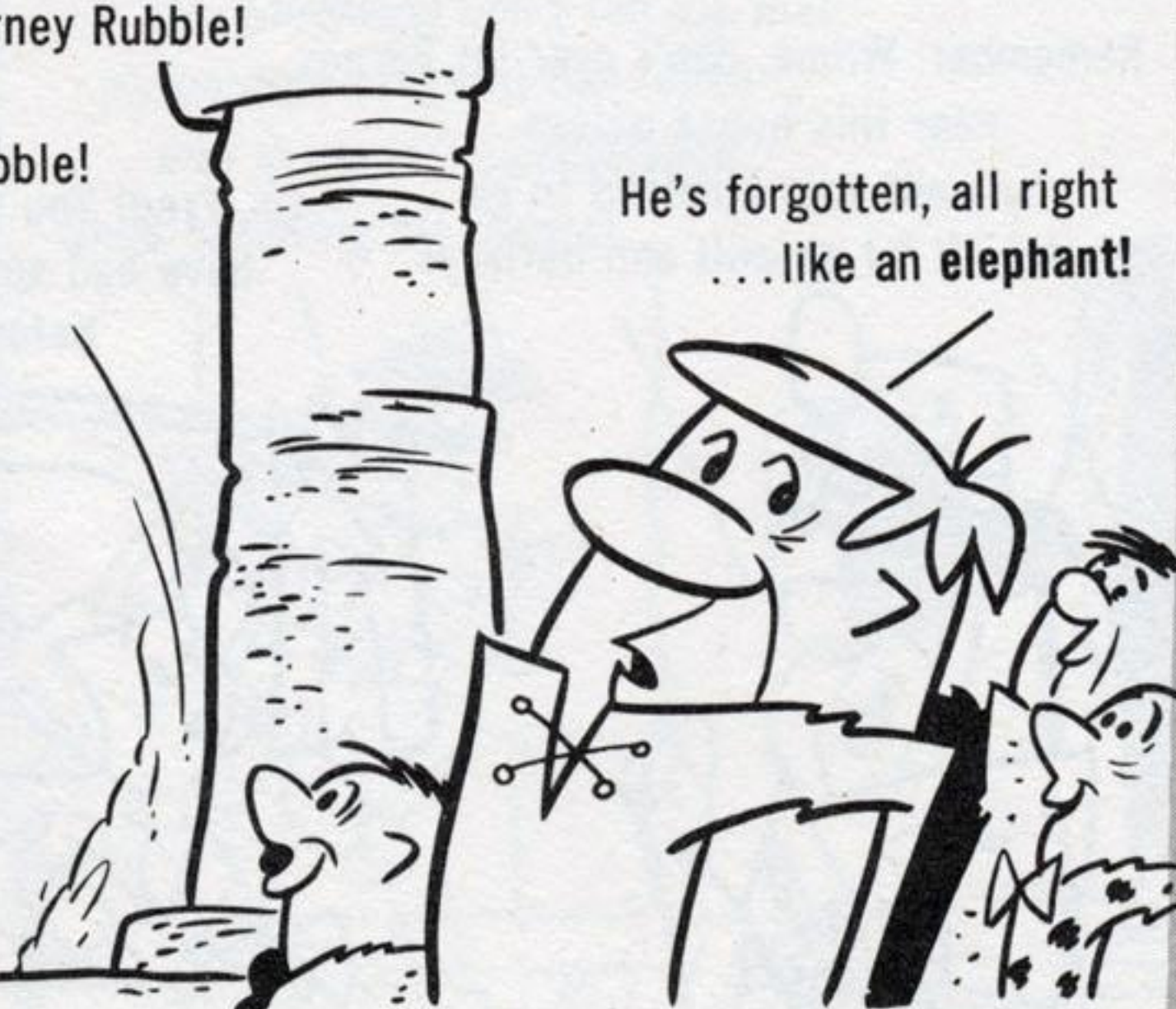


But...

...And here is the list of duties I've assigned for next month's
dance—Refreshments, Barney Rubble!
Decorations, Barney Rubble!
Ticket Sales, Barney Rubble!
Cleanup, Barney Rubble!

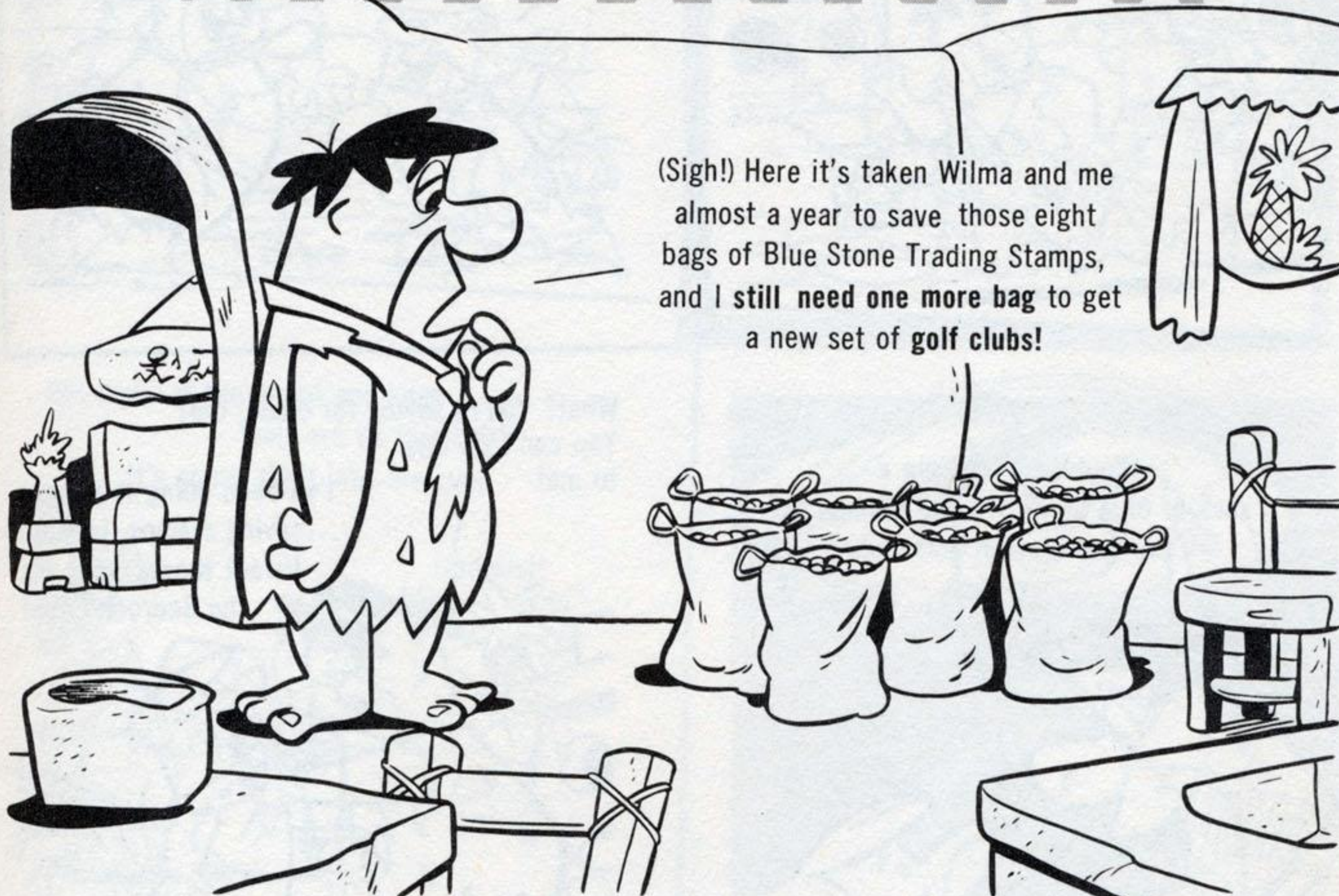


He's forgotten, all right
...like an elephant!



the End

Stamp Act



I need them for the Bedrock Open next week, but I'll never be able to save another bag that quickly!

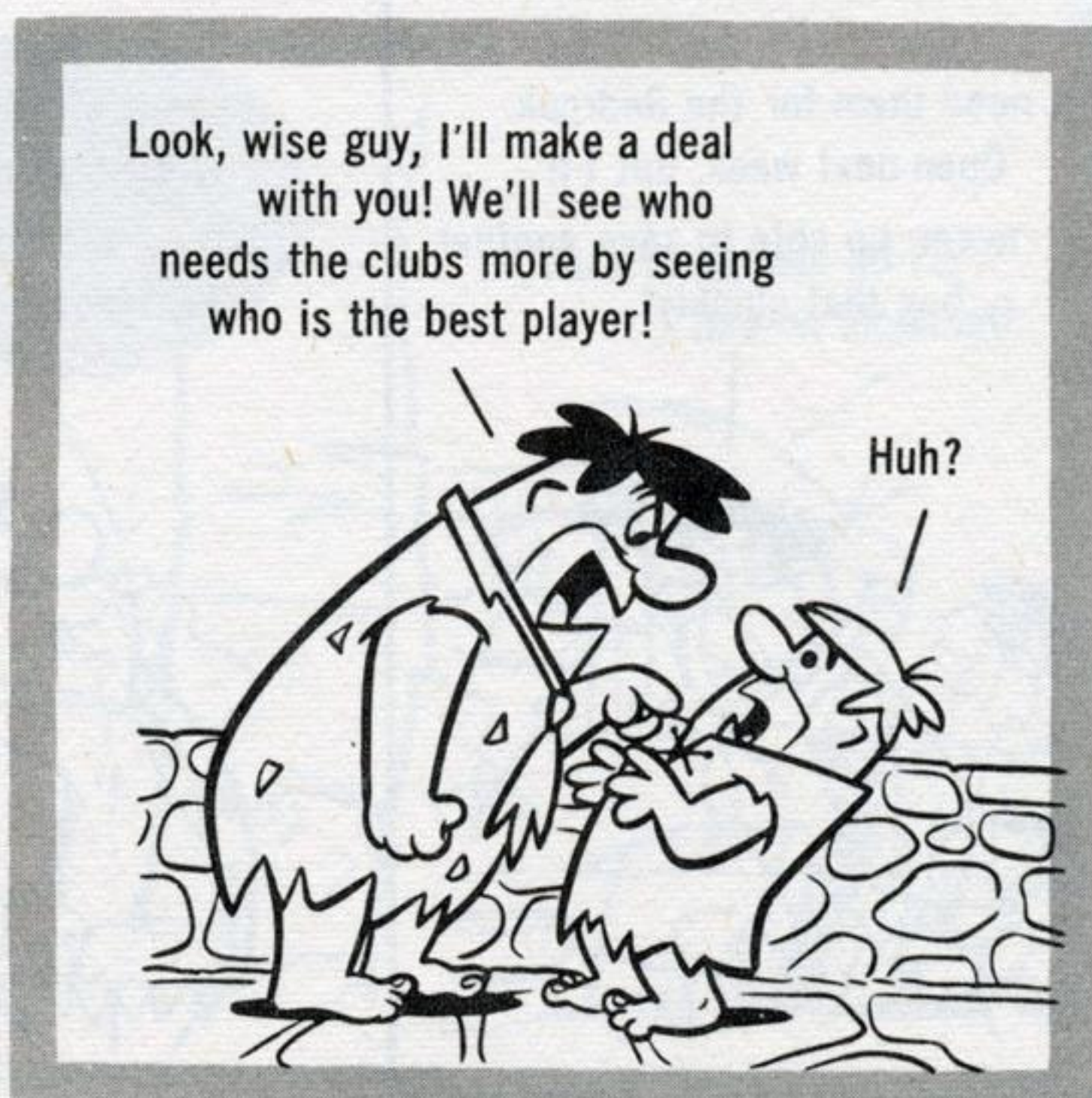
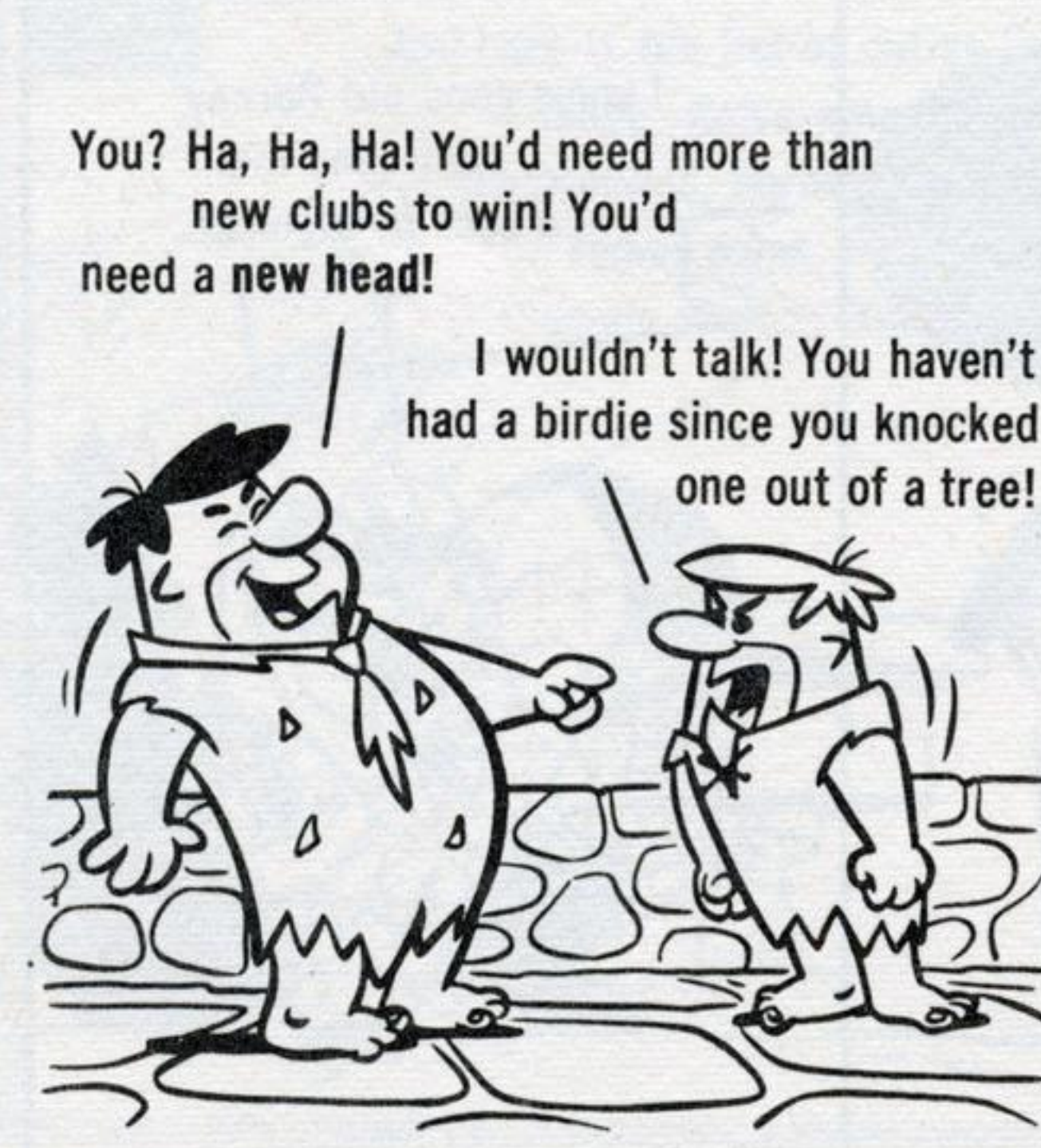
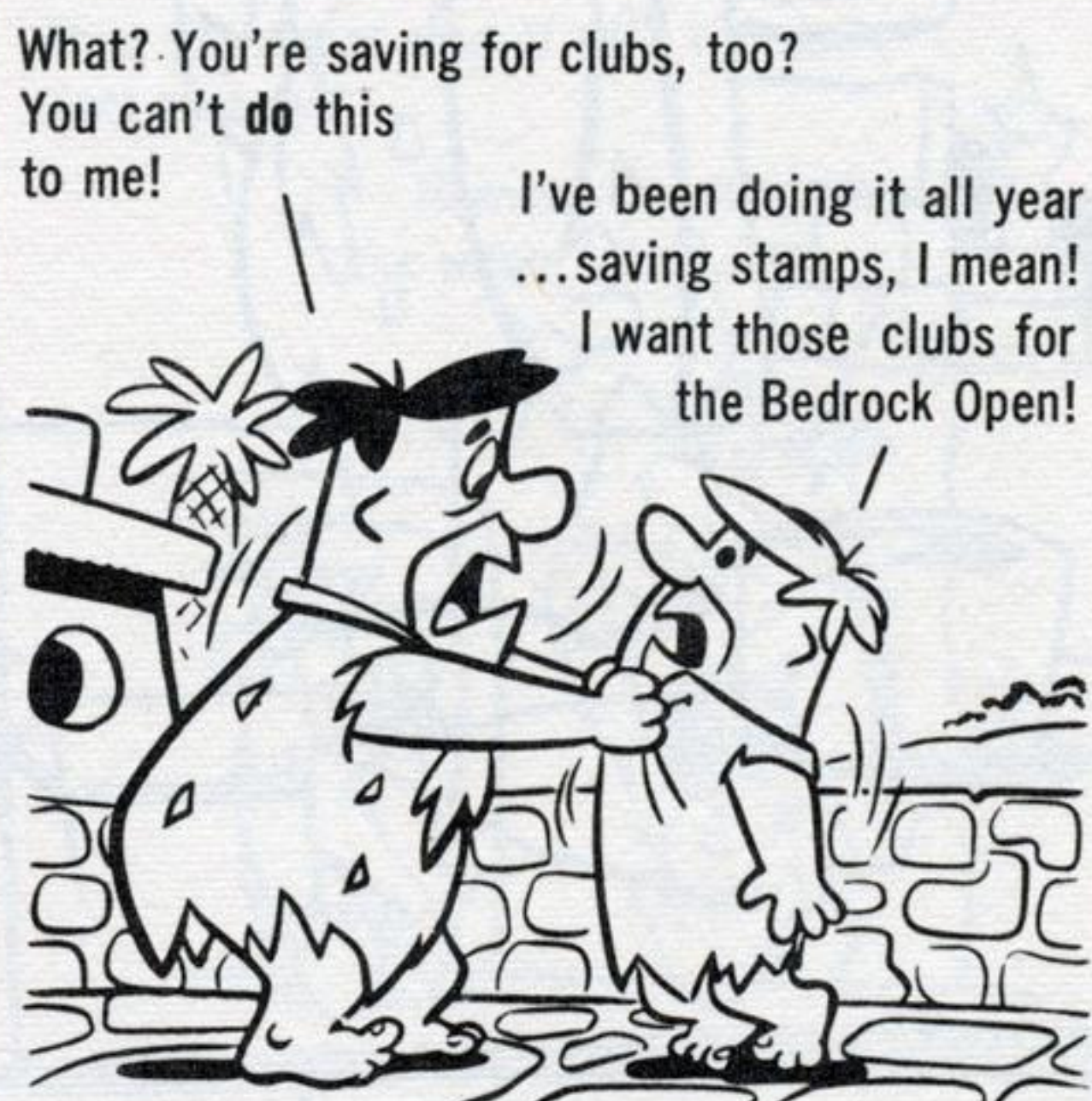
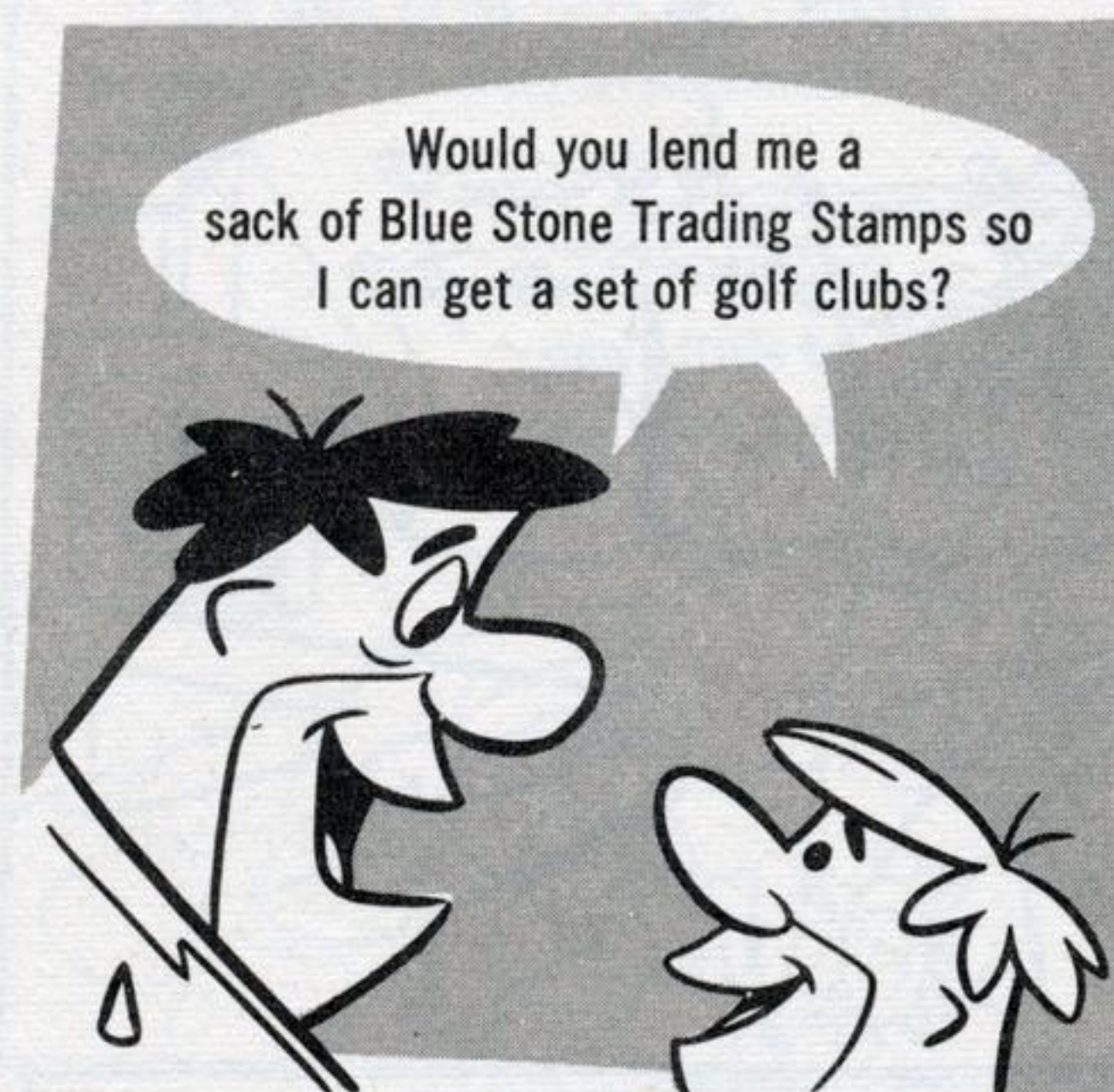
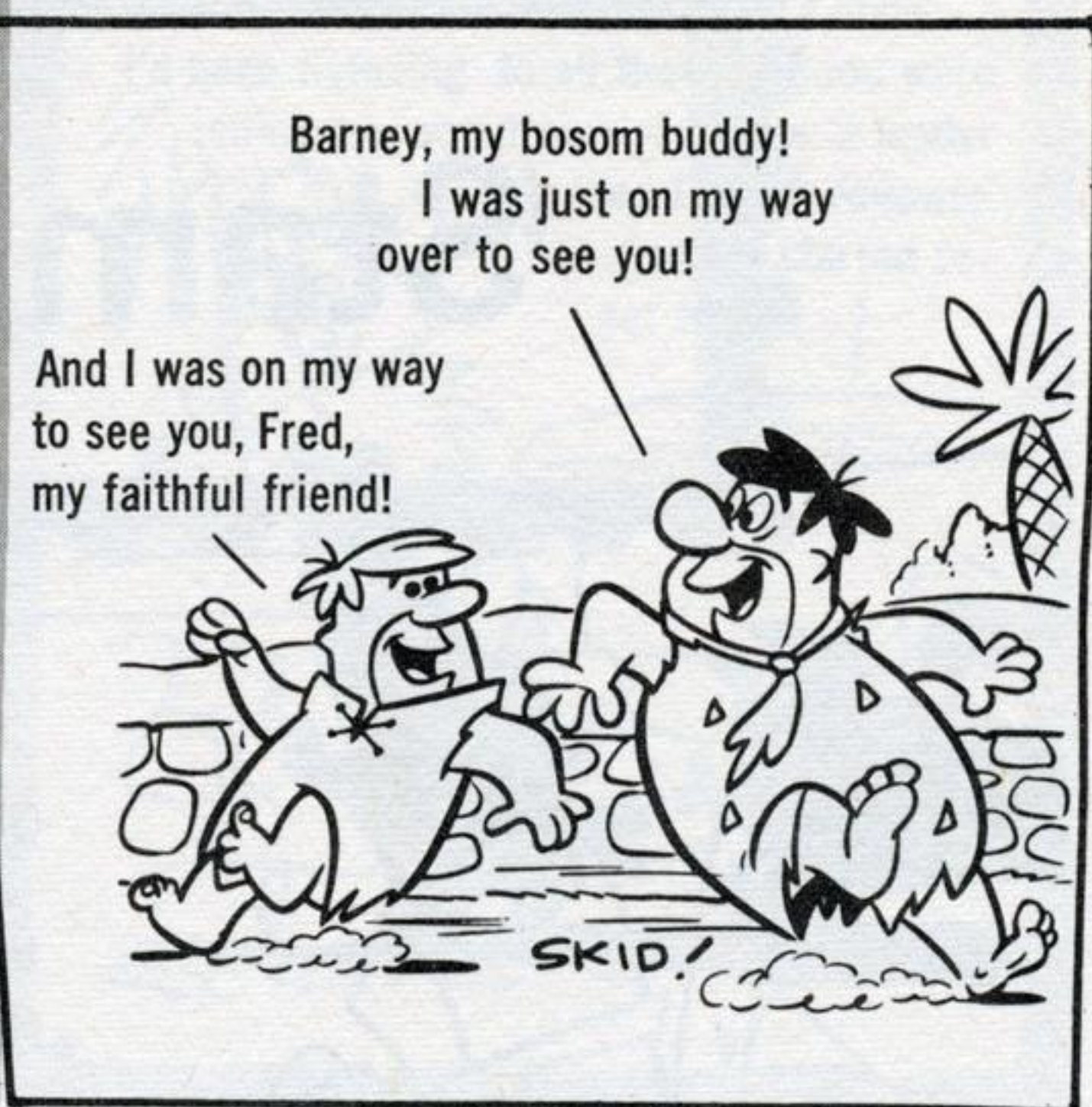
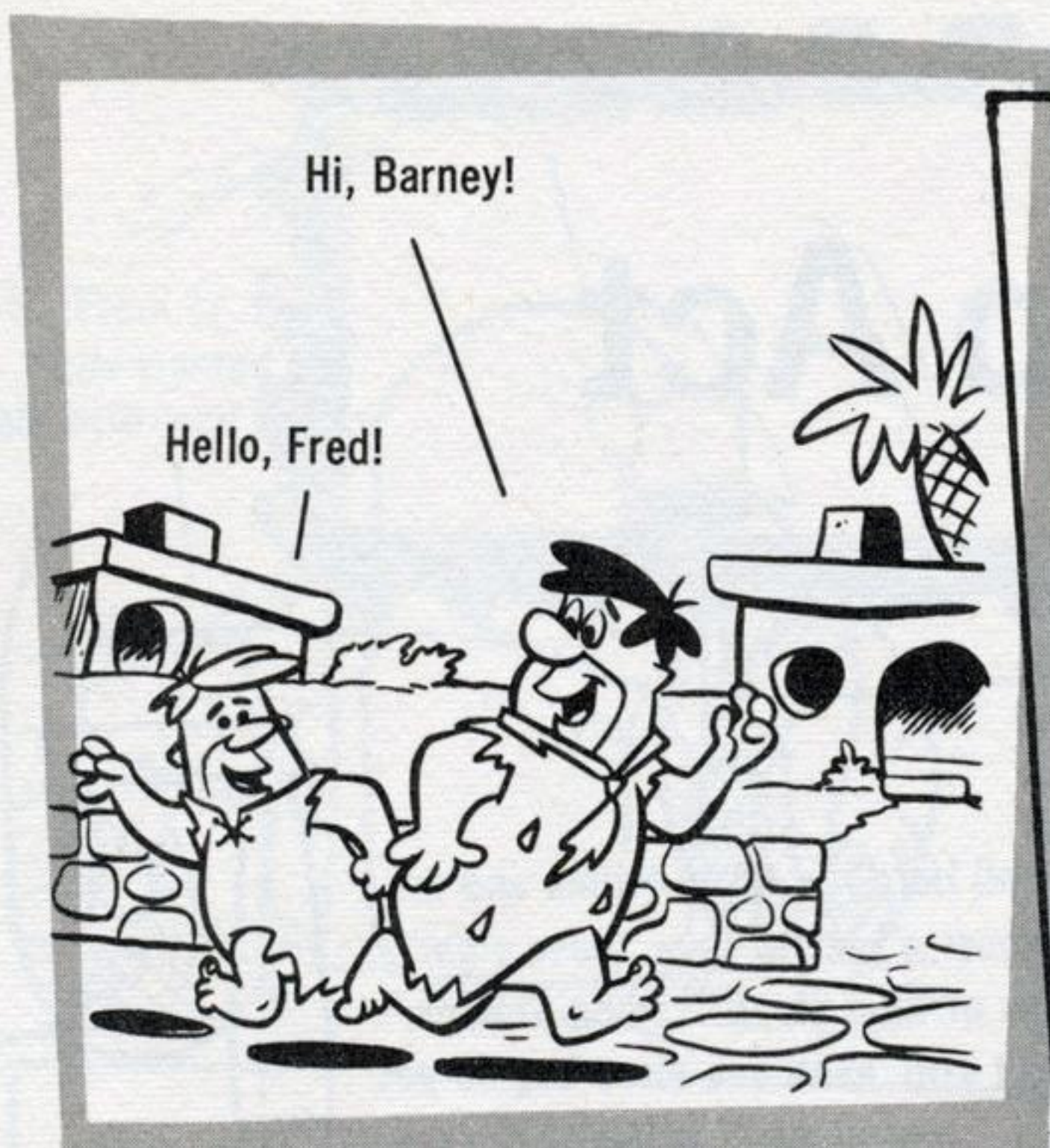


Wait a minute!
The Rubbles must be
saving these things!
Everybody does!

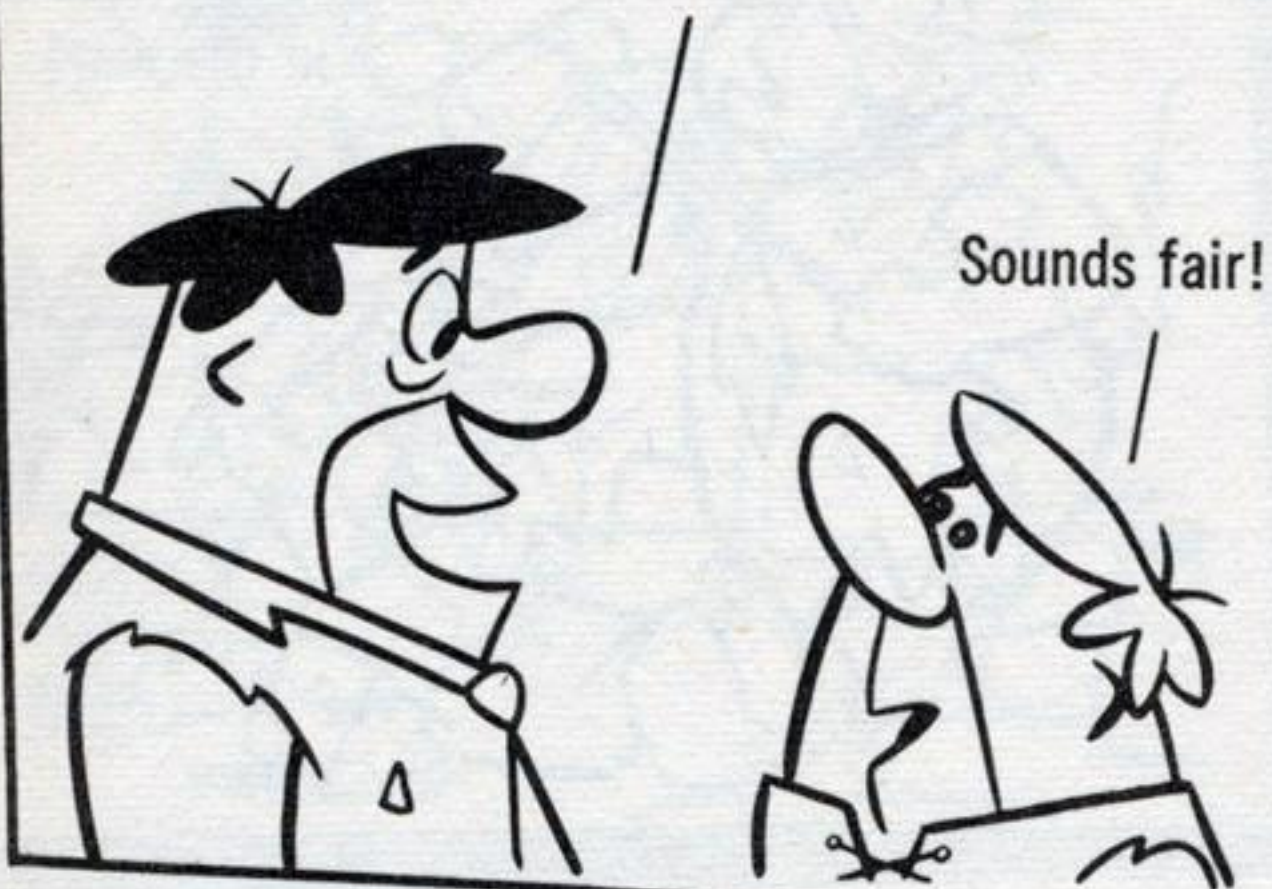


I know good old Barney
will lend me
a sack of stamps!





Sure! We'll play one hole of golf!
The guy who wins the hole gets
a bag of stamps from the loser!



Soon .

Wow! A beautiful shot!
Kiss that sack of
Blue Stone Stamps
good-by, Fred!



Get down at the green and keep
your eye on this ball!
It's going right into the cup!

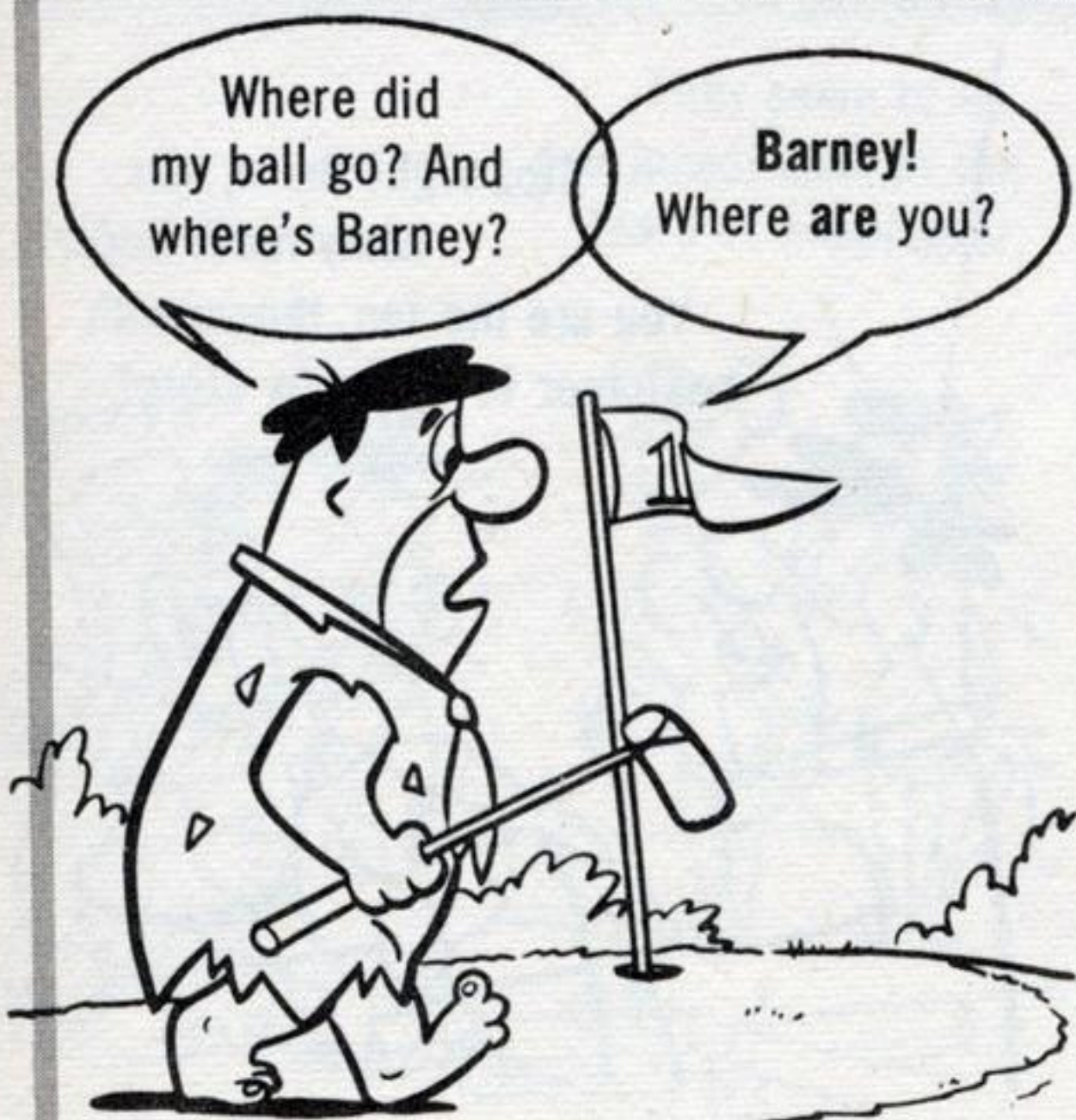


That one felt
real good!



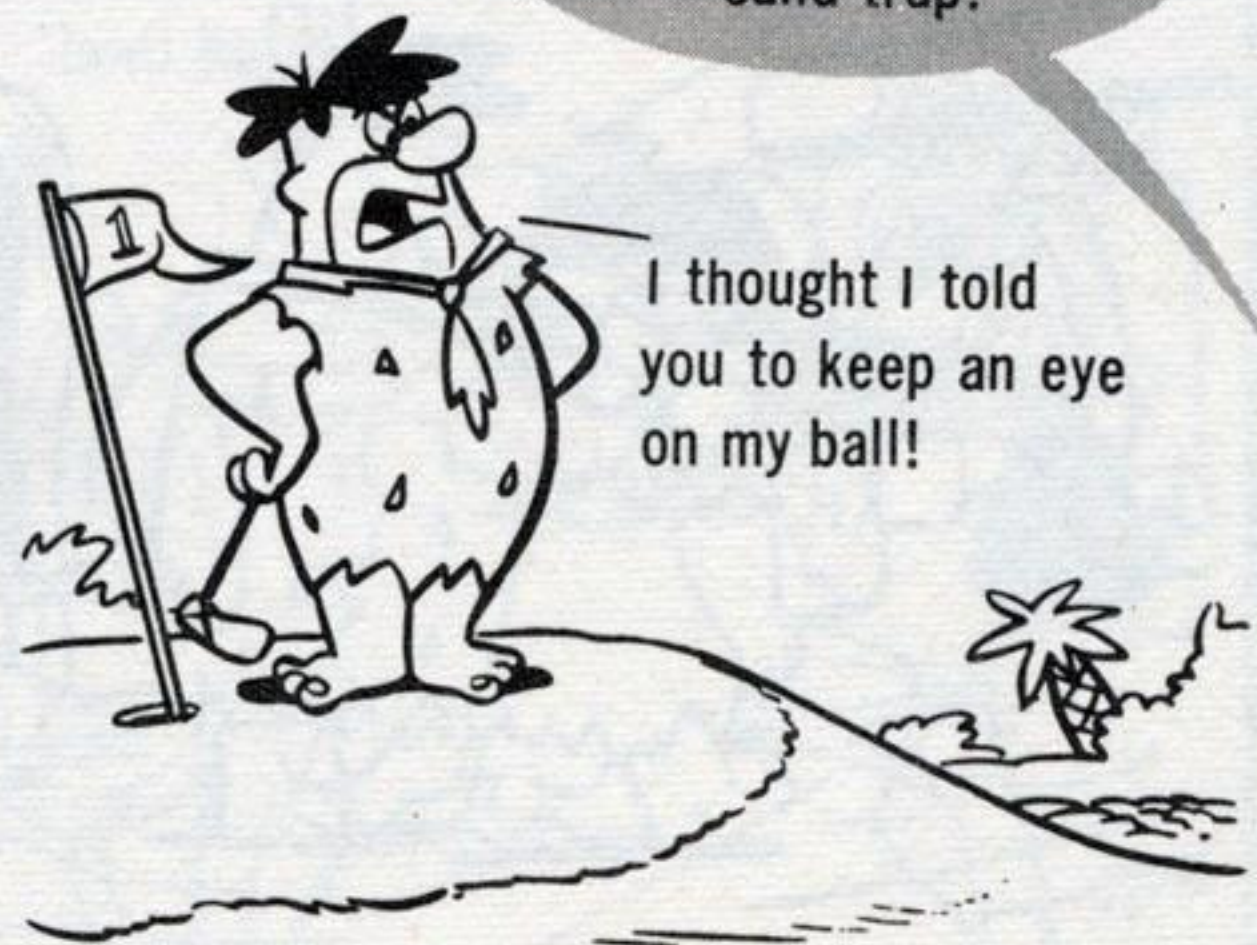
Where did
my ball go? And
where's Barney?

Barney!
Where are you?

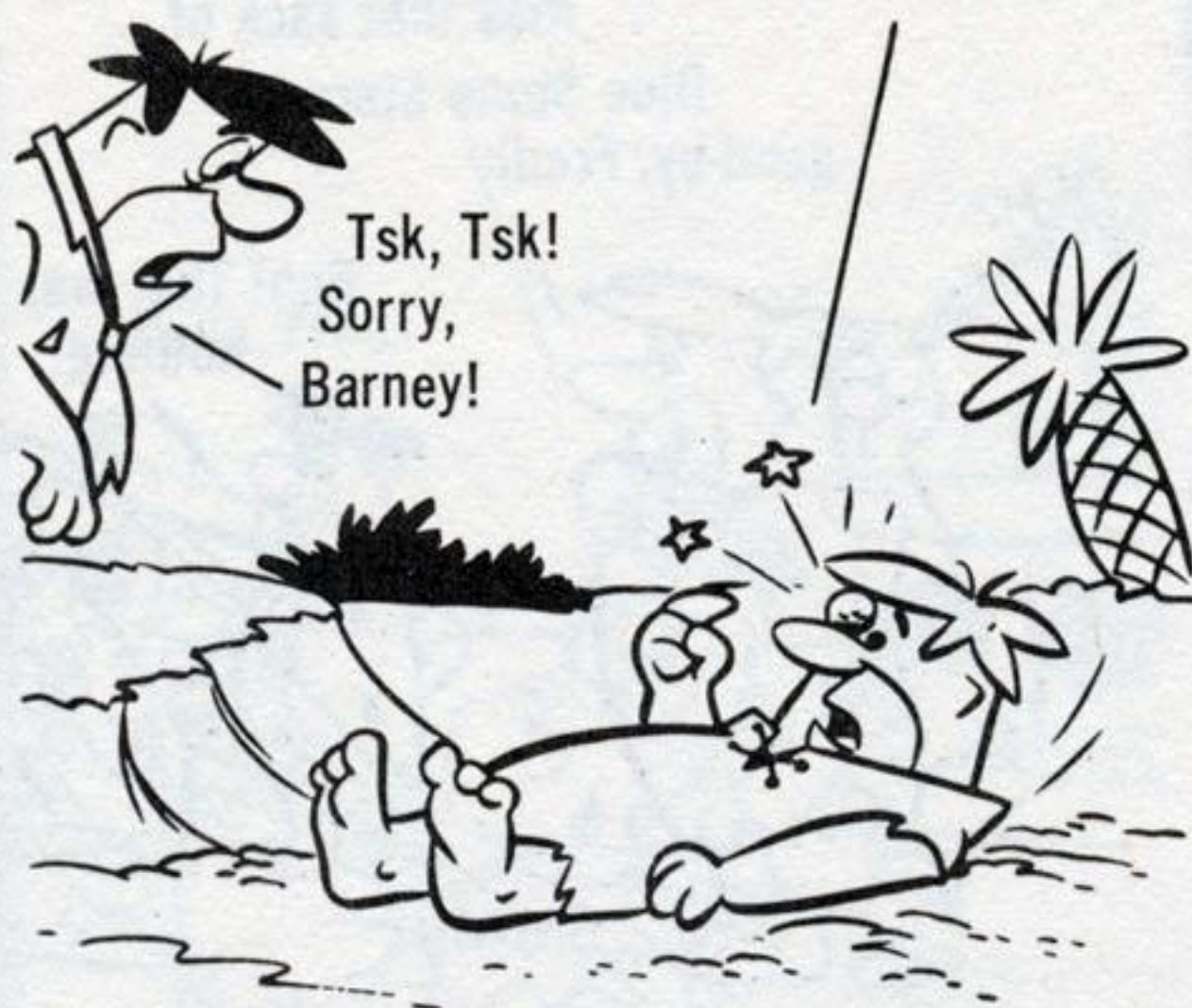


(Groan!) I'm over here,
Fred, lying in the
sand trap!

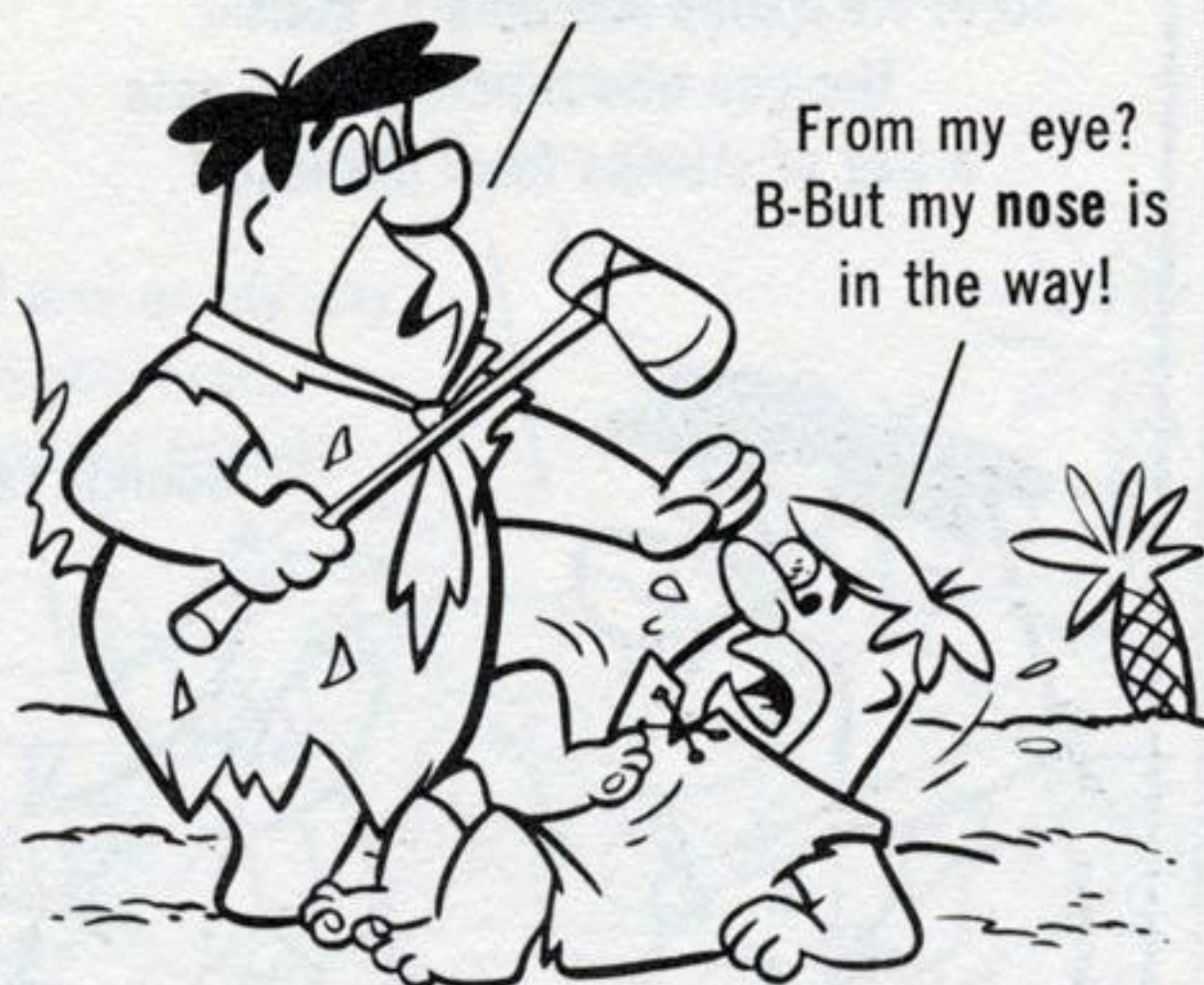
I thought I told
you to keep an eye
on my ball!



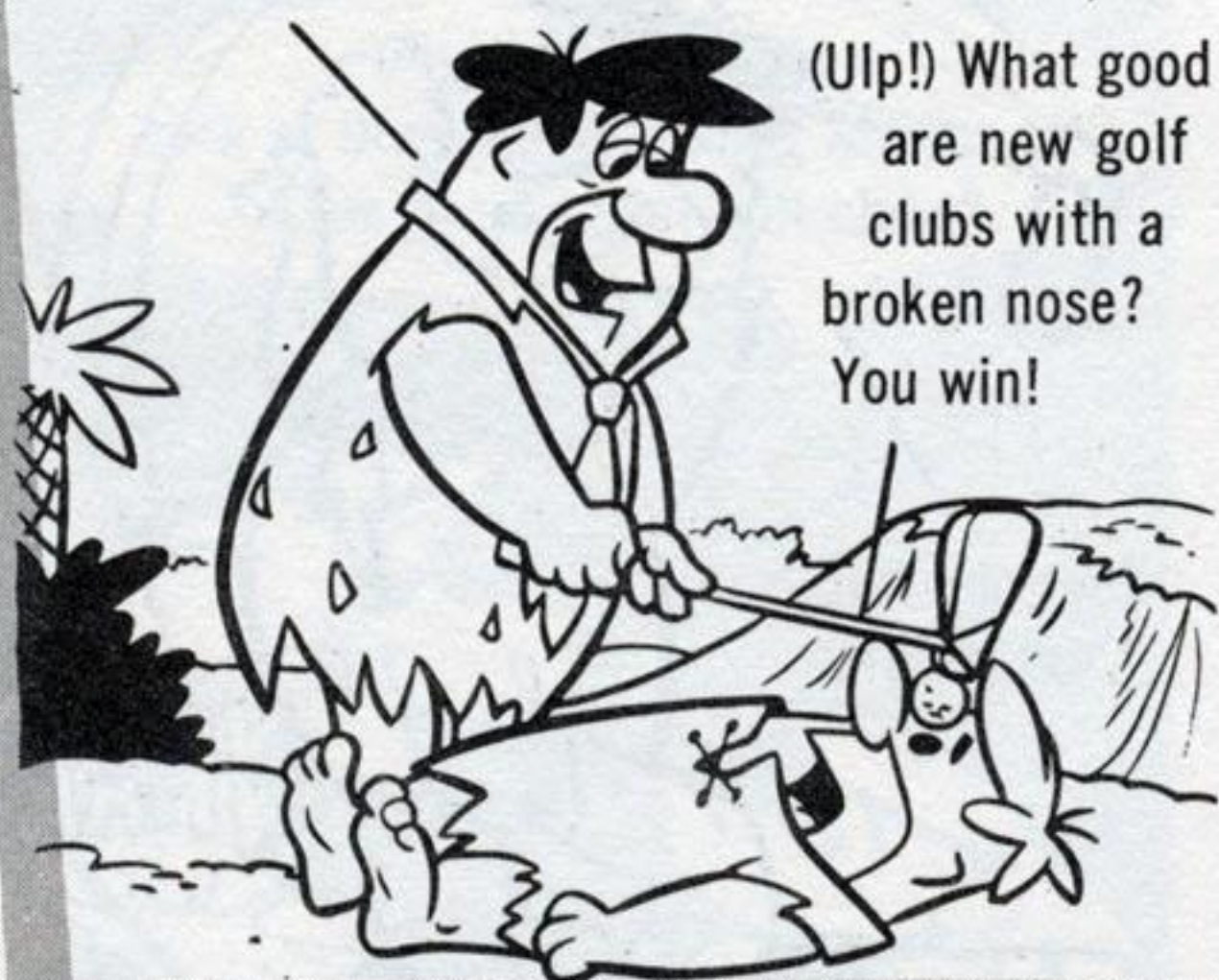
What do you think I'm doing,
wearing a monocle?



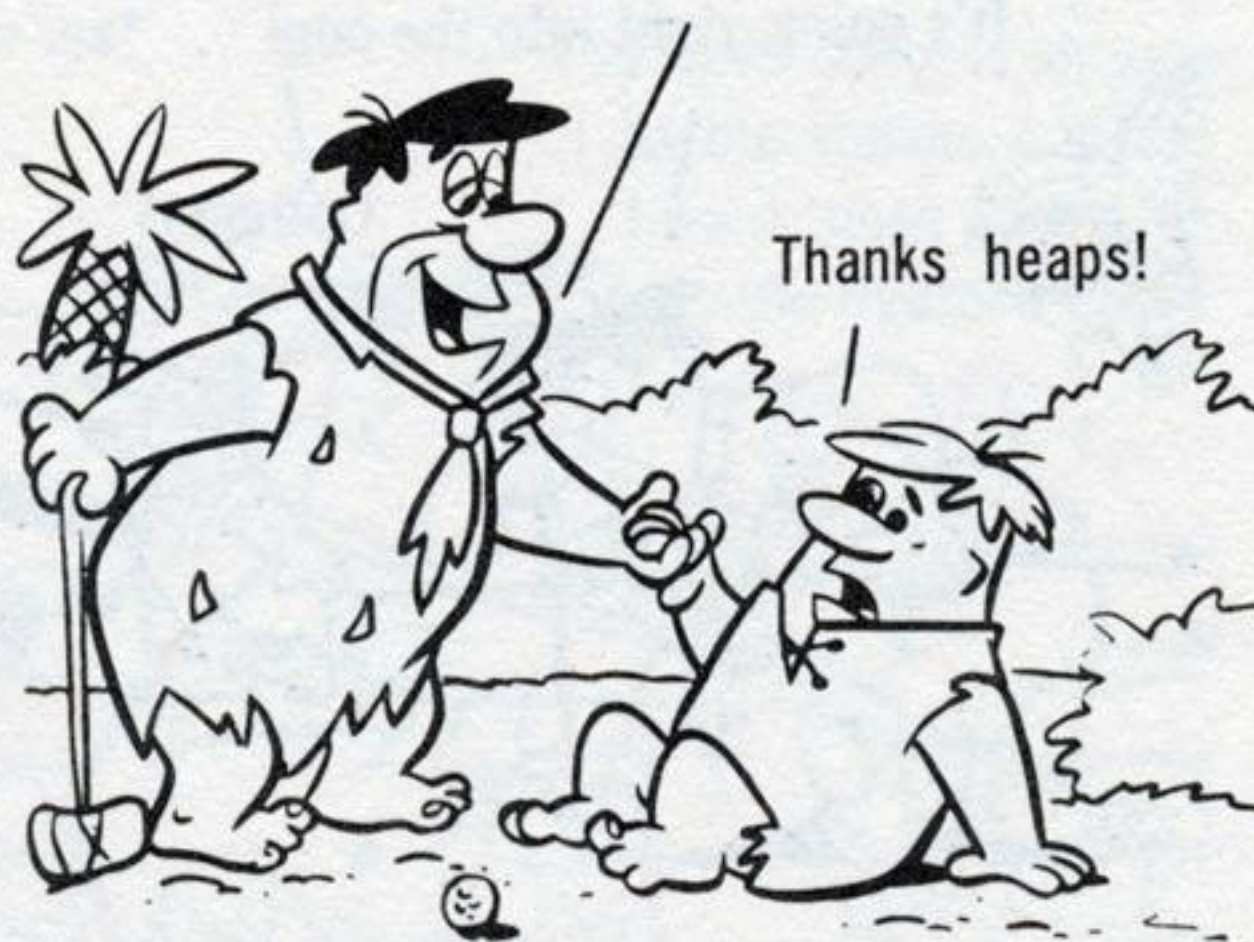
Don't get up! You know the rules!
I have to play the ball from here!



I'll try not to swing too hard,
but those are the rules...unless
you want to concede!



Thataboy, Barney!
I might even let you come over on
Sundays and polish my clubs!



Soon...

Just to show you my heart is
in the right place, I'll buy you a
— dinosaur steak for that eye!



Say, I'd like a...

Stop right there, you
lucky meat buyer!
You are the ten thousandth
customer to enter my store!



As an advertising gift, here are ten pounds of meat and two free sacks of Blue Stone Stamps!

Wow! Thanks!



Barney, I'm going to share the prize with you! That means we'll each have enough for a new set of clubs!

You're the greatest, Fred!



Boys! Where have you been? Betty and I wanted to show you our new lawn furniture!



We pooled all our Blue Stone Stamps and got it!

Yipe!

They seem to be overjoyed! Look at the tears of happiness!

(Sob, Boo hoo!)

Bawwww!



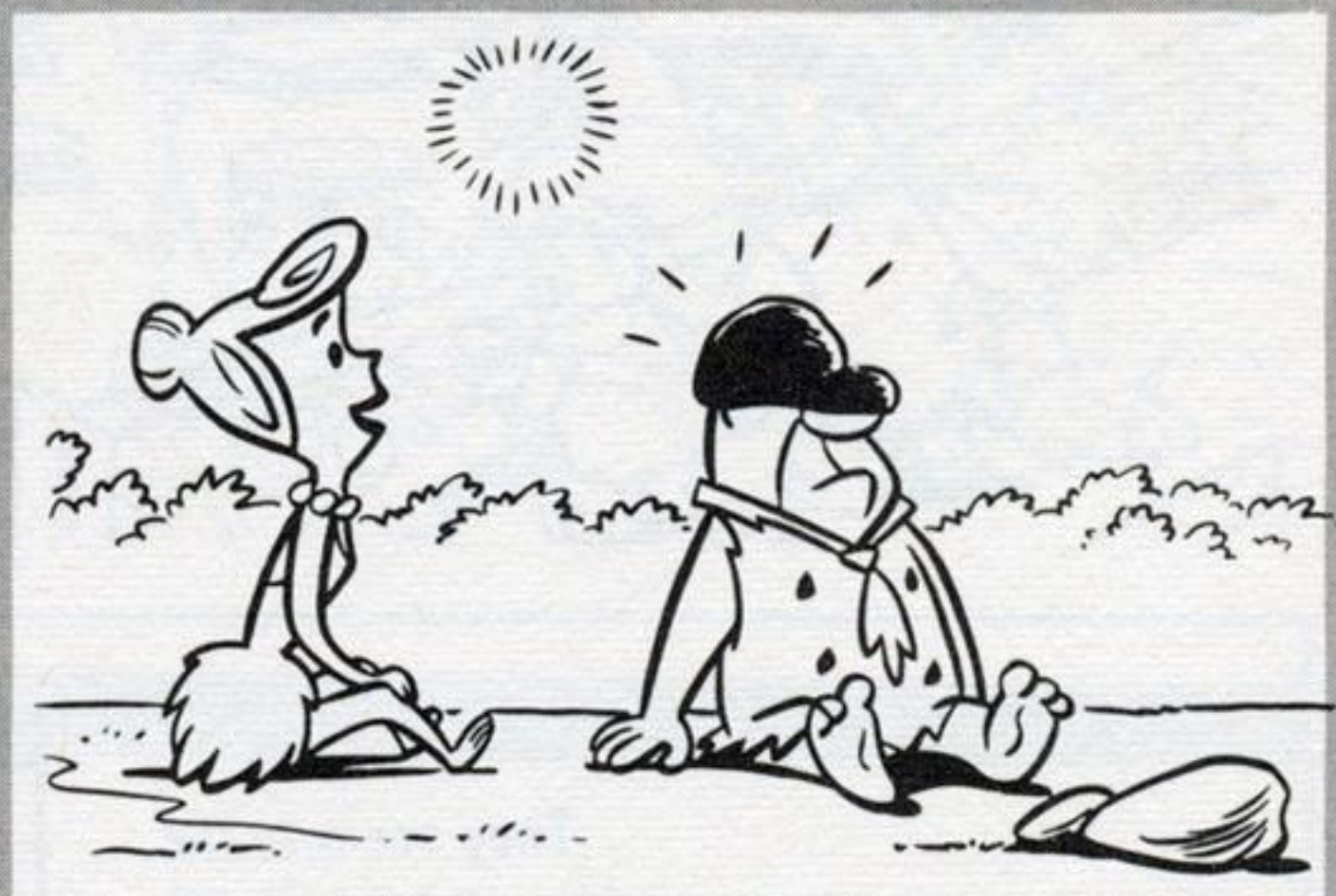
Yes, they're dears! Some husbands would be most upset if their wives splurged on lawn furniture!



We got two of the good ones!

the End

Handy- man



the Coffee House Caper

Bah! Everytime I open a magazine, it has
an article about beatniks! What's all the fuss about?
All those kids need is a little guidance from
an intelligent and worldly adult!

Like who, for instance?



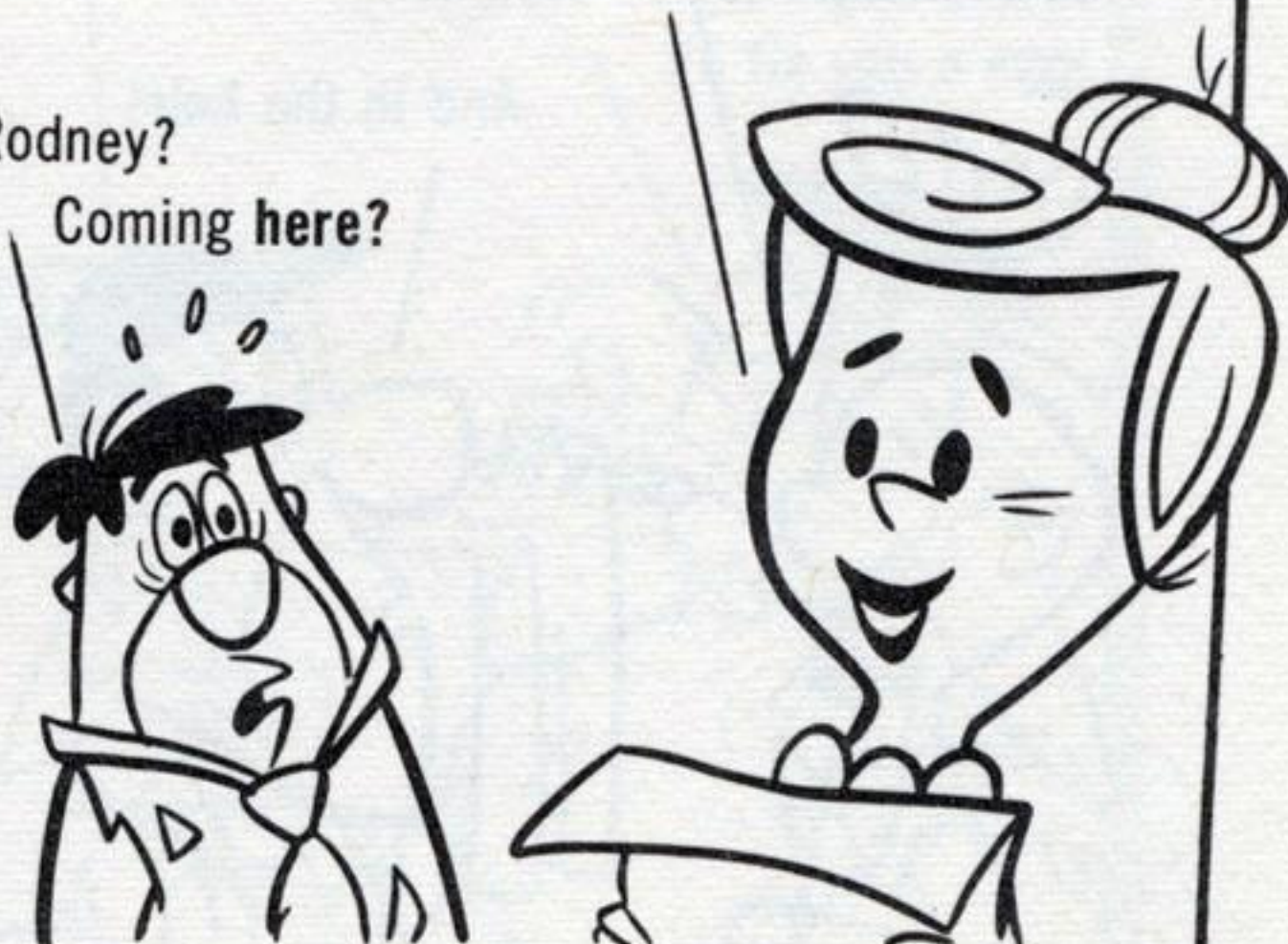
Like me, for instance!
Just give me an hour with those beatniks
and I'd have them
becoming solid citizens!

I'm glad to hear you
say that, Fred!



Because I just got a letter
that our nephew, Rodney Rocktop, is coming
to visit us! His mother says
he's going through a beatnik stage!

Rodney?
Coming here?



No! I refuse! He visited us when he was going through his mean little kid stage ten years ago, and I've still got the scars to prove it!



What's the matter, Fred? All he needs is a little talking to to become a solid citizen!

You can't talk to that kid! His head is solid rock!



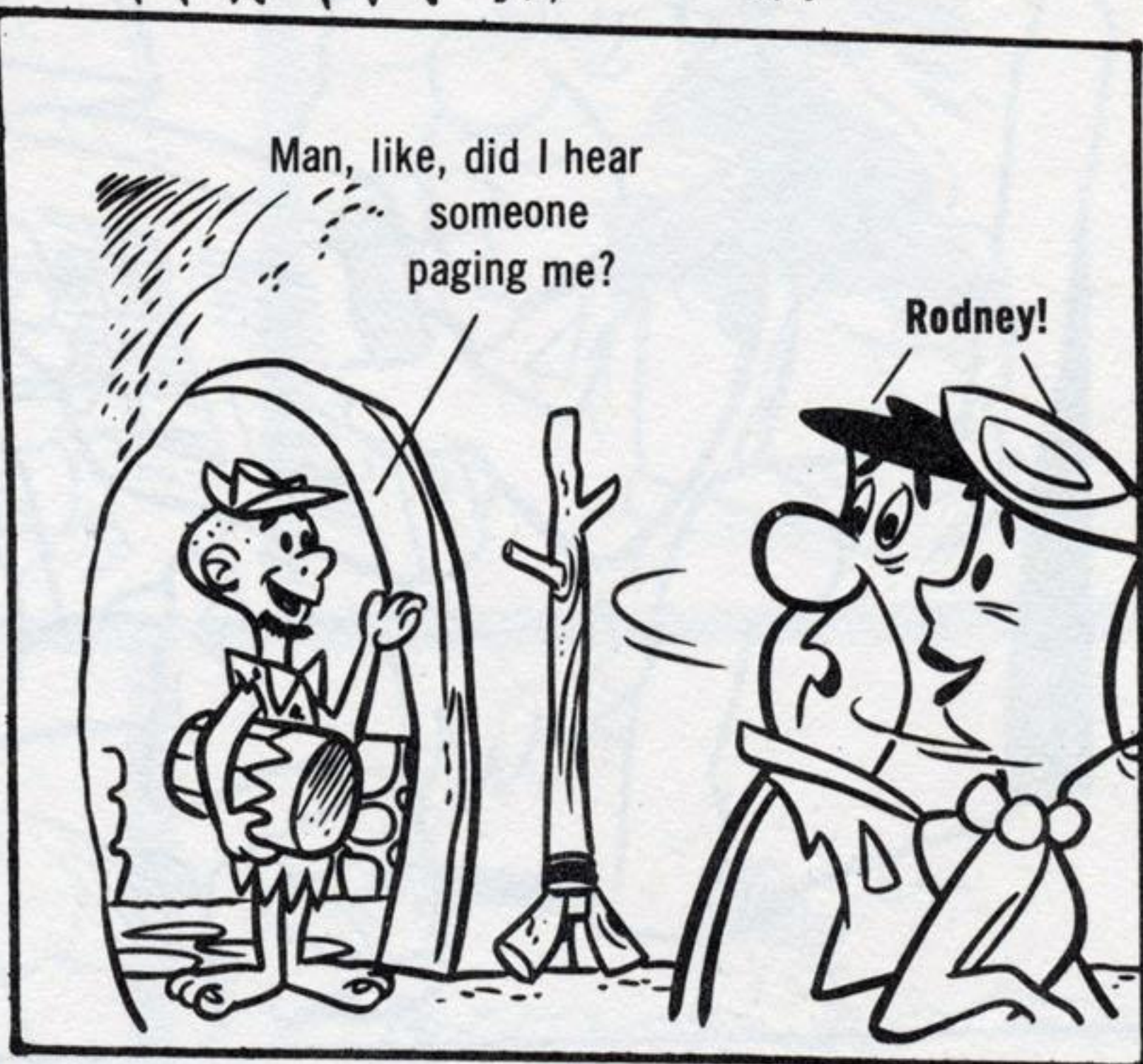
Well, he's on his way here, so that's that!

Grrr! I'll go batty with that intolerable, insufferable, insolent...



Man, like, did I hear someone paging me?

Rodney!



That's right, swingers! It's Rodney, in the flesh!

And in the hair!



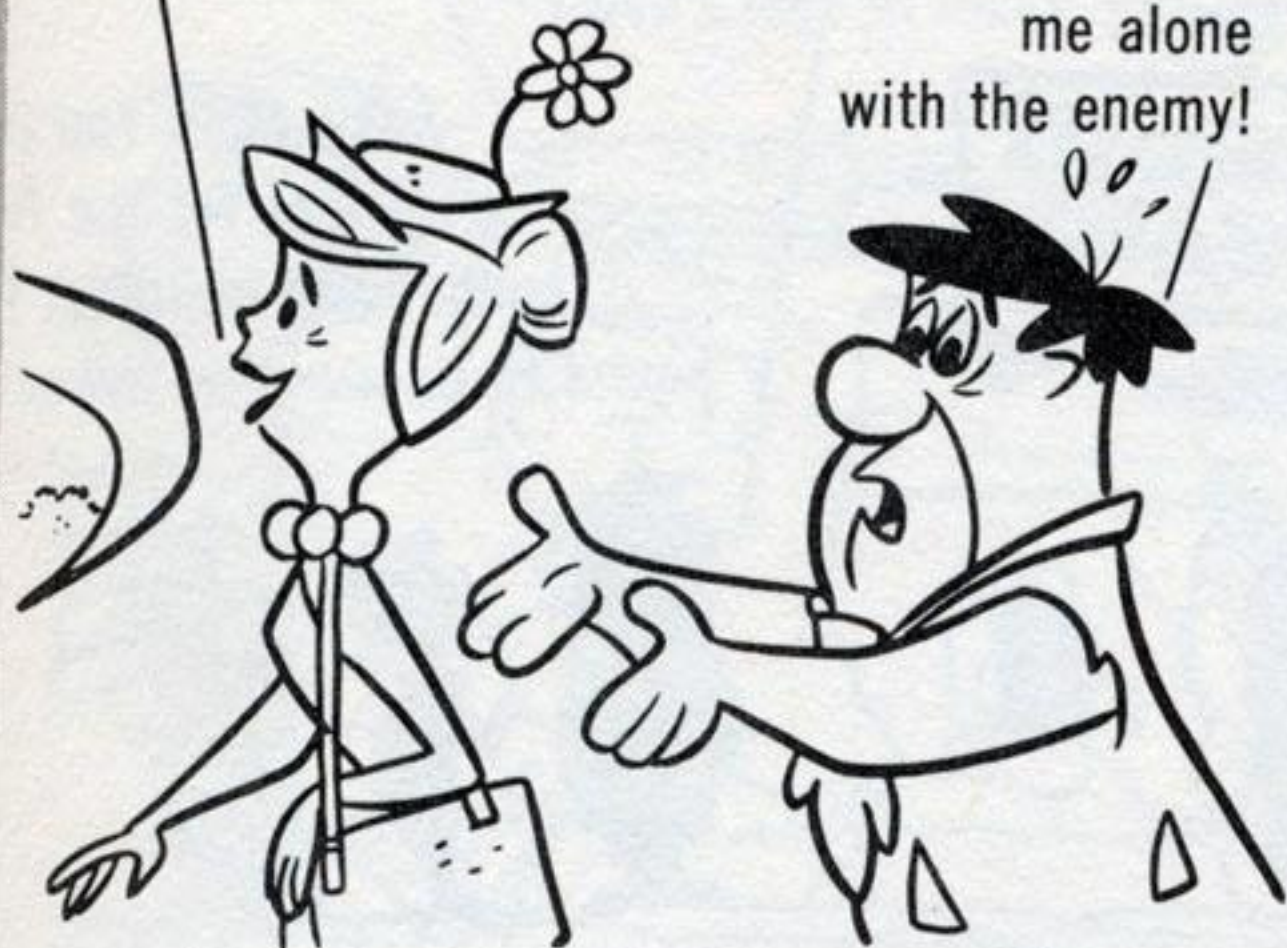
Tsk, tsk! You look as if you need a couple of good meals! I'm going marketing with Betty, and I'll buy plenty of extra groceries!

Thanks, man... er, woman!



Make yourself at home, Rodney!
I'm going shopping now!

Wait, Wilma!
Don't leave
me alone
with the enemy!



I sure hope my music doesn't
suffer from these
square surroundings!

What music?



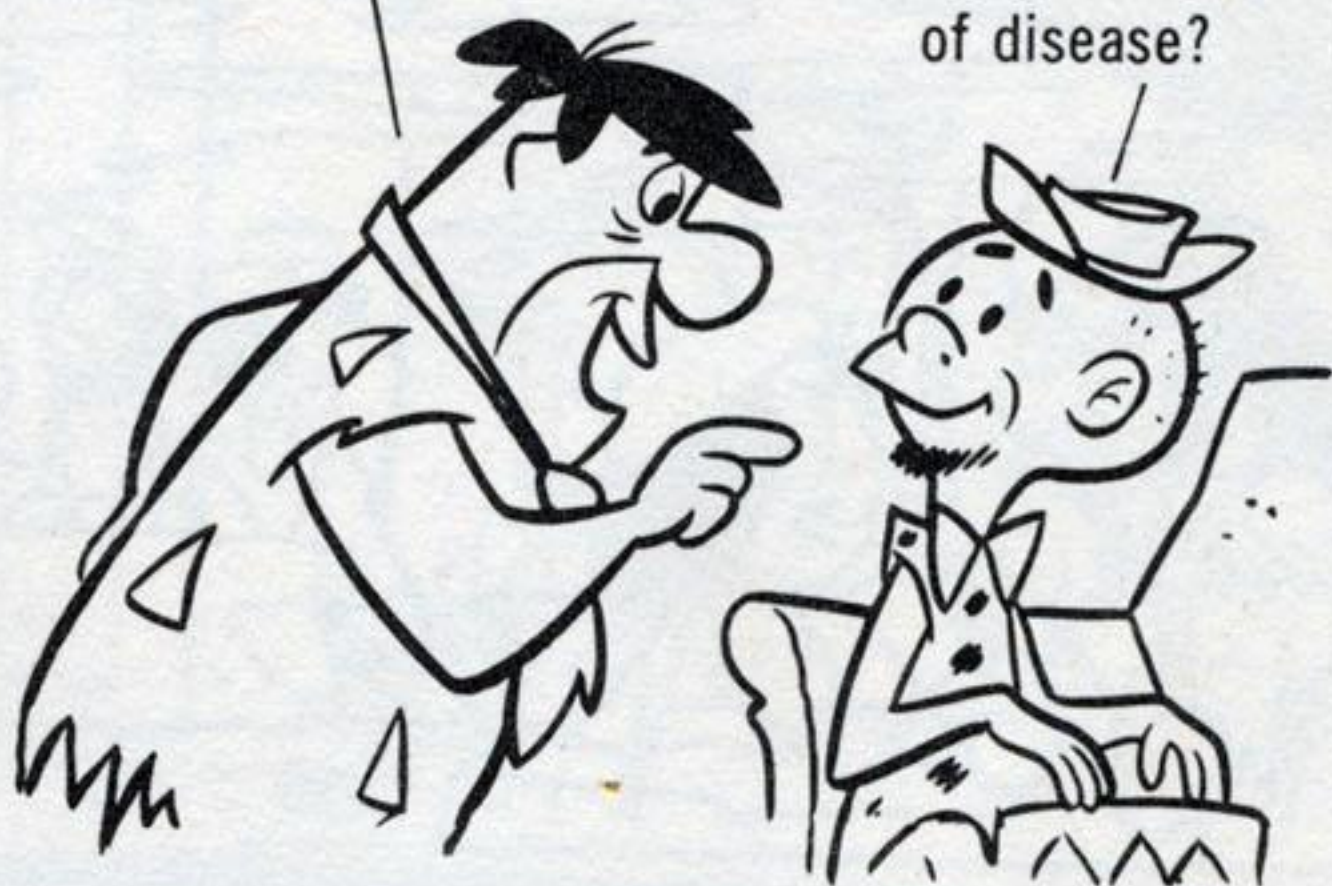
My bongos, Man!
Aren't you hip?
Don't you dig?
Aren't you with it?

Temper, Fred!
This boy just needs guidance!
Gain his confidence by
expressing an interest in
something he'd like!



Whattaya say we take in a baseball game
today while Wilma's gone?
Just you and me!

Baseball? What's
that? Some kind
of disease?



(Ulp!) You know, men hitting balls and
running around bases!

Oh, yeah! I think I heard
about that silly
stuff one time!
Squaresville, Dad!



I'll tell you what I **would** dig...
cutting out to the local coffee house!

We have coffee right here!
I'll fix you a cup!



No, Dad! I don't dig that domestic mud!
Let's go have some café espresso!
I'll show you my
kind of people! You might
get hip yet!

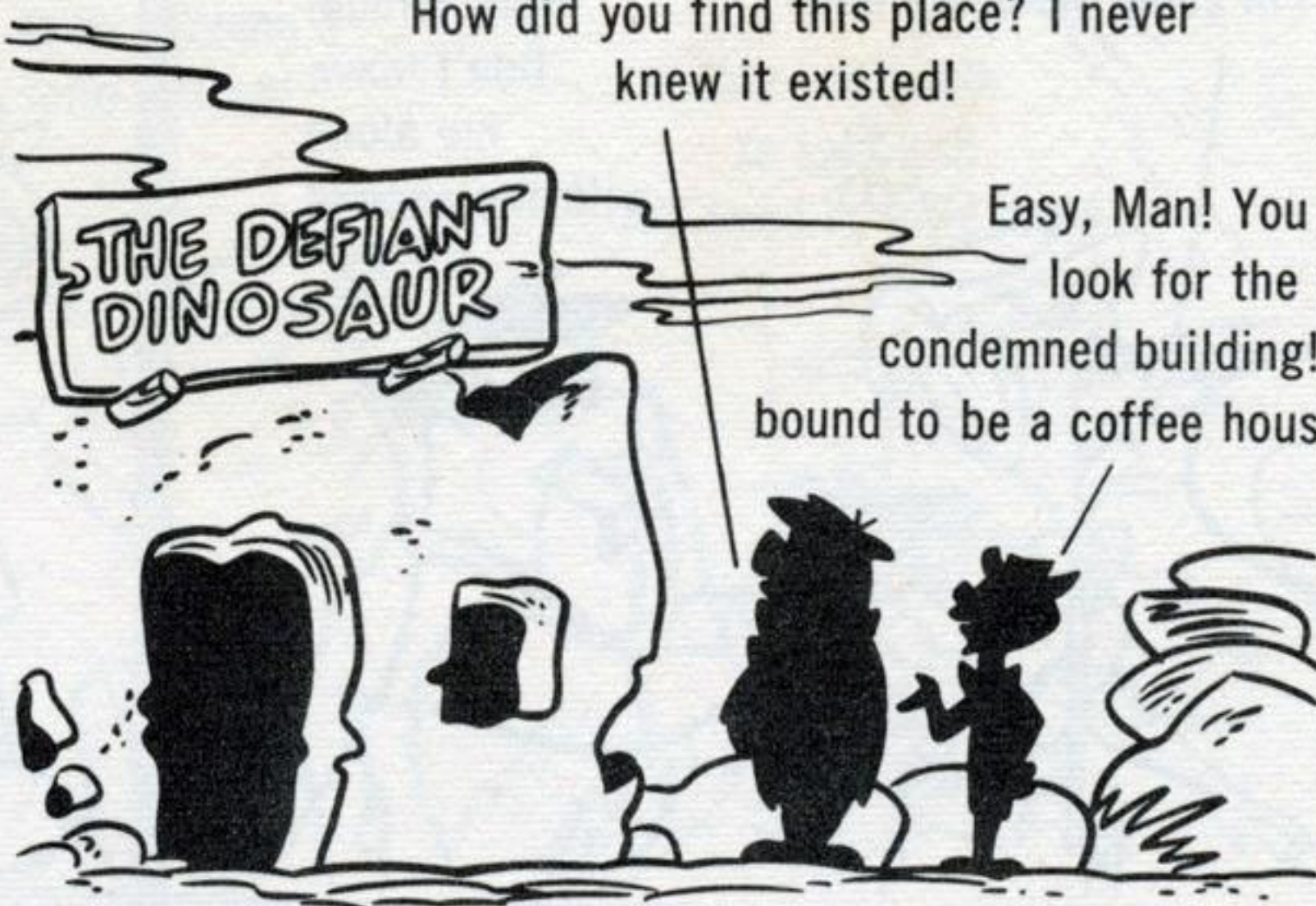
(Ulp!) I hope not!



Shortly...

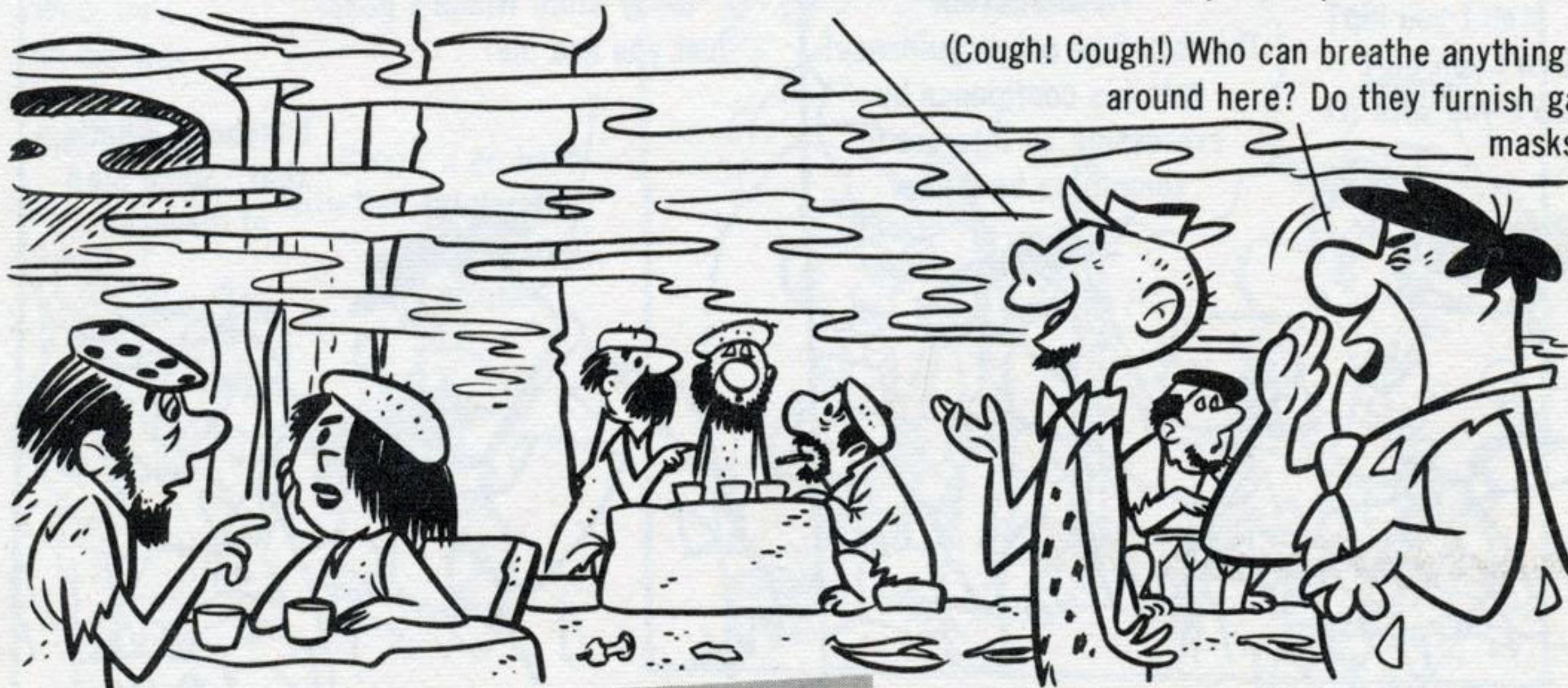
How did you find this place? I never
knew it existed!

Easy, Man! You just
look for the first
condemned building! It's
bound to be a coffee house!



Ah! This is the place! Just breathe in all this crazy atmosphere!

(Cough! Cough!) Who can breathe anything
around here? Do they furnish gas
masks?



Say, Chick, like, we'll make the scene with a
couple of café espressos!

Yipe! This
stuff better be
good at
a buck a cup!



Cats and Chicks! Gimme your casual
attention! We are going to
present our regular
Saturday afternoon
talent show!



This is your lucky day, Pops!
Now you'll get a real look at some crazy talent!

I don't feel so lucky, getting a real
look at the size
of this crazy buck cup of coffee!

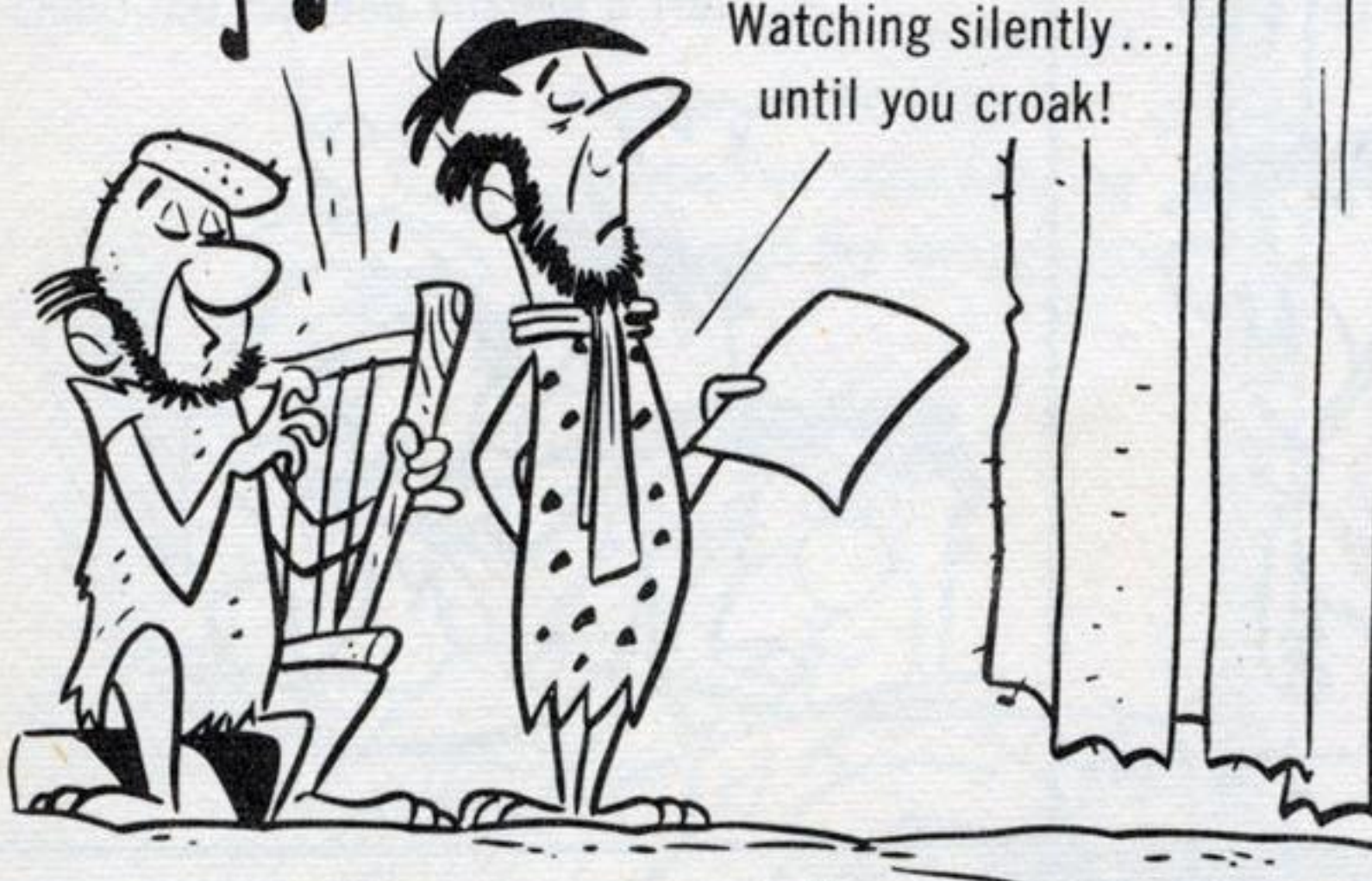


Aghhh! Maybe I'm
lucky it's a small cup, after all!

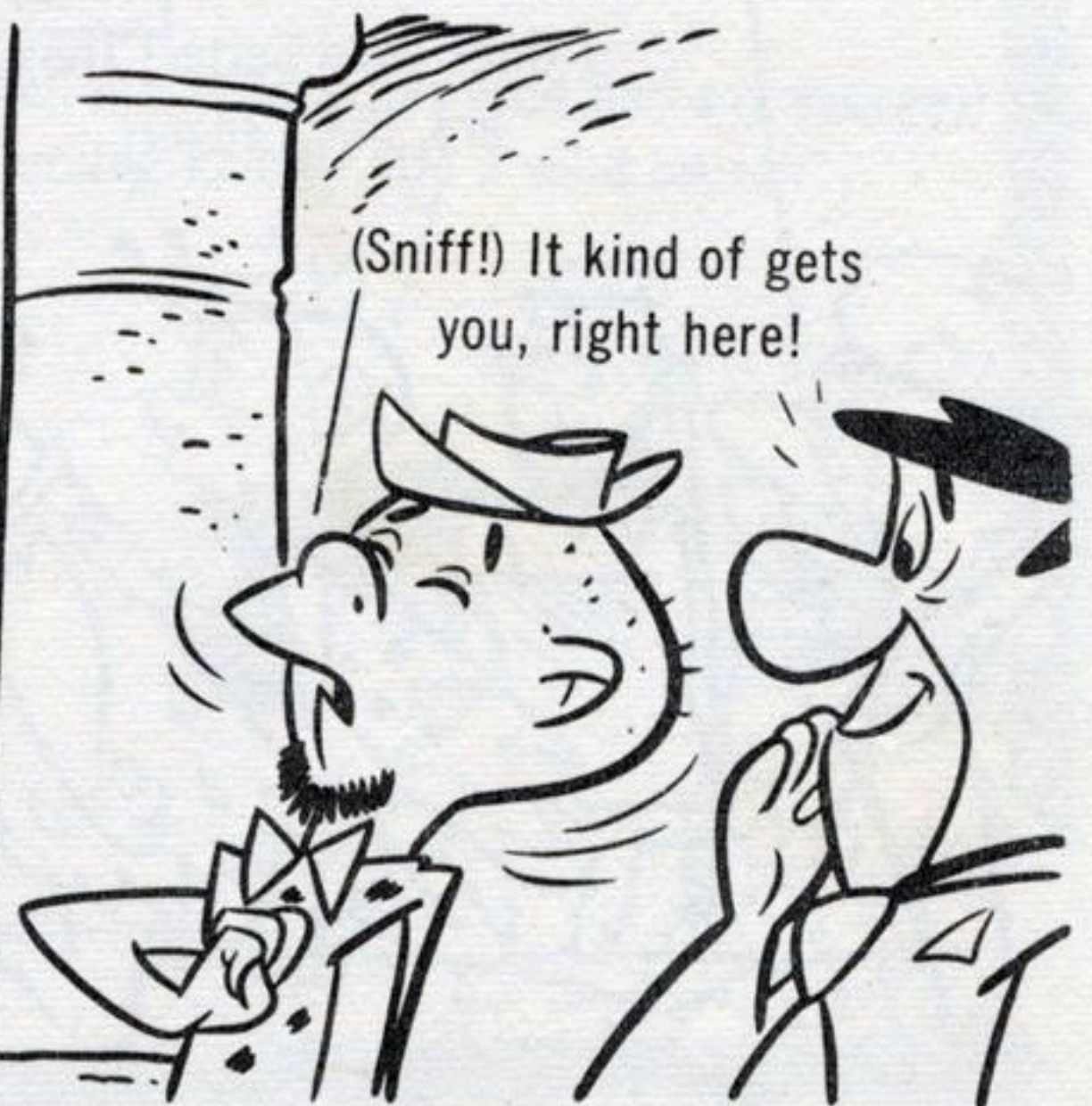
Like, silence! The procession of
beat talent is about to begin!



Ode to a Toad!... Oh, fat and puffy symbol of the age,
Sitting on yon rock where thee awoke.
There you sit on your watery stage,
Watching silently...
until you croak!

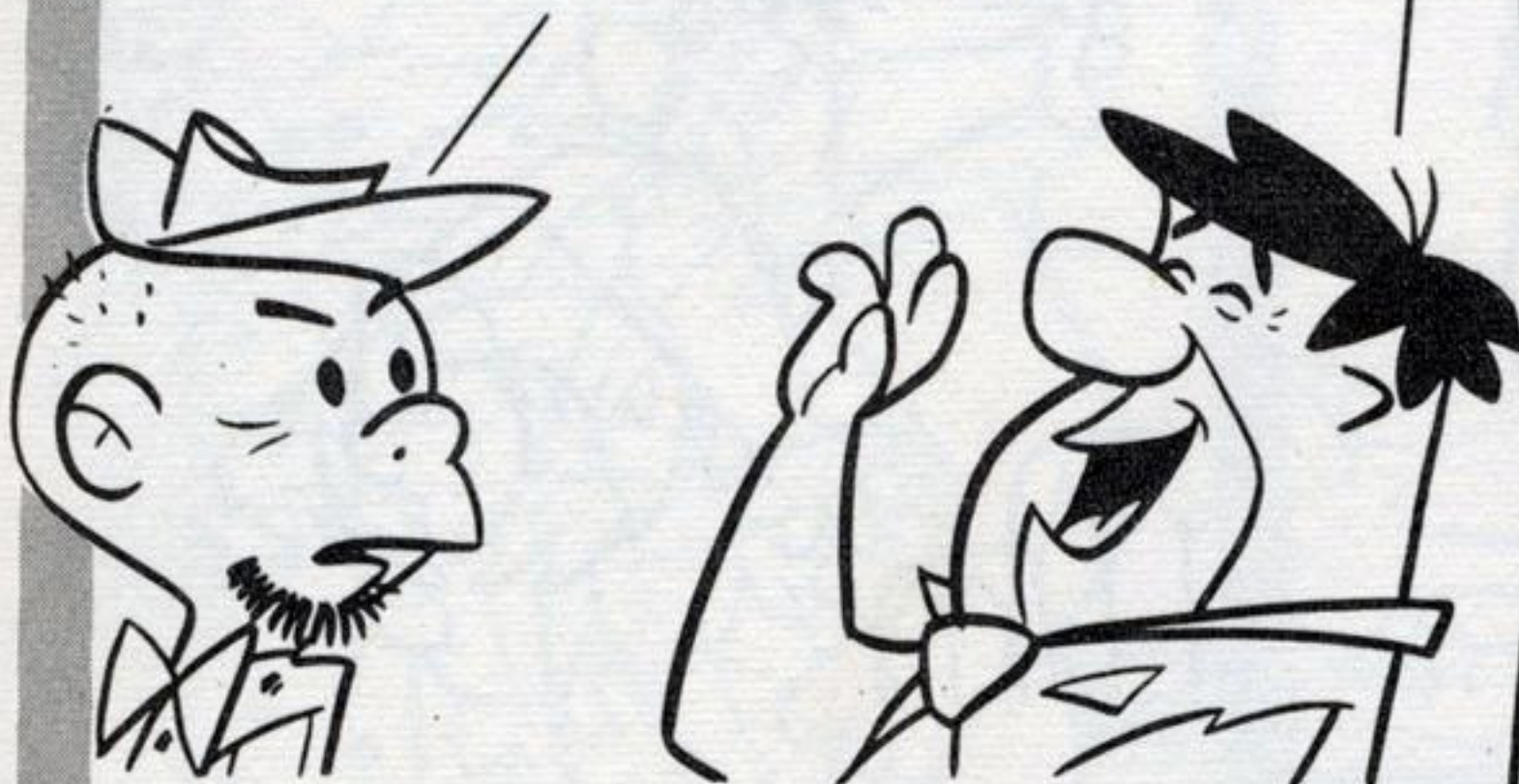


(Sniff!) It kind of gets
you, right here!



Ha, ha, ha! It gets me in the funnybone! That guy
is a great comedian!

Quiet, Man! That's serious stuff! You want
to get us thrown out?



Hey! Now you can laugh! That chick is
doing a modern dance
symbolizing the humor
in an ear
of corn!



(Sob!) I think it's tragic! The saddest excuse
for dancing I've ever seen!

Shhh! You'll bug the beats!



I seem to detect an alien being in our midst!
You don't seem to be on the same
wave length! Why don't you
blow, Man?



Yeah! Cut out, Man!

I think we'd better! They
are, like, angry!

Let's go!

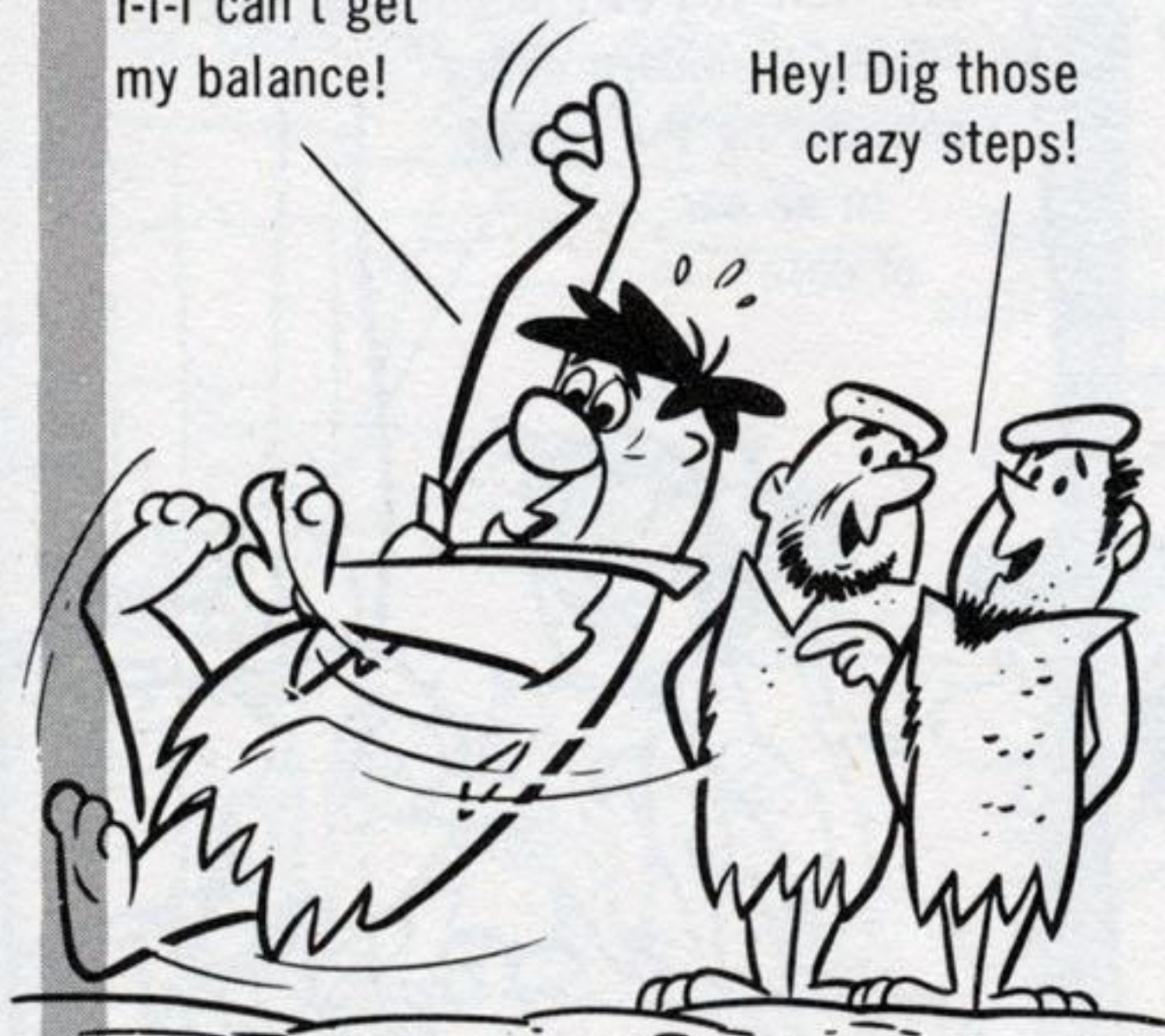


Yipe! They may
be beat, but they sure
aren't neat! Somebody
left a banana peel on the floor!



I-I-I can't get
my balance!

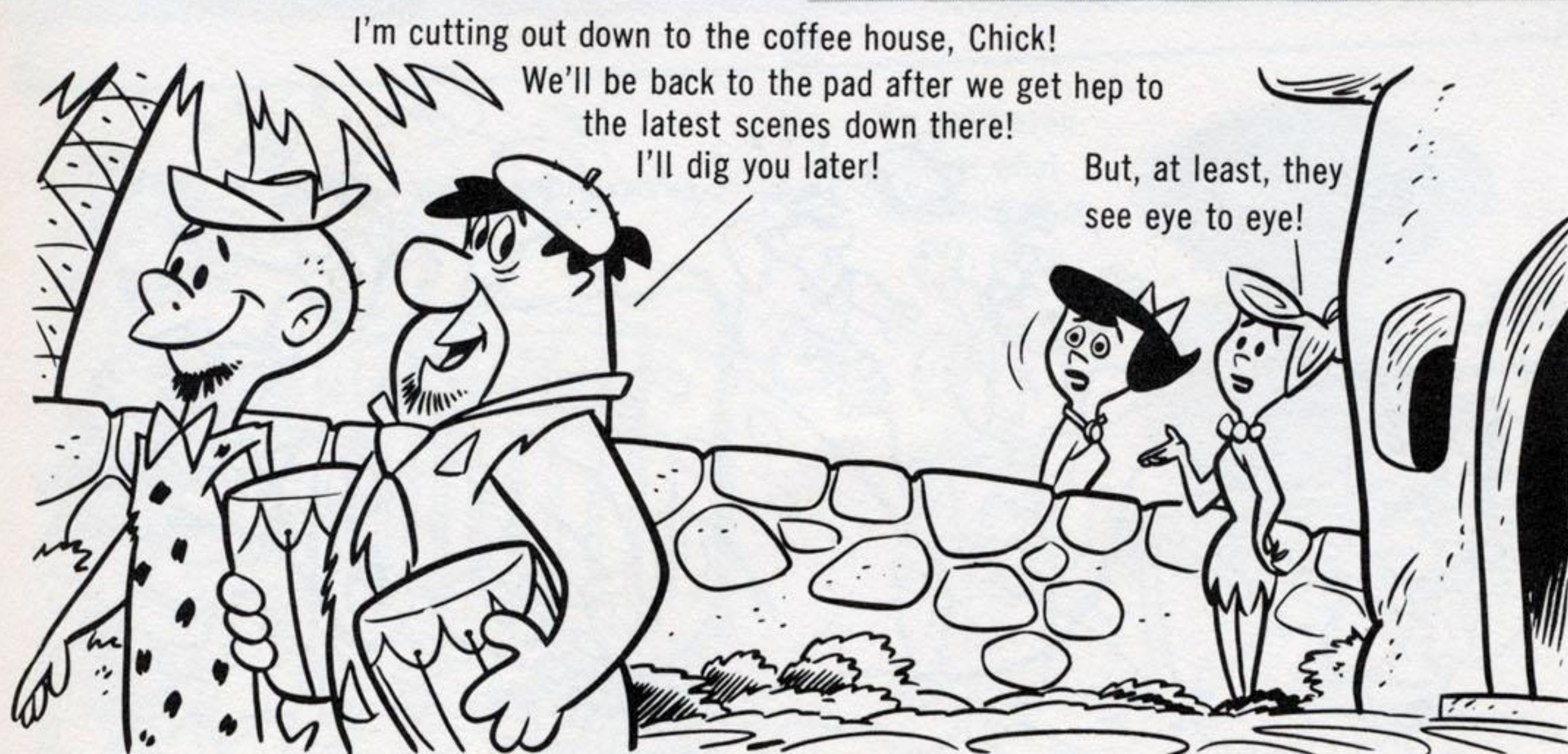
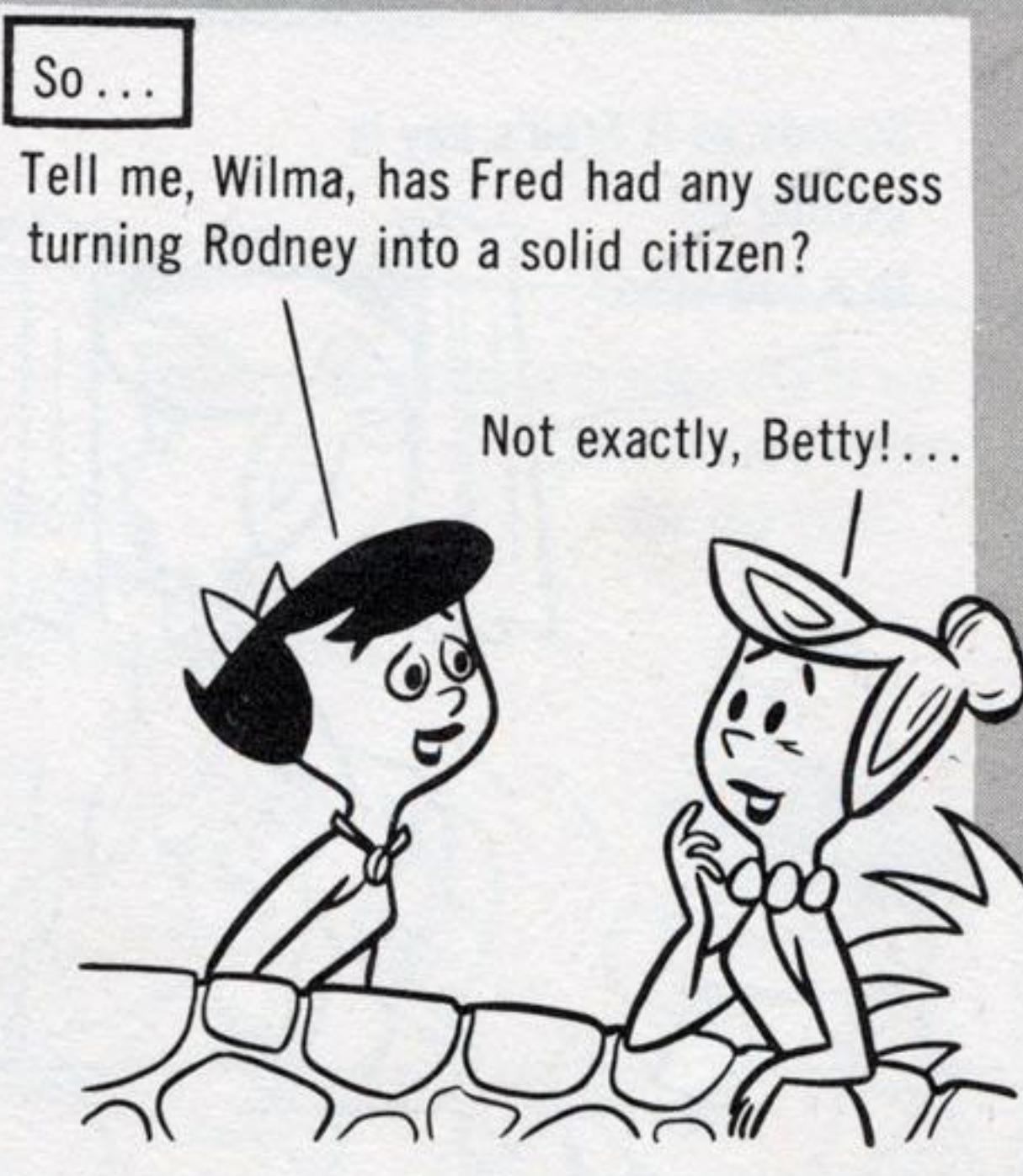
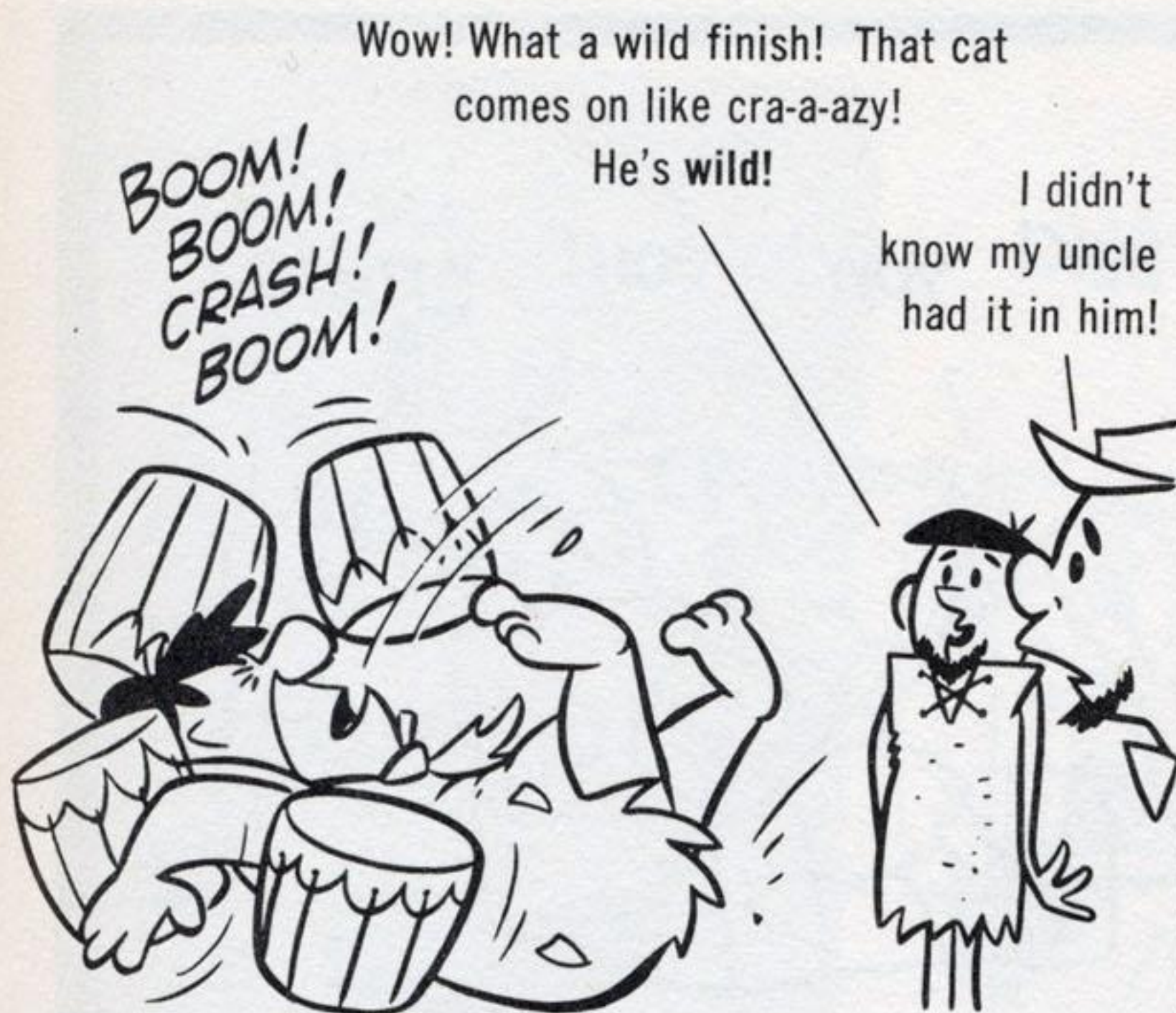
Hey! Dig those
crazy steps!



Yeeeeowww!

Crazy, Dad! That's what
I call a jazzy step !





the End

all
shook
up

EEK!

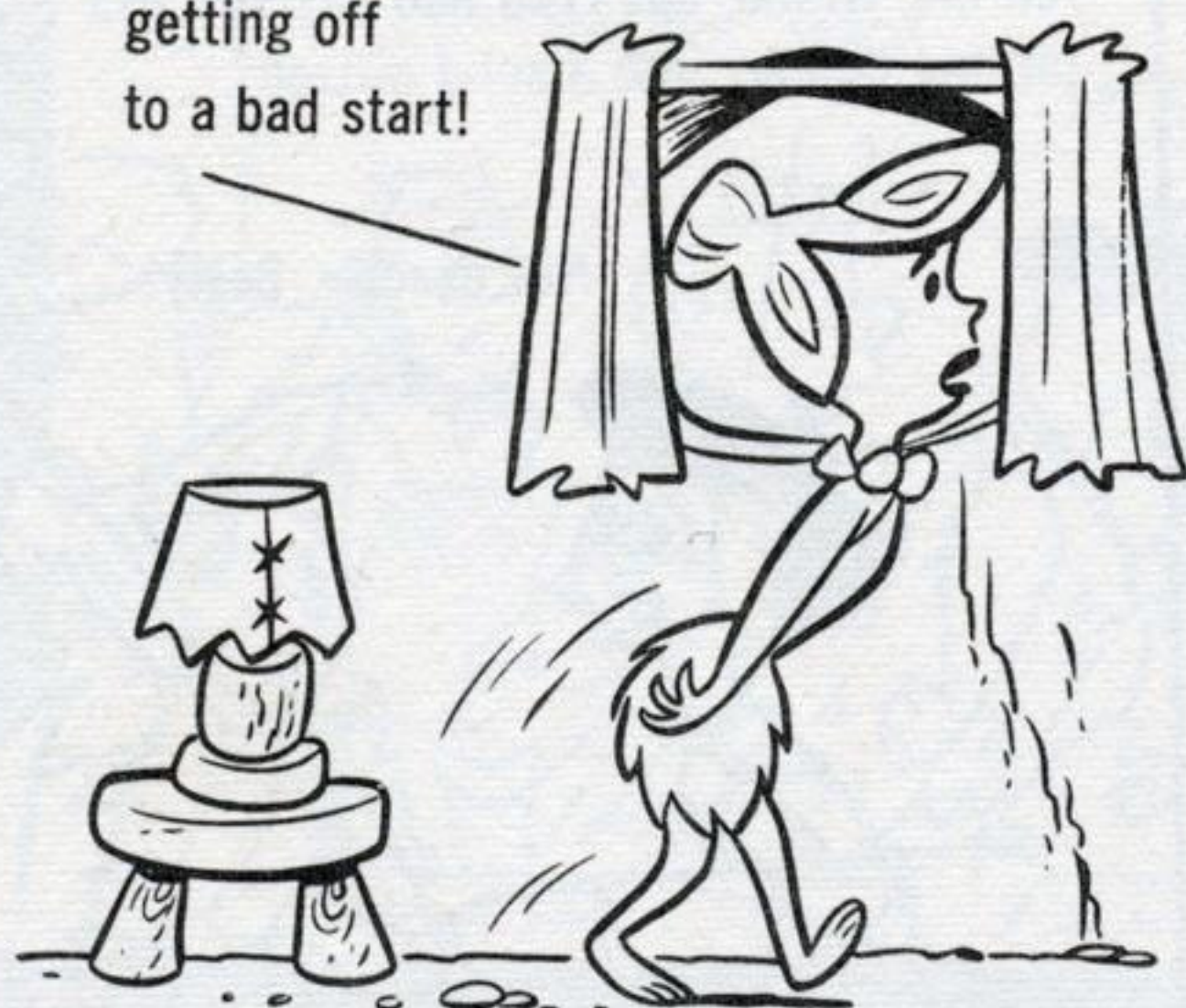
YOW!

OOH!

ERK!

Oh-oh!

Sounds as if Fred's day is
getting off
to a bad start!



Yes!
Just as
I thought...



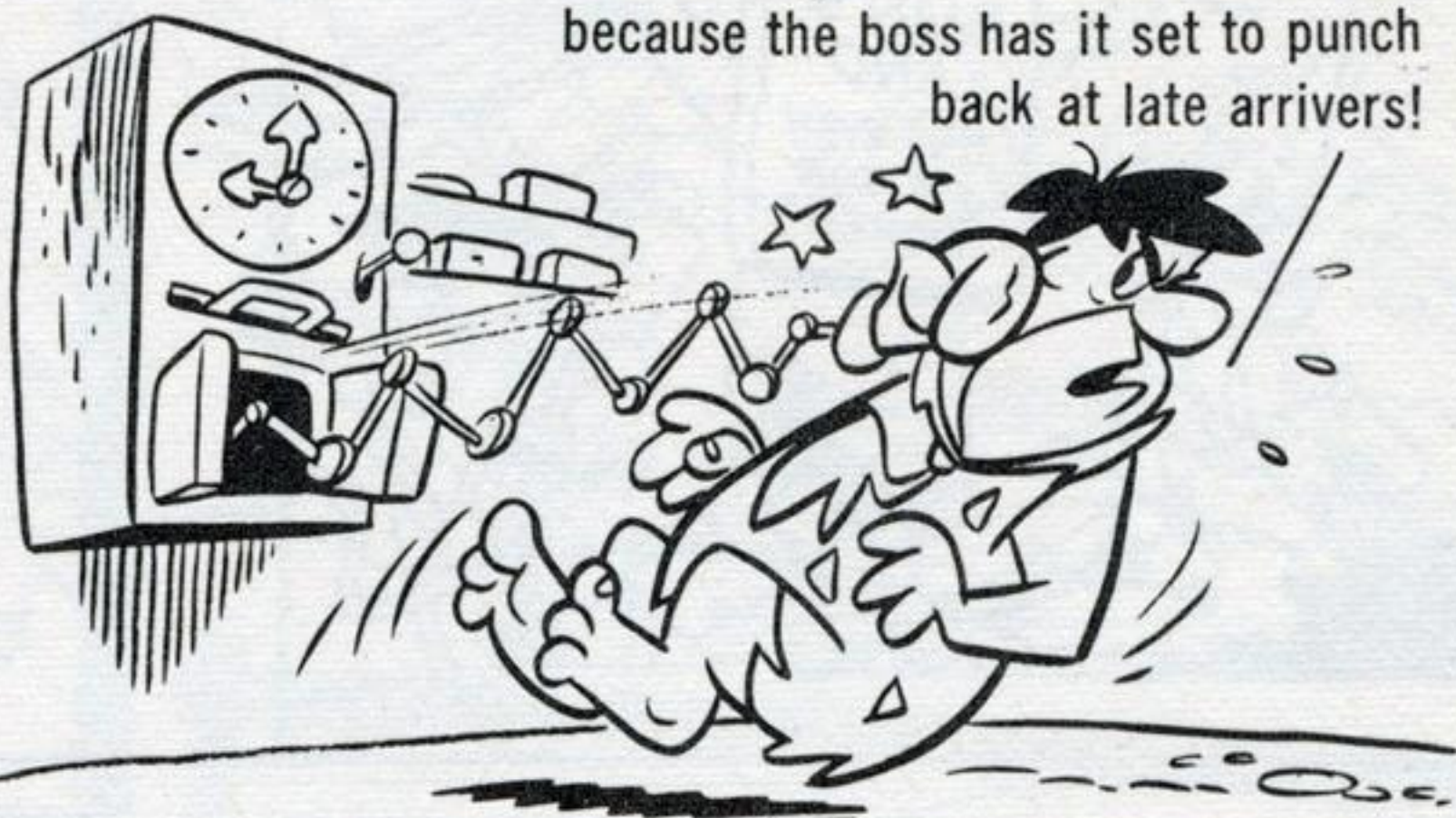
The bus
stubbed its toe!



the Beast Baggers

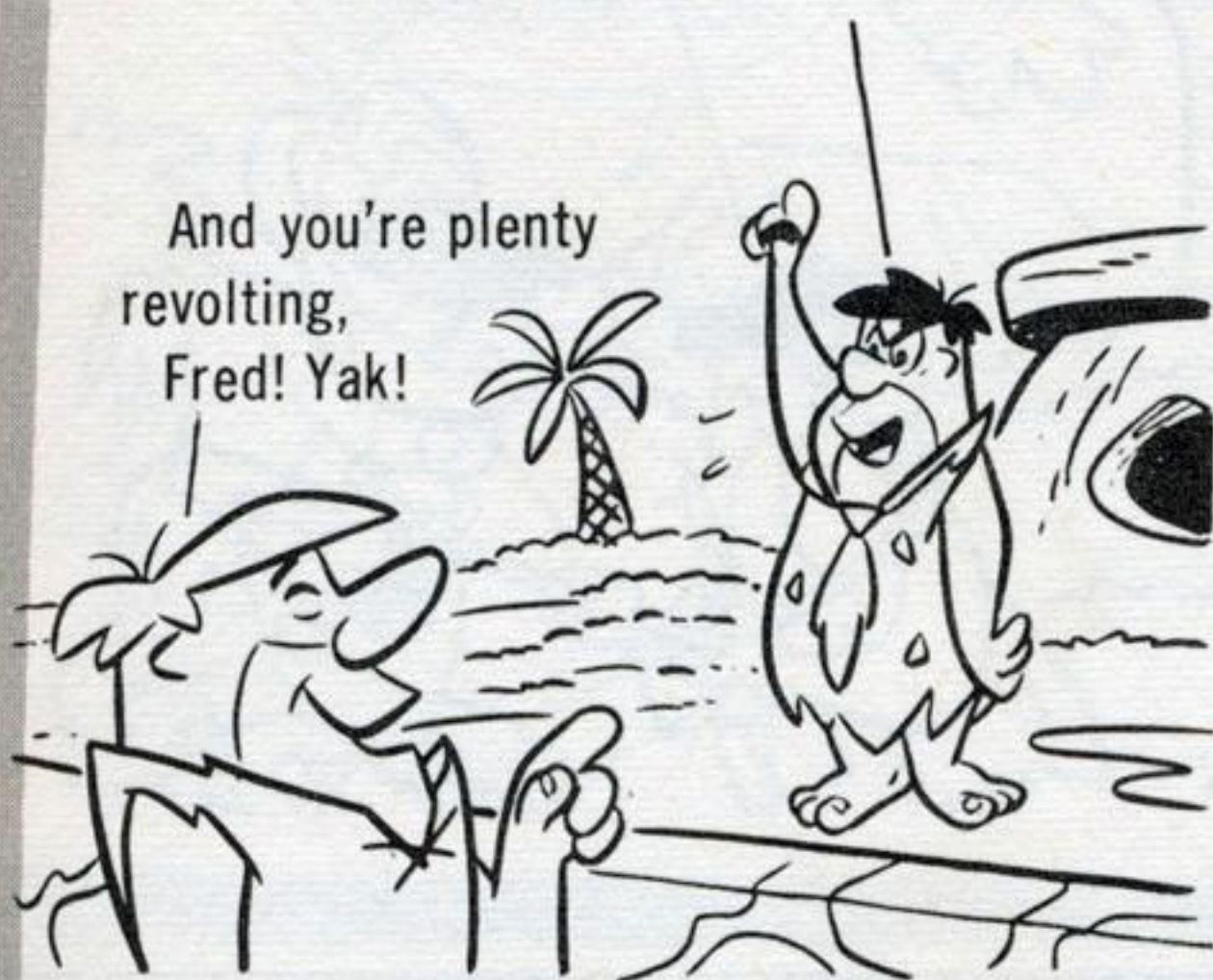
Like many a working man, Fred Flintstone
isn't too keen about punching a time clock...

Mostly, I hate it
because the boss has it set to punch
back at late arrivers!



There comes a time to revolt!

And you're plenty
revolting,
Fred! Yak!



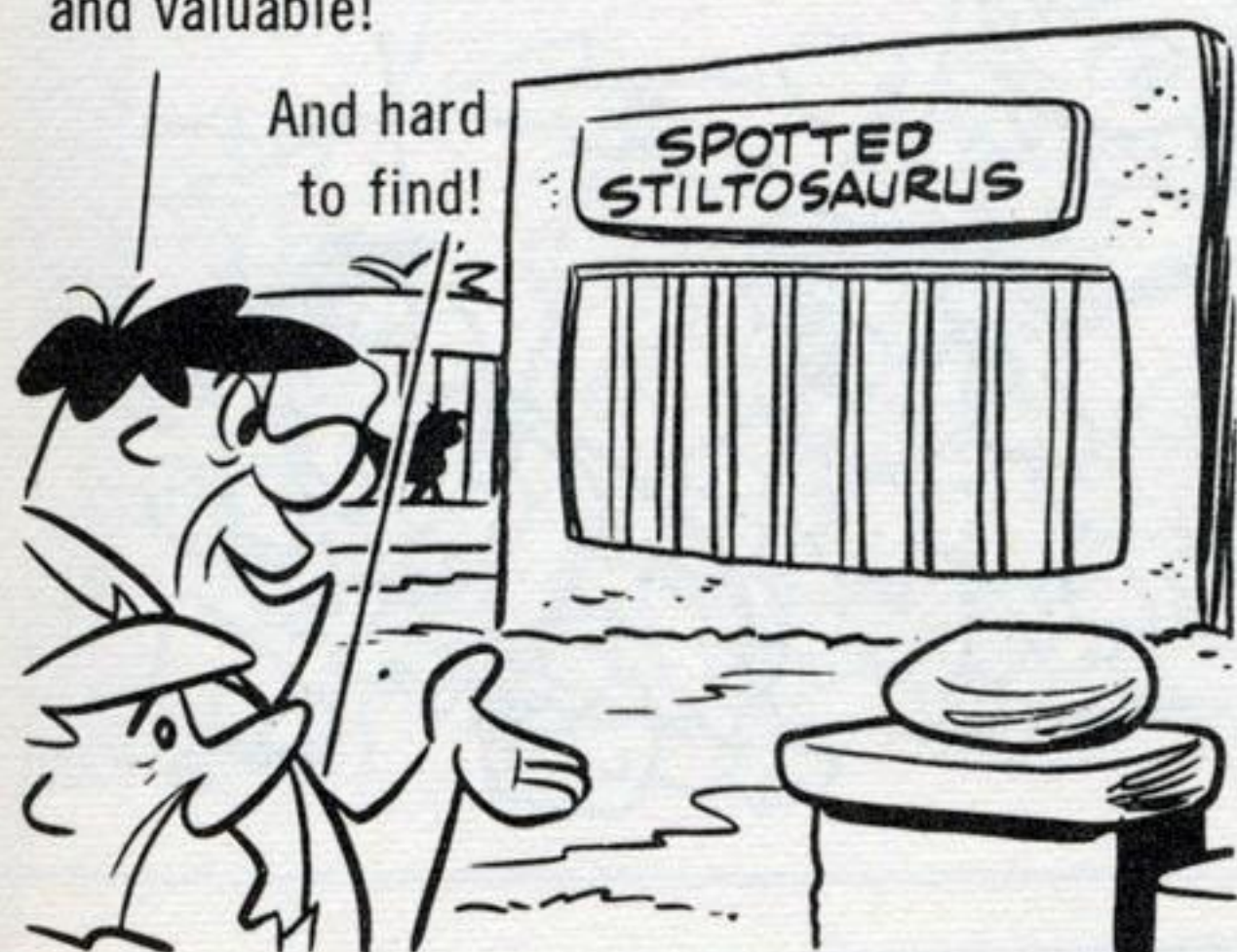
Listen... we can retire for life if we
catch a rare critter
for the zoo!

Hey, I'm
starting to
feel revolting, too!



See... they don't have a **spotted stiltosaurus**
yet, so it must be very rare
and valuable!

And hard
to find!



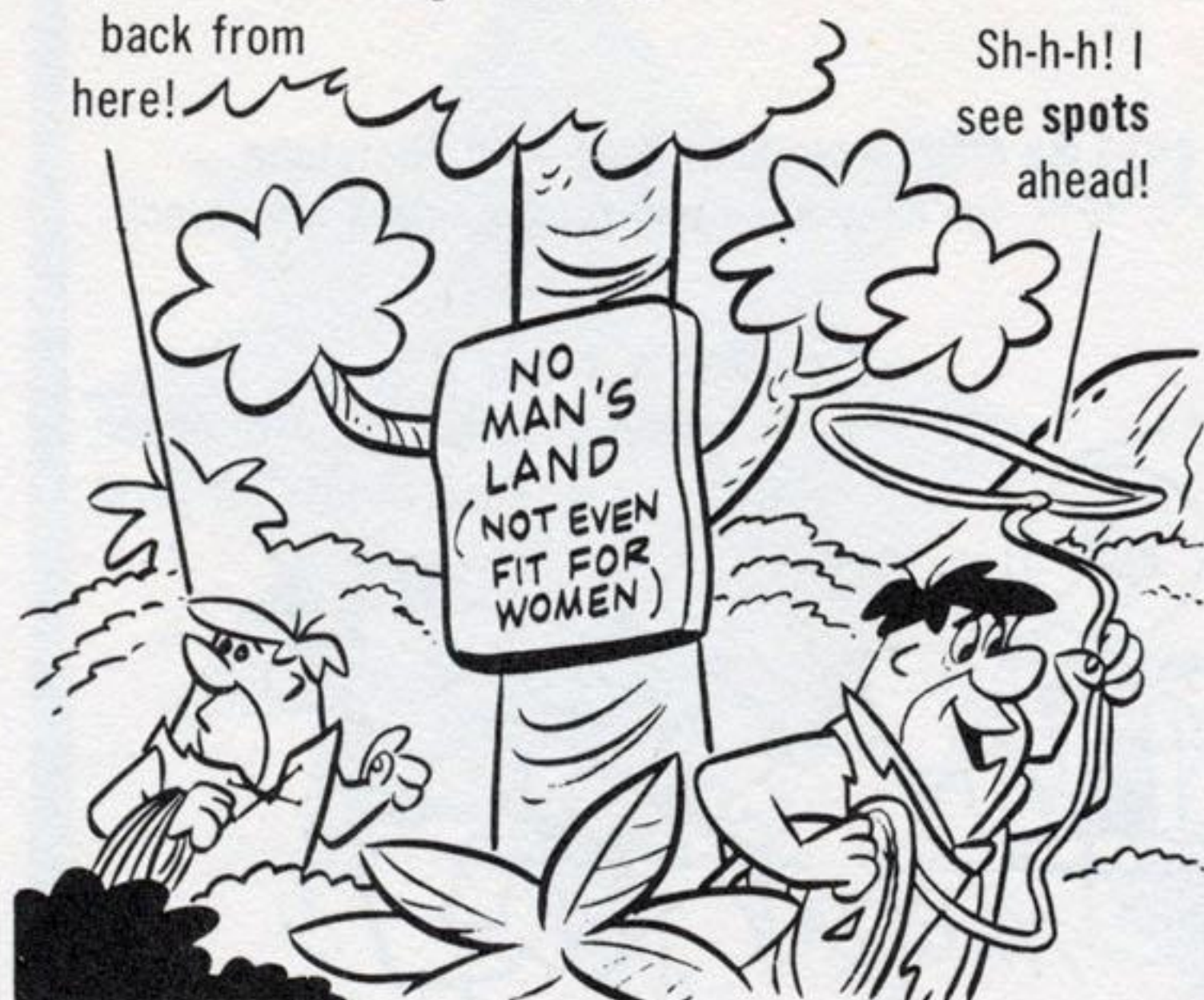
We don't even
know what
one looks like!

Silly...
it's **spotted**, as
the name implies!

Come on...
let's get some
bring-'em-back
gear!



This is an awful place, Fred! We'll be lucky if we can bring **ourselves** back from here!



Sh-h-h! I see **spots** ahead!

Got it! Got it!
I've caught a spotted stiltosaurus!

I'm glad to hear that, Fred...



Then I won't bother bagging **this** spotted varmint!



Oh-oh! Pounce on it, pal!
Let's play it safe!

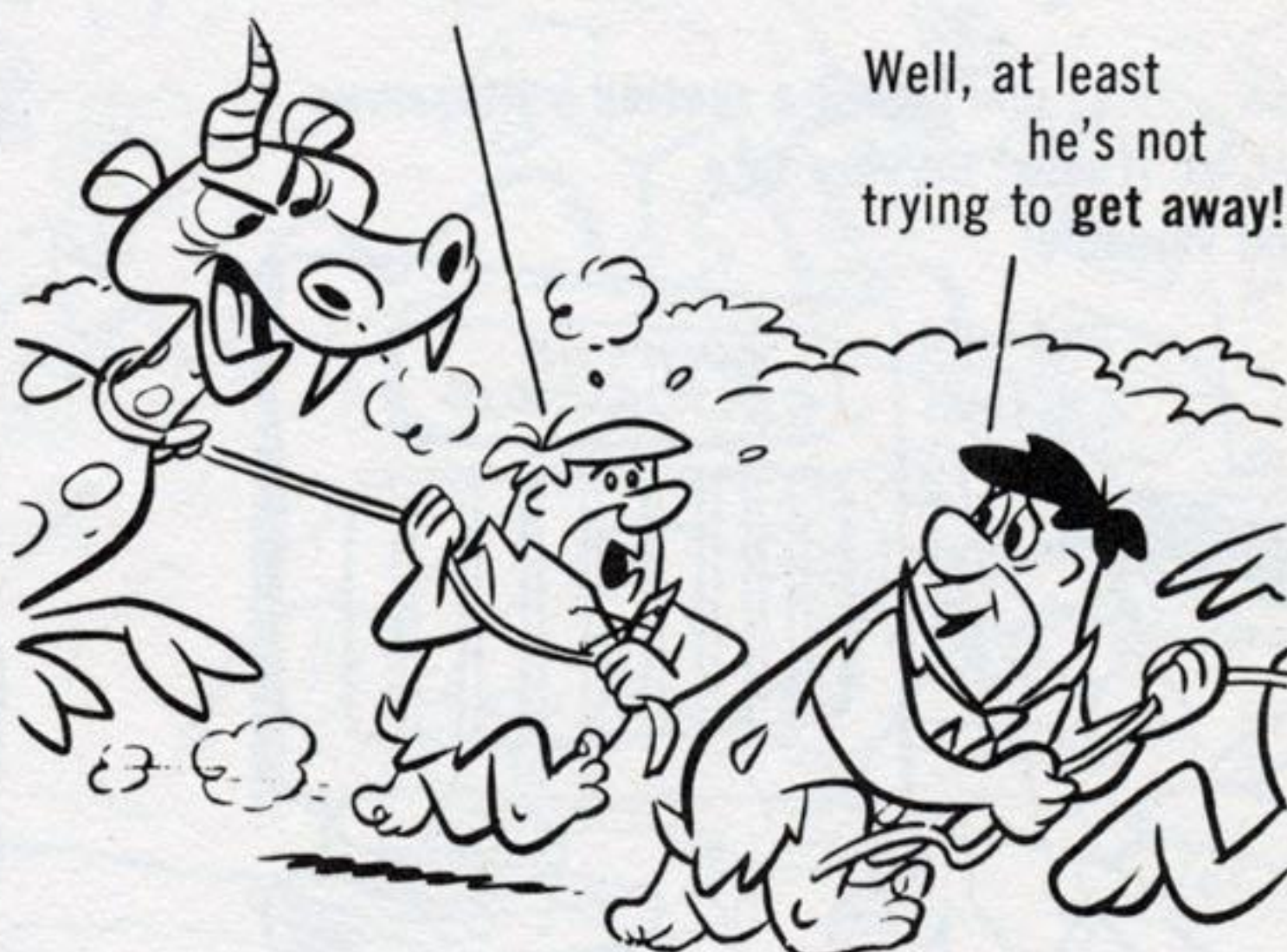


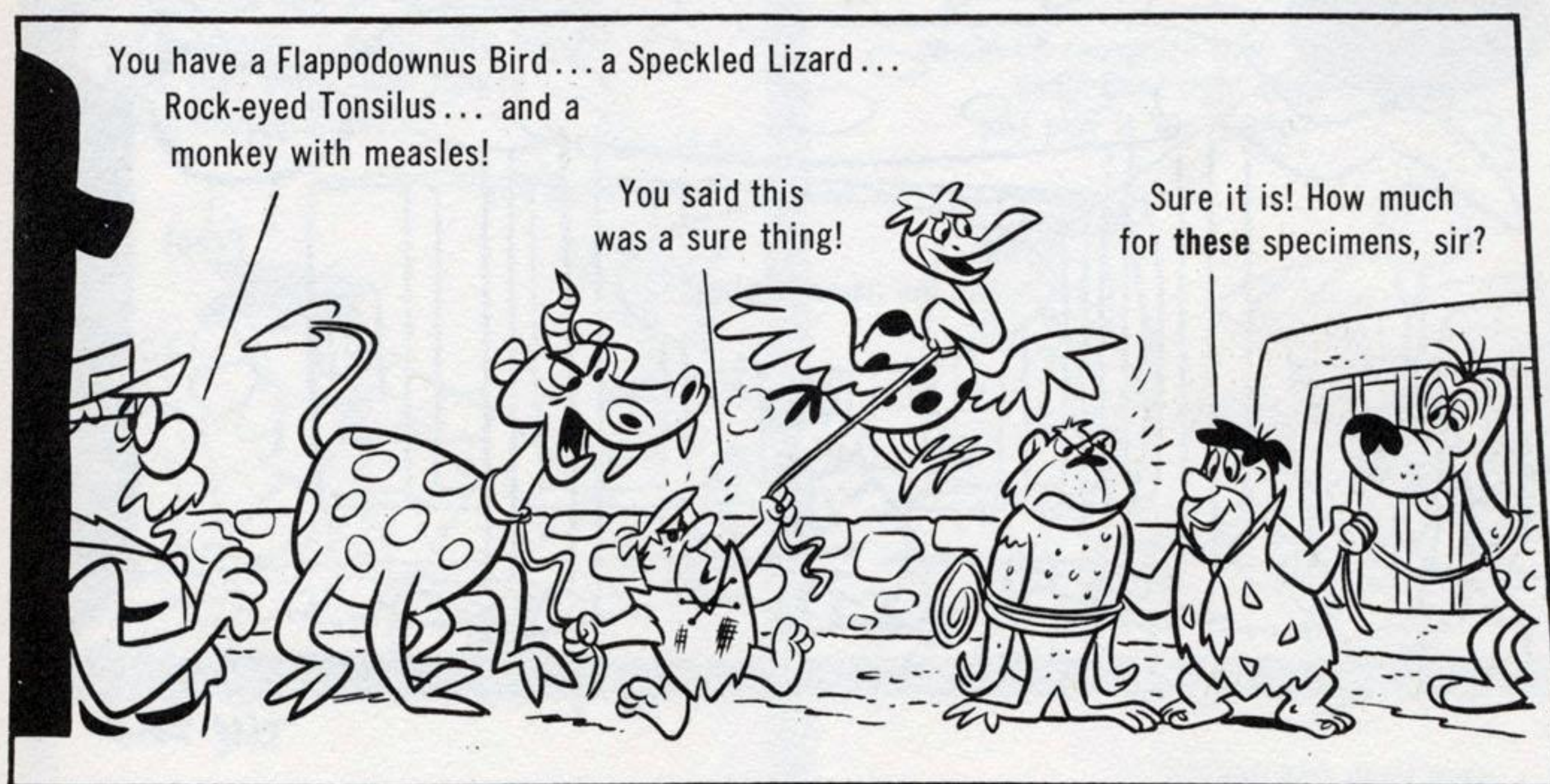
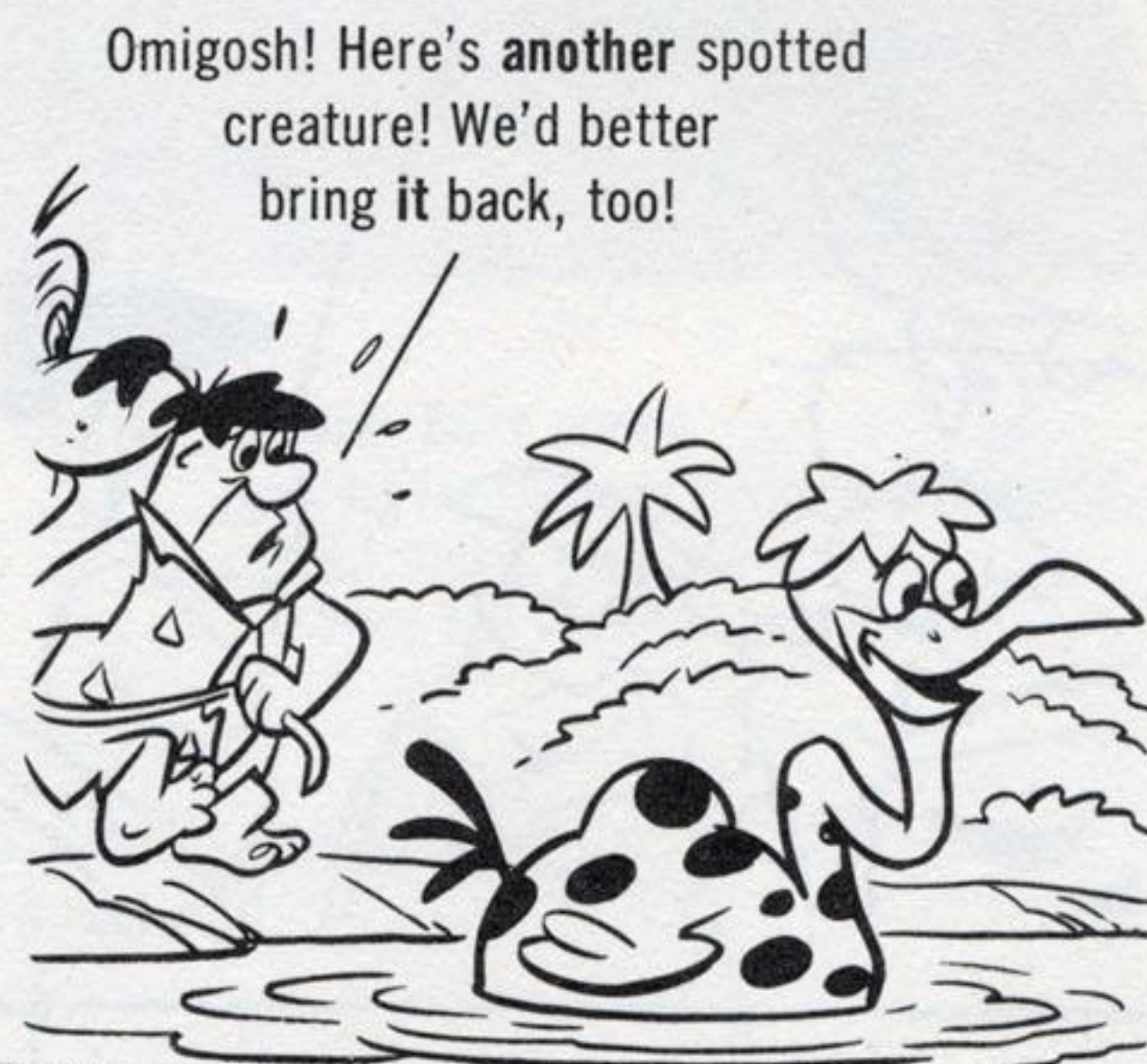
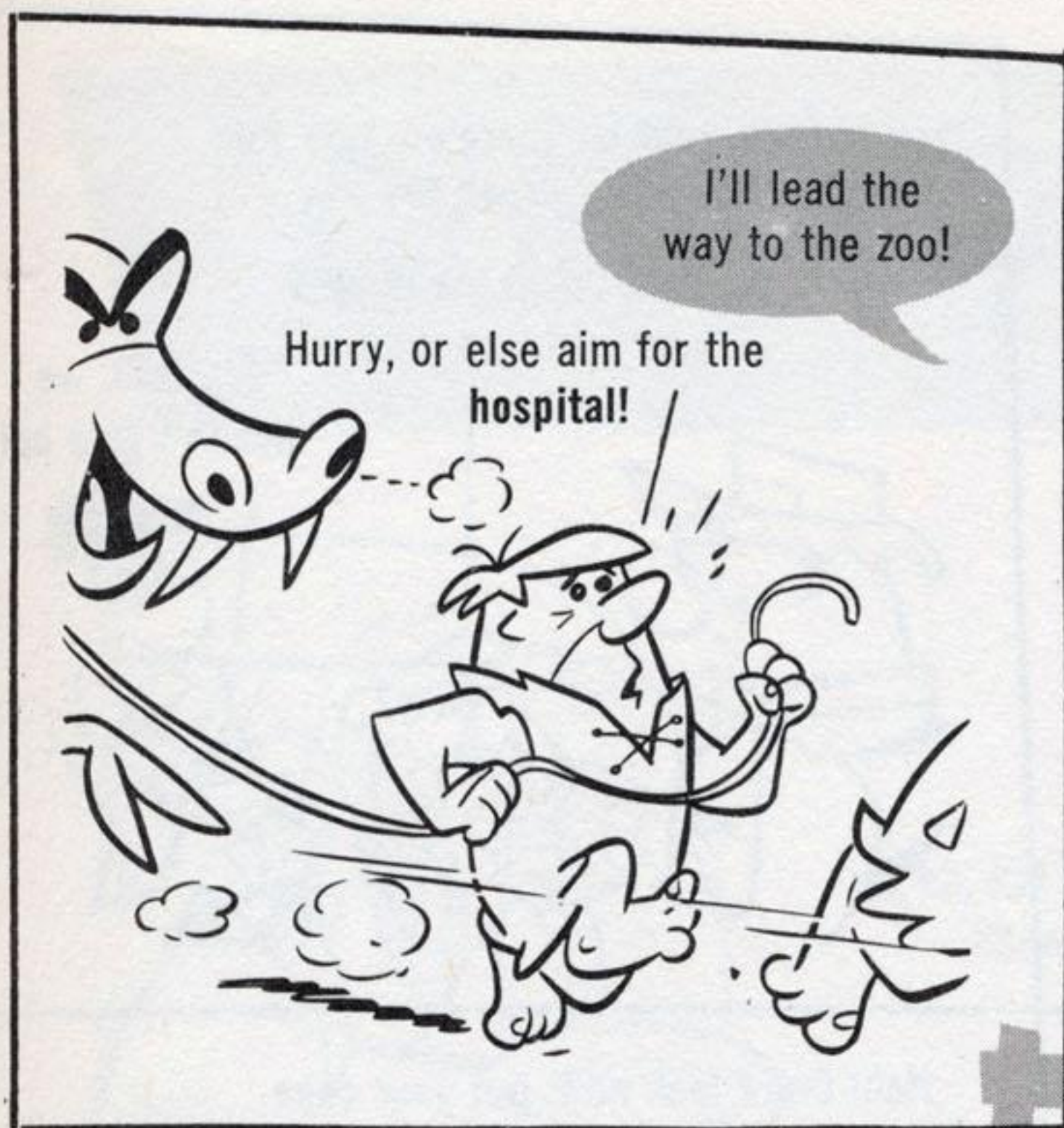
Play it safe,
did you say?
Yow!



This guy is playing it **dangerous**!

Well, at least
he's not
trying to get away!





Fifty dollars each!

See? Heh, heh!



You pay me, that is! There's a fine for trapping these poor creatures!

Agh! Count me in as a poor creature, too!

Oh, well, we mustn't give up!



We'll find a spotted stiltosaurus for you yet, sir!

But we already have one!



Heh! Don't look now, but your cage has a gaping vacancy!

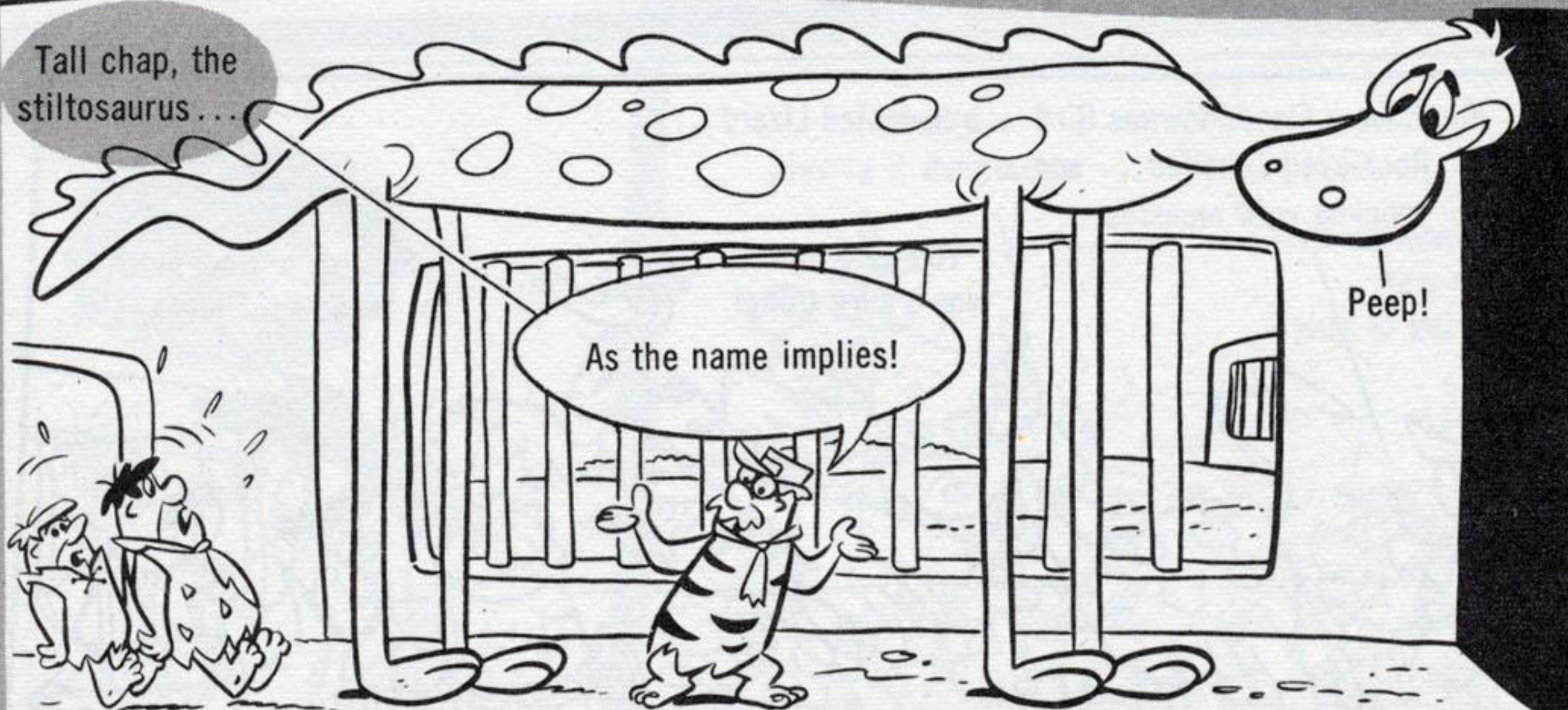
Says you! Step around to the side door!



Tall chap, the stiltosaurus...

As the name implies!

Peep!

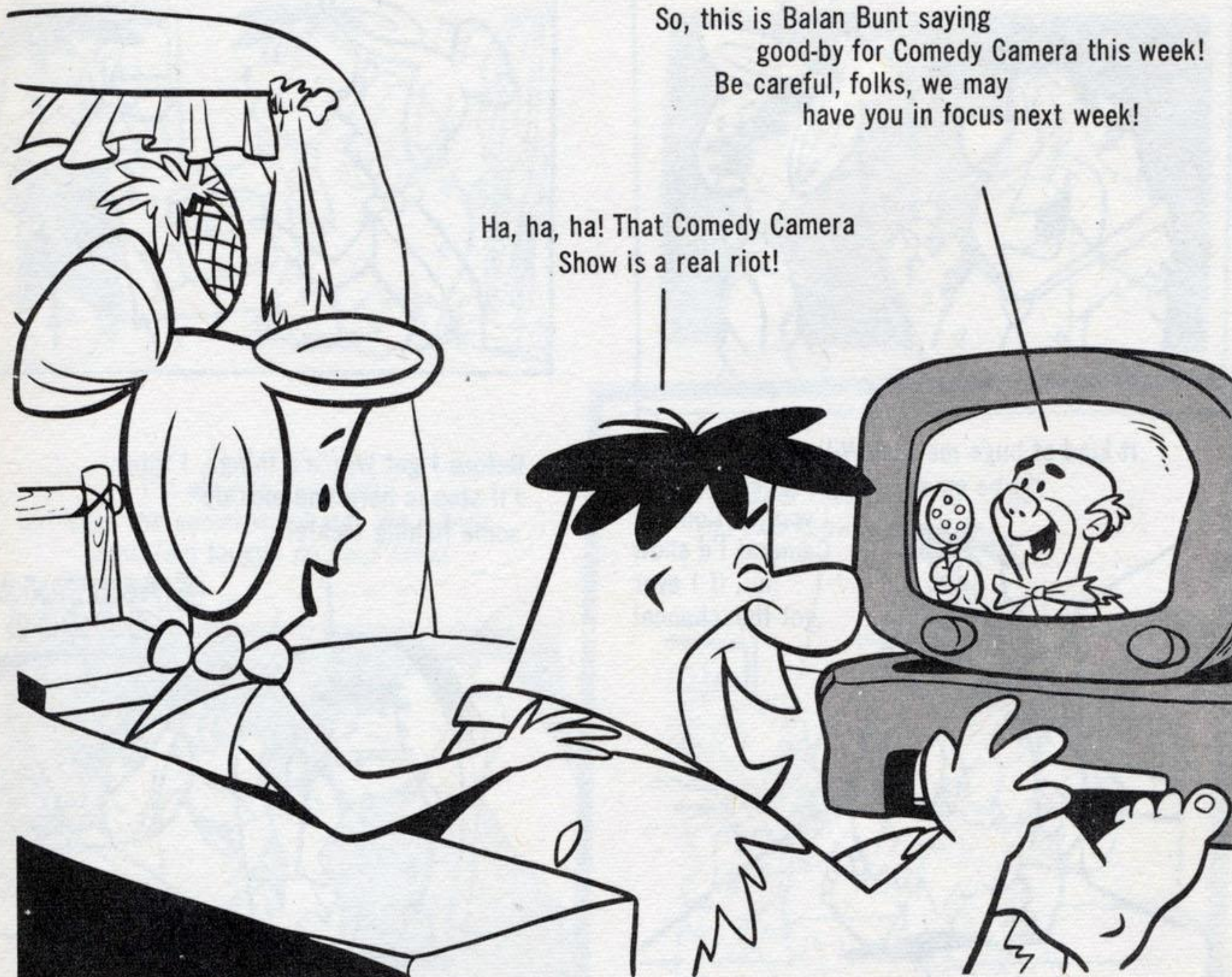


the End

Comedy Camera

So, this is Balan Bunt saying
good-by for Comedy Camera this week!
Be careful, folks, we may
have you in focus next week!

Ha, ha, ha! That Comedy Camera
Show is a real riot!



I don't see how all those saps fall
for it, though... doing silly things
when they don't know they're
being photographed!

Ha! You'd do
the same, Fred!



Nope! I'd recognize that
Balan Bunt right away and
just play it for laughs!



I'll bet! You don't even
recognize me sometimes!

Not before you remove the night cream, put on the day cream, remove the curlers, put on the hair spray, remove the...

I'll remove **you** if you don't pipe down!

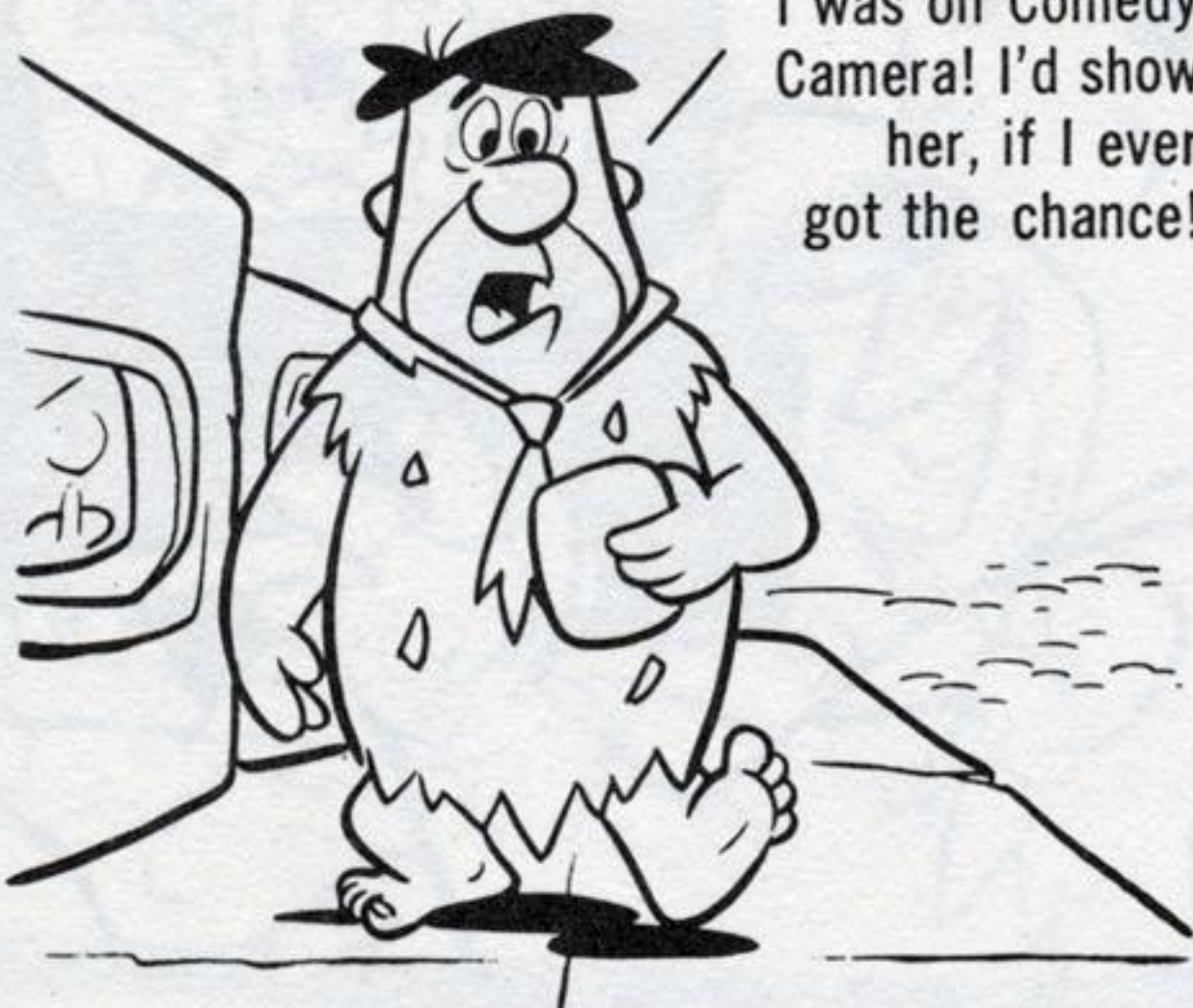


Here, Fred, you go out and pick up the things I have on my shopping list and let me finish the cleaning!

Okay!



It kind of bugs me that Wilma doesn't think I'd be smart enough to know when I was on Comedy Camera! I'd show her, if I ever got the chance!



Before I get Wilma's things, I think I'll stop in here and pick up some fishing tackle!

**SPORTING
GOODS**



Good afternoon, sir! May I help you?

That's him! Balan Bunt of Comedy Camera! That mustache doesn't fool me!



Er...uh...yes! I'd like some triple test fishing tackle!

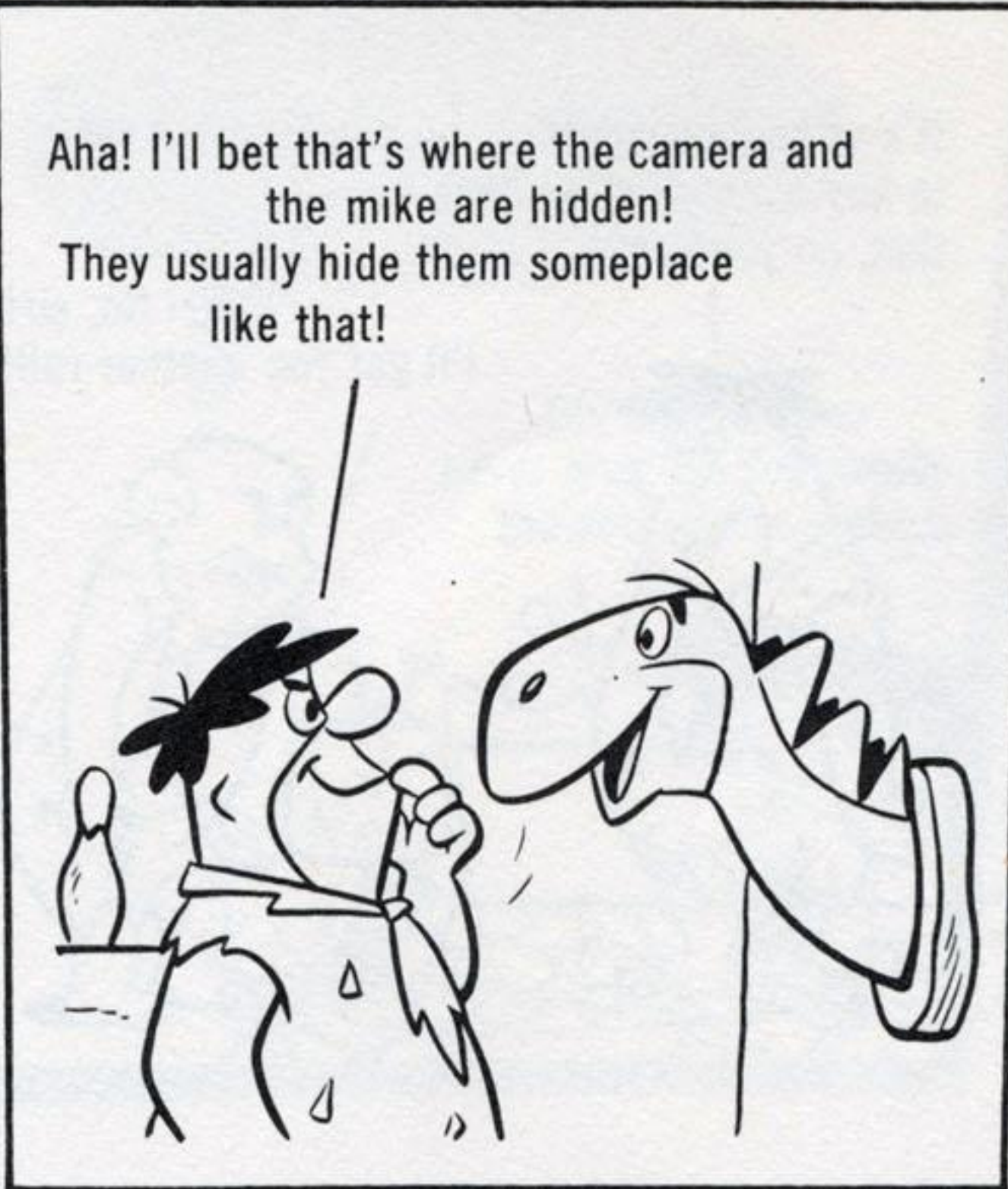
Right! It's in the back! I'll get it!



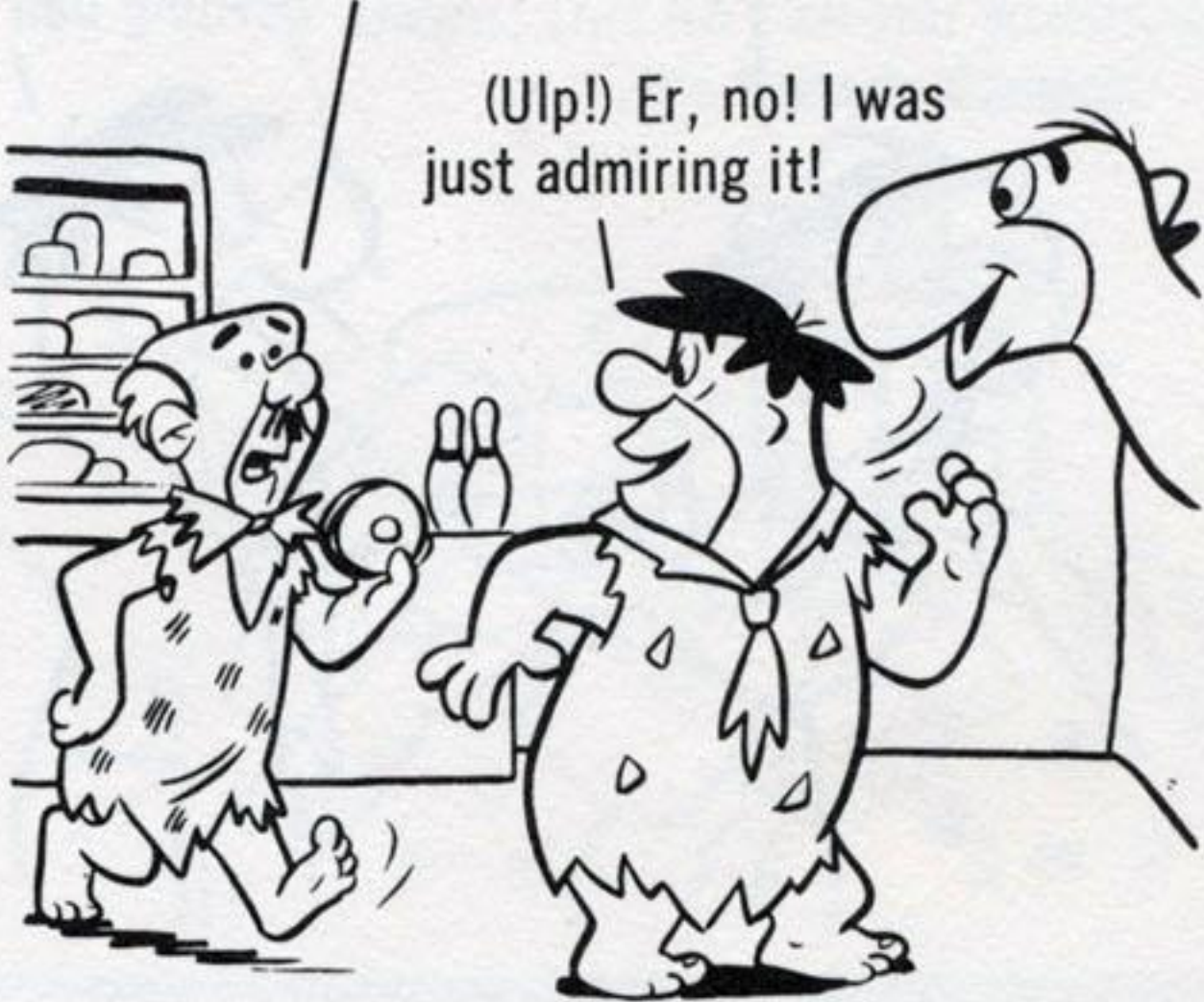
Heh, heh!
Now's my chance to prove to Wilma
that I knew what I was talking about! I'll give
Comedy Camera a show they'll never
forget! I might even get
my own series!



I'm wise to you guys,
but keep the cameras rolling! We'll have
some real laughs on your boss!



Here's your tackle, sir! Er... do
you two know each other?



(Ulp!) Er, no! I was
just admiring it!

Well, here's your fishing line!

Let me see it! I always
like to examine a
fishing line before I buy it!



Hmmm! That spot seems okay!
So does that! That's okay!

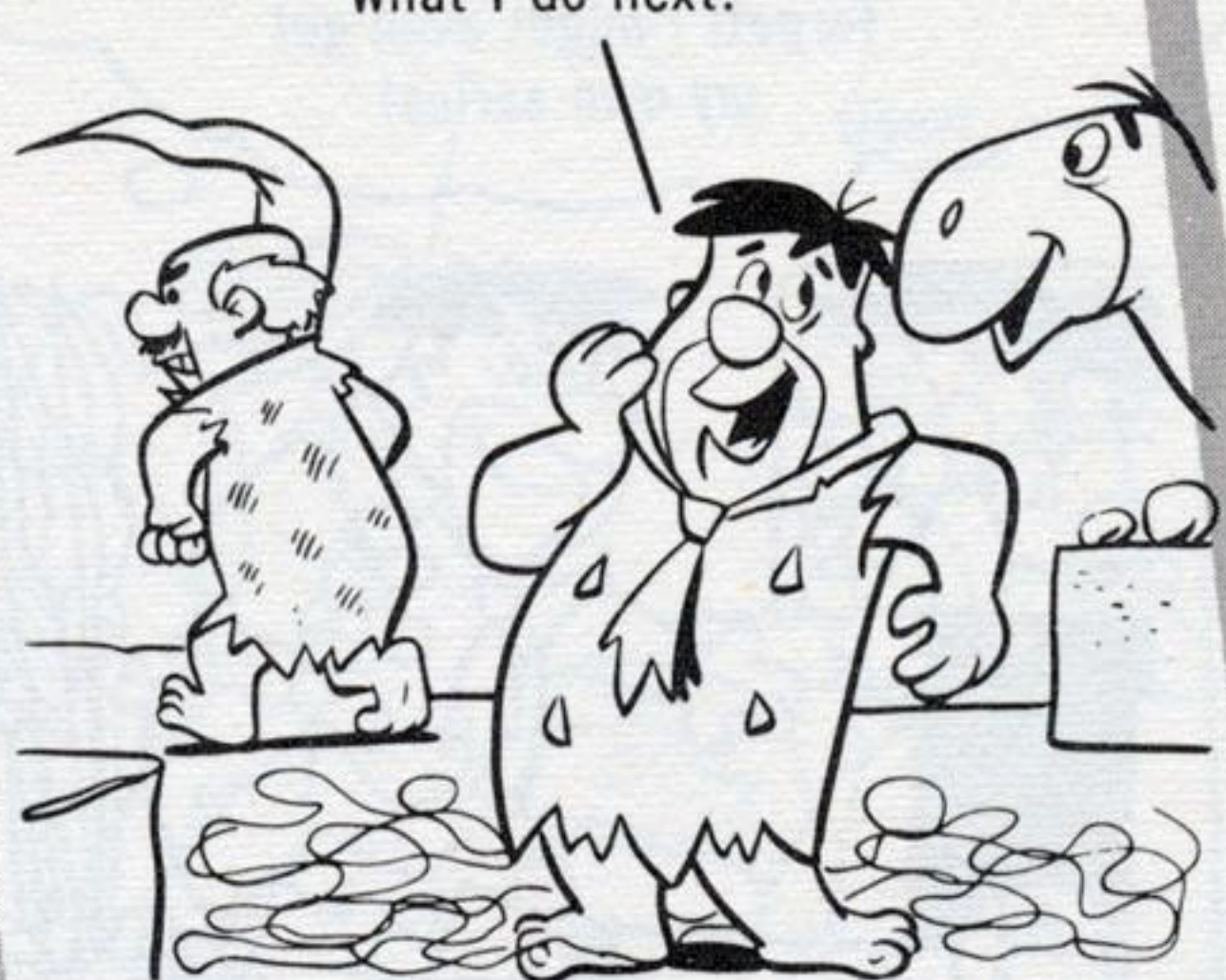


It's strong enough, but you don't expect me to buy a messy mass like that, do you?

Grr! No, sir!
I'll get you another roll!



Ha, ha, ha! How'd you like that one, guys?
This should get a TV award! Wait'll you see what I do next!



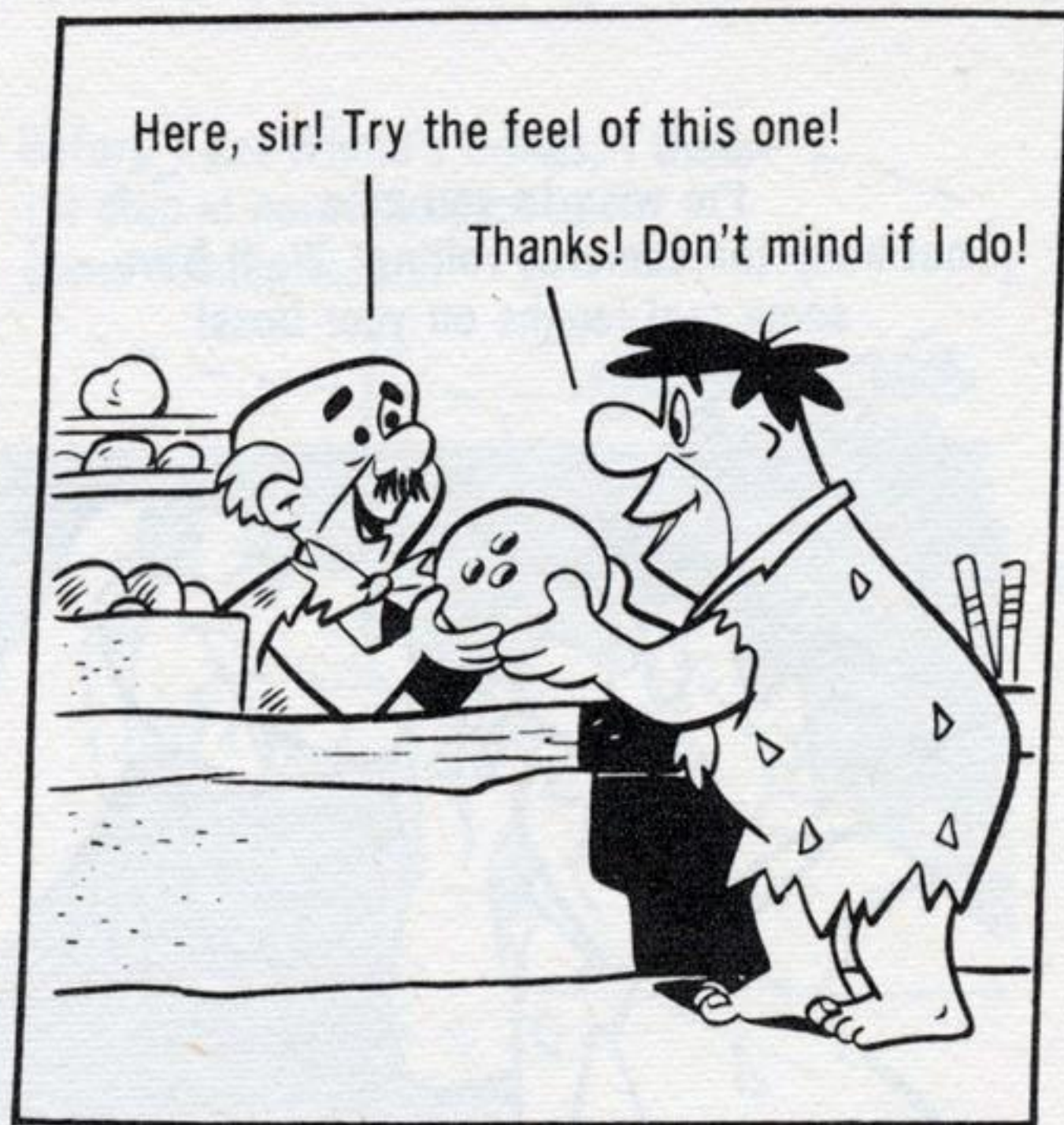
Here you are! I took the liberty of wrapping this roll!

Oh, fine! I'd like to look at a bowling ball now!



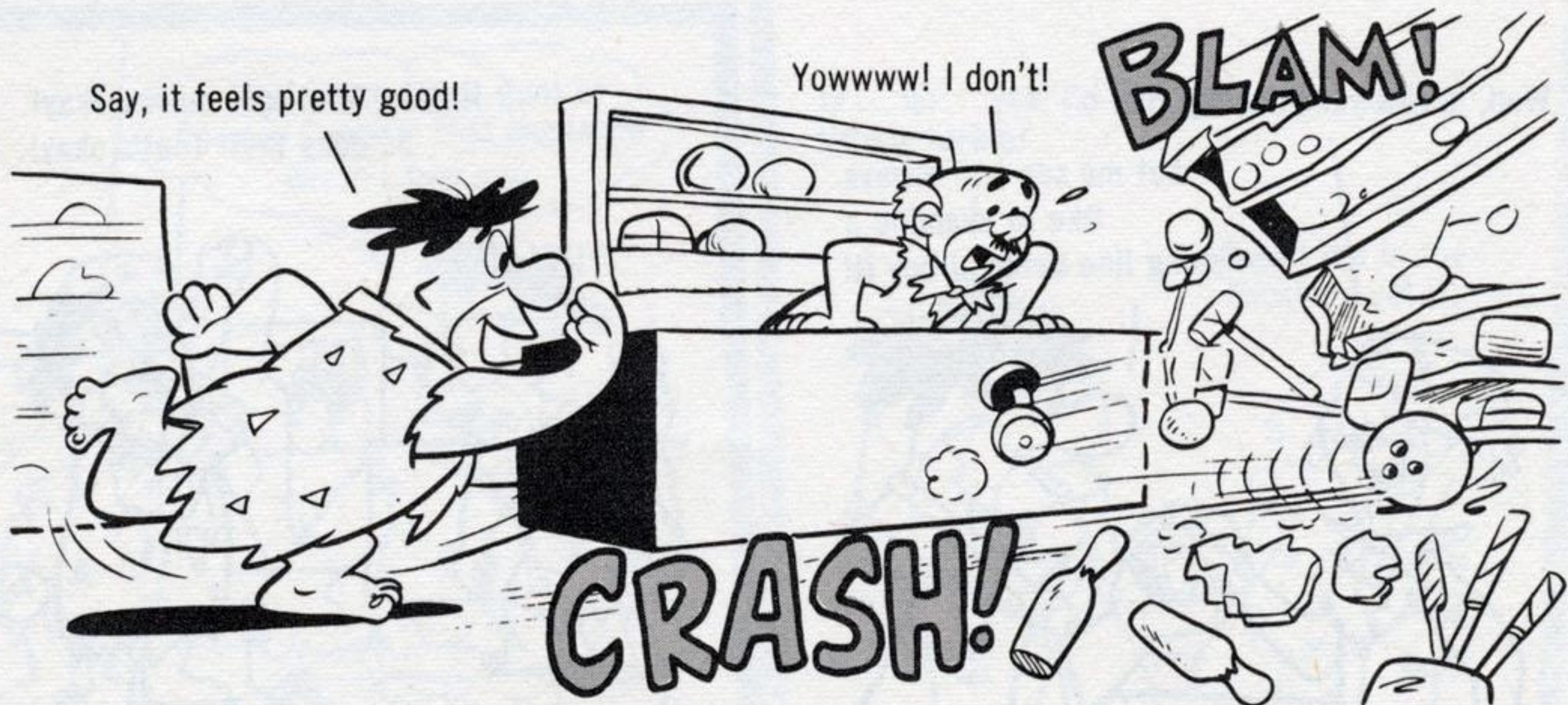
Here, sir! Try the feel of this one!

Thanks! Don't mind if I do!



Say, it feels pretty good!

Yowwww! I don't!



Now, you can just pay for this damage!

Ha, ha! What do you mean, pay you?
This episode is worth a fortune!
You should pay **me**!



Are you crazy or something?
What episode?

Oh, brother! You
never give up! You can cut
the acting! I'm wise!



Look, fellas, come out and tell the boss
I'm in the know! Did you
get some good close-ups?



Brother! Now I know this guy is gone!

Now just calm down! I'll call the
hospital and you'll be all right!

Owww! This isn't all-star wrestling,
it's **Comedy Camera**!



Comedy Camera? I don't know
what you're talking about!

(Ulp!) Either you're the world's
greatest actor, or you aren't...



Hello, I'd like to buy some...

BALAN BUNT!?



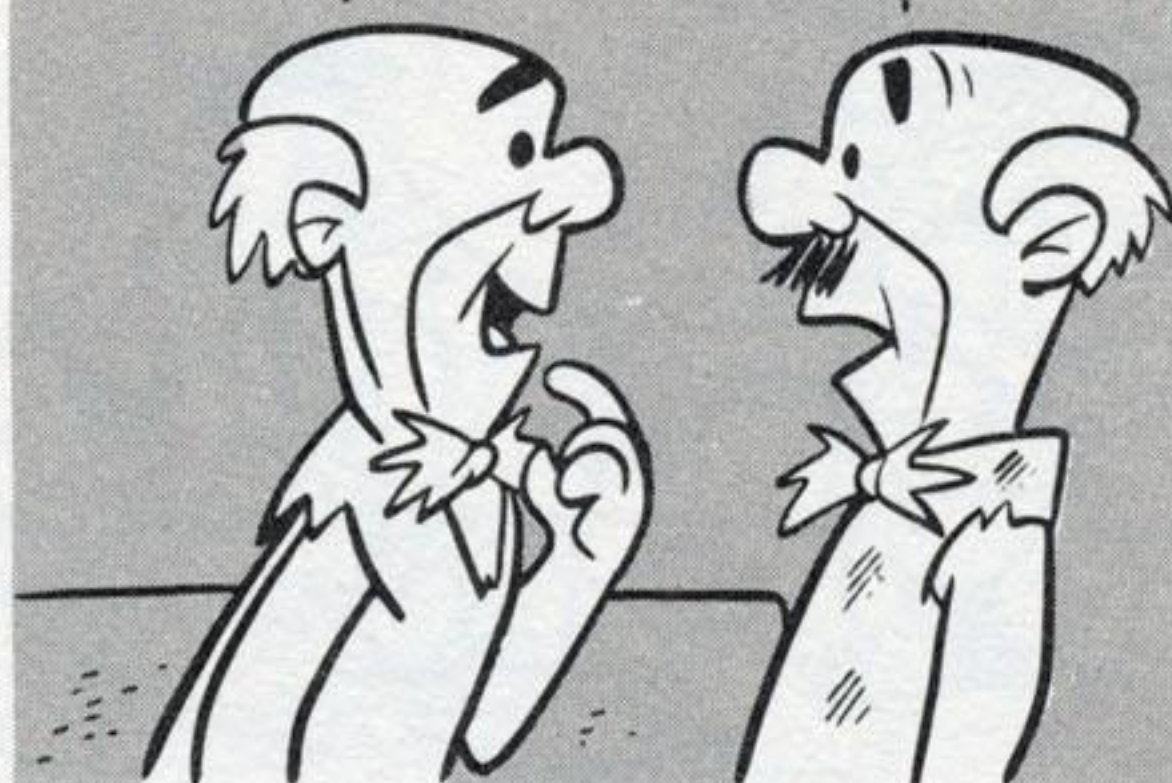
Please, no autographs!
I just came in to buy
some golf balls!

But I thought
you were him!
Or... he was you!



Hmmmm! You do look
something like me!
Very interesting!

There is quite a resemblance!



How'd you like to be on my program?
We could try fooling
the audience!

Swell!

Now's my
chance to scam!

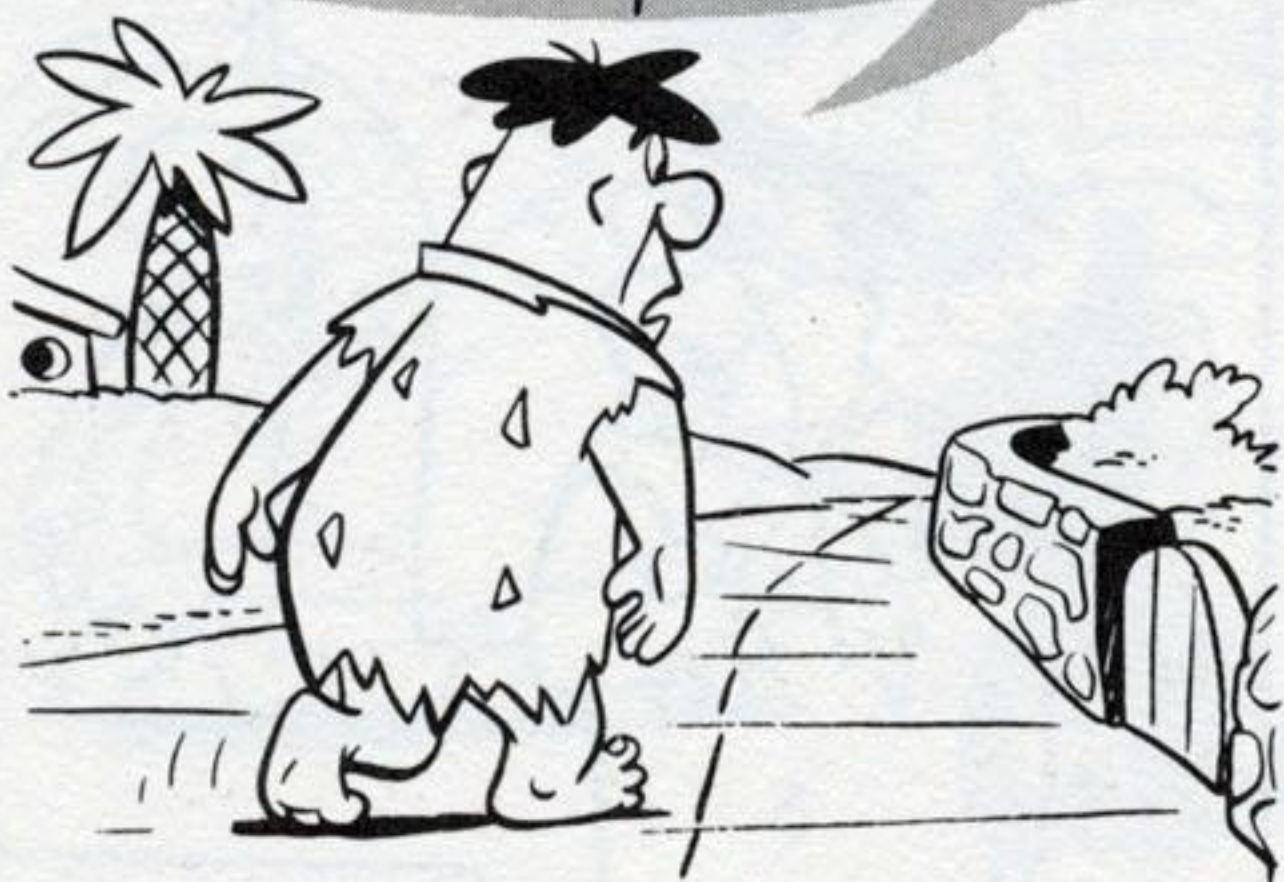


Wait a minute, you! You're not
leaving until you pay for all
these damages!

(Ulp!) I was
afraid you'd say that!



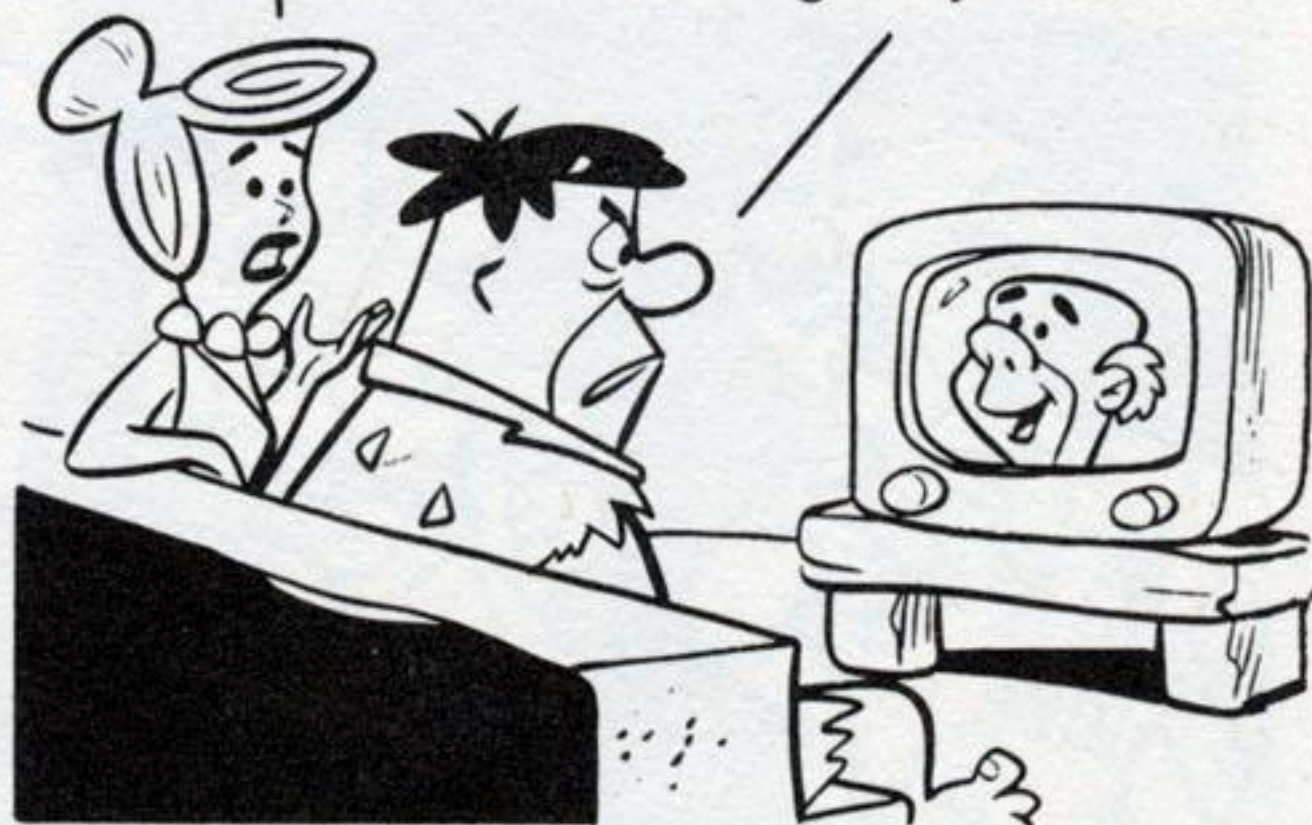
I can never let Wilma
know about this! I'll have to save my lunch
money and cut out bowling for six months
to pay for all that stuff!



And...

What's the matter, Fred? You don't
laugh at Comedy Camera
like you used to!

I've got my reasons!



the End



Sometimes it pays to have rocks in your head! Proof of this are two cheerful fellows, Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera (center), who fused rocks and air waves to create a modern miracle of entertainment...the Stone Age family known as The Flintstones. Shown here with two members of their creative staff, Mike Maltese (left) and Warren Foster (right), they are at work originating characters and situations for their television shows. They get as much fun out of their work as their audience gets out of viewing the results.

It was because they did not enjoy the careers for which they had studied that Hanna-Barbera Productions was founded in July, 1957. Bill Hanna, born in New Mexico, came to California as a structural engineer. Joe Barbera, of New York City, attended the American Institute of Banking and, upon graduation, went to work as an accountant. But the need to express themselves brought them, eventually, to Hollywood.

Undoubtedly, they work much harder and longer, now. The hours they keep and their methods for getting the job done are considered unorthodox, even by Hollywood standards. There are no time clocks or memos. If an animator or artist feels he does his best work by coming in at night and working till dawn, that is fine with them. The only important consideration is that the best job is done.

Thus, truly, Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera, through their creation of The Flintstones, have proved that the rocky road of life is paved with laughter.





